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OF

A PIONEER EVANGELIST
OF THE NORTHWEST

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J. A. H.

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EXPERIENCES

OF A

PIONEER EVANGELIST

OF THE

NORTHWEST

By ELDER W. B. HILL

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE author, W. B. Hill, has been an evangelist among the early settlers of the Northwest for many years, and has passed through the varied experiences of pioneer life; and as his first publication of some of those experiences has been so favorably received by its readers, he is encouraged to revise and enlarge his book, and send it out on its mission once more, hoping thereby that its power for good may be increased, and that many may be led to Christ, the fountain of life, and to rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

W. B. HILL.

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MAKE THE WORLD GROW BRIGHTER.

Boys and girls, where'er you go,
Make the world grow brighter;
Banish fear and lessen woe —
Make the world grow brighter.
Always have a smile to spare
For the heart made sad by care;
Scatter sunshine ev'rywhere —
Make the world grow brighter.

Words of hope and comfort speak —
Make the world grow brighter;
Share the burdens of the weak —
Make the world grow brighter.
Cheer, encourage, and advise,
Banish tears from weeping eyes,
Help the fallen one to rise —
Make the world grow brighter.

Help the lives that strive in vain —
Make the world grow brighter;
Lessen sin and strife and pain —
Make the world grow brighter.
All along life's dreary way,
Nobly do whate'er you may;
Ev'ry moment of the day,
Make the world grow brighter.

— *James Rowe.*

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND EXPERIENCES.

I WAS born Jan. 25, 1843, in what is now Ontario, formerly called Upper Canada, or Canada West. My forefathers on both my father's and my mother's side were Quakers. My father's name was Walter Hill, and my mother's maiden name was Phebe Brown.

About the first thing I can remember was going to a Quaker meeting. Their meetings were held every Sunday and Wednesday, called by the Quakers first day and fourth day. Ofttimes they would sit in silence for an hour or two, until some of the older brethren would shake hands, which would be the signal for all to rise, shake hands, and go home. The men would sit with their hats on during meeting. Another peculiarity of this peculiar people was, that the men and women would by no means sit together during divine service; but the fathers would take their sons and the mothers their daughters, and sit in their respective parts of the church. I can see them now, in my mind's eye, as they filed into the meeting-house—the brethren in their Quaker coats and hats, and the sisters in their plain dresses and huge bonnets, a good and upright people, saying “thee” and “thou,” and addressing one another, no matter how old or venerable, as James, or John, or Martha, or Mary, as the case might be.

When I was quite young, we lived for two years in the township of Malahide, not far from Lake Erie, where father ran a sawmill. We boys took great delight in going in swimming, for which the creek and mill pond afforded splendid facilities. Before I learned to swim, I had a very narrow escape from drowning, which happened on this wise: A lot of boys coming home from school could not resist the temptation to go in swimming. I was only seven years old, and had not yet learned to swim. There was a ridge in the bottom of the creek, that I could wade across on; but if I went to

the right or left, I would go in overhead. I waded across all right with the water up to the chin, but coming back I went too far to the left, and went down out of sight. The large boys that could have helped as well as not, were so frightened that they could not do a thing but look on. I knew I must get out of there somehow, and every time my toes touched bottom I made a spring for the shore, and finally, to the astonishment of the rest, I waded out none the worse for the involuntary diving. Walnuts, butternuts, and chestnuts grew quite plentifully in the woods, and to go nutting was also one of the things my young heart delighted in. One bright morning two neighbor boys older than I came along, and invited me to join them on a nutting expedition. I knew that I ought to ask mother, but I was quite sure she would not give consent, and I did want to go so bad that I went without parental sanction; but it proved to be a day of disappointments. After gathering nuts awhile, we varied the program by constructing a raft out of slabs, and taking a sail on the creek. We fixed our raft, and launched out into the stream and everything went well until we came to a great tree fallen clear across the creek. We determined to lie down on the raft and pass under, when a projecting limb caught my shirt, and tore it nearly off my back. O, dear! What will mother say now? Our fingers were all stained, cracking green walnuts, and that was all we had for dinner, and we got so hungry; and yet we were ashamed to go home. I felt just too mean for anything. I was learning that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Prov. 13:15. Advancing darkness compelled me to go home, and receive the reward of the disobedient. The way of transgression may look very enticing, but it brings only disappointment and sorrow; and the end thereof is death.

When I was eight years of age, my parents moved to the town of Bosanquet, a new country bordering on Lake Huron, in the county of Lambton, of which Port Sarnia, situated on the St. Clair River, opposite Port Huron, was the county seat. I well remember winding through woods with scarcely any road, in a lumber wagon, to our new home. It was new, sure enough. The great trees stood all around, and stretched away as far as the eye could reach.

Indians often camped across the road opposite father's door,



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THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.



and we children had little Indian boys and girls for playmates. We soon learned to shoot with bow and arrow, and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. Our intercourse with them was for the most part pleasant and happy; on one or two occasions it was otherwise.

About a mile from our house flowed what we called Sable River. It was a wild-looking place, and we had to pass through the dark woods and deep ravines to get there.

One day, soon after arriving at our new home, some of us small lads thought we would go to the river, and catch some fish. We found some Indian boys fishing.

By some means there soon arose a strife between us, which we promptly undertook to settle by pelting one another with stones. The Indian boys were soon worsted; when they ran upon the bank, and raised the warwhoop. They jumped up and down, and yelled terrifically.

We knew that meant for the old Indians to come, and we were scared nearly to death. We thought our scalps were about to be raised, sure. It is needless to say that we ran home as fast as our legs could carry us, and our parents had no trouble about our going fishing for a long time.

There were immense stretches of forest, which served as a great cow pasture. Sometimes the cows would wander a long way from home, and it was the work of the children to hunt for them. Each settler was expected to have a bell on one of his cows. The cow hunters would hear bells in every direction, and they became expert in distinguishing the sound of one bell from that of another. One evening when a little fellow, I found the cows a good way from home. Suddenly there came up a great storm; the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and to add to my fear, it became very dark. I did not know what to do. Maybe I would have to stay in the woods all night, and be eaten by some wild beast. I decided I would stick to the cows, so I seized old Cherry by the tail, and away she started on the run, through brush, over logs and anything else that lay in her way; but I hung on for dear life, and soon we rounded up at father's door. I was a glad boy, and I think the cow was glad too.

Our fears of wild beasts were not altogether groundless.

One of my schoolmates, Dugald McGennis, while hunting cows one day, met an old bear with two cubs. He ran, and climbed a leaning sapling; but he could not get out of the old bear's reach, and she bit a great piece out of the calf of his leg, and would have killed him had it not been for his big yellow dog. When the bear would go for Dugald, the dog would bite her behind, and then she would chase the dog, and he kept up the fight until the boy was saved. As it was, the boy was laid up a long time, and the calf of his leg was always afterward only about half as large as the other.

The river, by the way, was a great place of resort for men and boys. In the spring great numbers of fine fish were caught there with dip nets. The fish ascending the river from Lake Huron were stopped at this place by an old dam, and fell an easy prey to the pioneers. They sometimes built great fires, and fished all night, and had an abundance of sport.

On Sundays also the boys would resort to the river to run foot races, play ball, wrestle, swim, etc. Even after a Sunday school was established, the river had such attractions that after Sunday school exercises were over, I have seen nearly the whole Sunday school marching to the river to the sound of music played by the leaders in Zion. Of course in time it was thought to be a great sin thus to profane the venerable day of the sun.

Although there was plenty of hard work for men and boys, clearing away the mighty forest, and cultivating the land, yet there were many pleasures to be enjoyed. There were thousands of wild pigeons, partridges, and black squirrels to shoot, besides deer and other game; then there were the corn-huskings, apple-parings, logging bees, and barn- and house-raisings, which were all sources of immense enjoyment to the young people. Also sugar making had its inexpressible charms. What fun a lot of wild boys would have in the sugar bush at night. Perhaps purloining some of mother's good bread, some pork, eggs, and a frying pan, then make a lot of wax by pouring hot sugar over a pan of snow, and they would have a feast which hungry boys only could properly appreciate.

After supper all kinds of frolicking was in order, which sometimes ended with a grand display of fireworks. The boys



DANGERS OF THE WOOD.



would seize the flaming firebrands from around the kettles, and throw them into the tree tops. As they would strike the top-most branches of the trees, thousands of sparks would fly in every direction. Since then I have seen the elaborate pyrotechnics of the great city, but nothing that ever gave me a tithe of the delight our home-made fireworks did in the dark woods.

Our educational interests were not entirely neglected. There was a log schoolhouse situated at the four corners of the road, about a mile from father's, in which school was held. It was rather primitive, with logs split in two, with legs in them, for benches. The harum-scarum children took much more interest in playing pullaway and climbing trees than in their spelling books. One incident in school life I will relate. One day as we were all busy with our studies, we were startled by the appearance of a man in the schoolroom without even a shirt on him. He was a devotee of King Alcohol, and was suffering from delirium tremens. The teacher was frightened out of his wits, and the children ran for home as fast as they could go, followed by the poor man crazed by drink. Thus we had an object lesson on the evils of strong drink that could never be forgotten.

Spelling schools were a great institution in my boyhood days. Old and young would enter into the work with great spirit, especially when several competing schools would come together. They were carried on as follows: Two captains would choose sides, and a man with a slate would keep tally to see which side would gain most words from the other. If a word were missed on one side, and spelled correctly by the other, that side was credited with one tally. After spelling a while, they would stand up and spell down. Soon the poor spellers would be weeded out, and the contest would be narrowed down to the best spellers on either side. As the spellers decreased, the interest increased, until one alone remained, and he was declared the victor. Spelling schools did much good by creating an interest in spelling. Many poor spellers improved very much by this means.

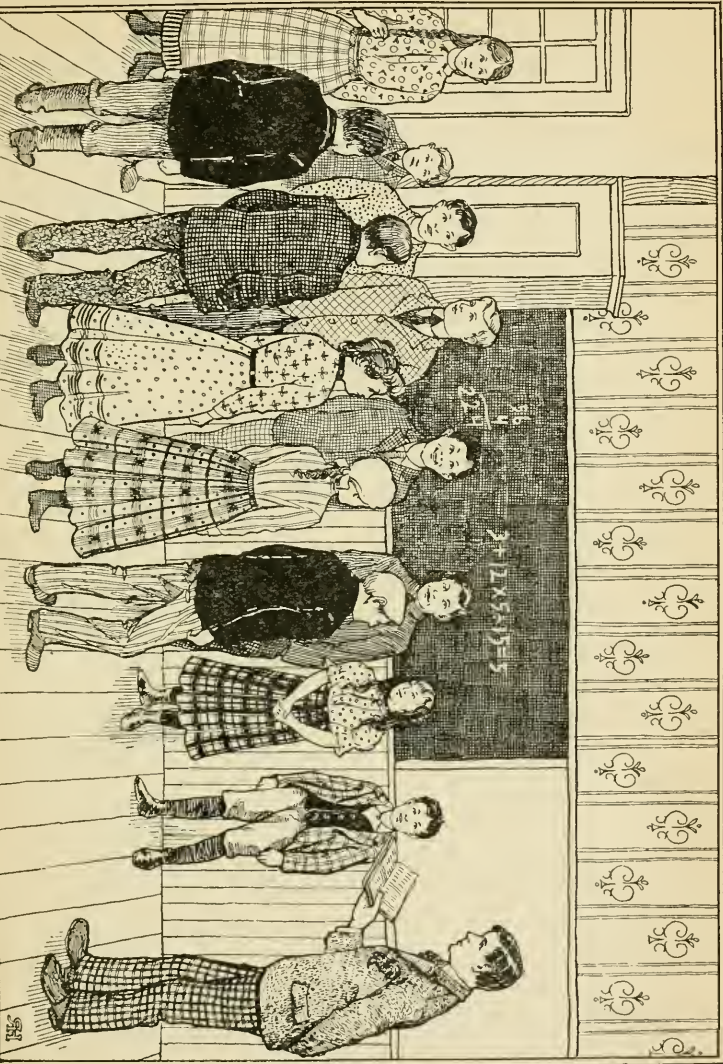
Many amusing incidents occurred. I will mention just one: One evening a green young gentleman from the lowlands of Scotland was pronouncing words. Much to the astonishment

of the spellers he called out, "Bawbee." It was a new word, and a puzzler. It went round and round, but "bawbee" would be called out to the discomfiture of the best spellers. At last a bright-eyed maiden spelled, "B-a-b-y, baby." The laugh was tremendous, and it was our friend's turn from Caledonia to feel quite crestfallen.

Debating schools, as they were called, came to be very popular among the backwoodsmen. I shall never forget the first one I ever attended. I was about fifteen years old, and was one of the disputants. The question under discussion was, "Which has the greater influence among men, intellect or money?" One young man of powerful frame stood behind a bench, with one leg over the back of it, while he argued for intellect. In the course of his oration he cried out, "What brought us to this new country, money or intellect? I tell you it was intellect." Then he bethought himself a little, and added, "To be sure, it was to better our condition financially." This latter announcement was greeted with shouts of uproarious laughter. He had unconsciously admitted that to gain property (money) was the controlling influence that led them to leave the comforts and privileges of the older settlements to face the stern privations of pioneer life. One old gentleman, in the heat of discussion, shouted, "I deny the fact!"

Notwithstanding the inauspicious beginning, the Dialectic Society was a success. Old men who could scarcely connect two ideas together, became quite good speakers, and young men were stimulated to study historical and other works, in order to obtain facts and arguments by which to sustain their side of the question, whereby their minds were expanded, and their fund of knowledge was greatly increased.

Of all the attractions the singing school was the chief. There the girls and boys enjoyed themselves to the full. I was unfortunate in regard to music. At spelling and debating I was considered quite a success; but try as I would, I could never learn a tune, until I finally gave up in despair; but still I could not forego the pleasure of attending singing school, although I took no part in the exercises. One music teacher was anxious I should join his school. I told him if he would teach me to sing I would gladly do so. "Well," he said, "the next evening you sit on the front seat, and sing, and



SPELLING DOWN.

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at recess I will tell you what I can do for you." At the appointed time I was there, and sang the very best I could. At recess he told me every one had a voice, and every voice was susceptible of improvement, but made no promises in my particular case. However, I joined his school. When the exercises began again, he placed me in the back part of the house, and cautioned me, in particular, not to sing too loud. It was evident the less they heard of my singing the better. In fact, I have known the whole singing school to stop to listen to me.

One time I was standing by Elder Dimmick, who was leading the congregation in singing. A sudden inspiration came to me, and I struck in to assist in singing the sweet songs of Zion. Suddenly he stopped, and then the whole congregation was also silent as the grave, when Brother Dimmick turned to me, and said so all could hear, "Brother Hill, you put me off the tune." Since then I have been careful how I create discord among brethren.

Temperance meetings were also a source of instruction and enjoyment in our new country. Temperance lecturers, both male and female, would pass through the country holding temperance meetings in churches and schoolhouses. One elderly maiden lady, a Miss Daniels, combined both temperance and phrenology in her lectures. The younger rustics took great pleasure in having their bumps examined. Some came severely to grief, especially Brother Munson, a prominent Methodist of many peculiarities, of which the lecturer was well informed; and one evening she set him out in a ridiculous light before the audience. He felt so bad that he left the meeting, and went home a sadder if not a wiser man. I also fell a victim to her criticisms and delineation of character, which I determined by some means to counteract. So I borrowed my brother's best clothes, made some whiskers out of a buffalo robe, took my seat among the older and more sedate portion of the audience, and tried it over again the next evening. This time she set me out in glowing colors as a model young man. She soon discovered what a dilemma she was in, and had a fainting fit, and was assisted to the door for fresh air. Brother Munson and I had been at variance, but after this episode the wound was healed, and we were friends once more. The cause of variance was as follows:—

One spring I was making maple sugar for a Mr. McNab, about a mile from Munson's. As I was going home one Sunday morning, I called at Mr. Hutchinson's, who lived across the way. The young folks were saying, "If we could only fool Munson. He says nobody can fool him." To please them I promised to try. Now, Brother Munson was something of a cow doctor. As a result of my visit, he was induced to go to Mr. McNab's to relieve a sick cow. He was much disappointed in finding the cows all enjoying excellent health, and that his medical skill was not at all needed at that time. He felt so badly about it that I apologized to him for my wrongdoing. He said he would not care so much, if, when he went to town, Christian women would not poke their heads out of the door, and ask him how McNab's cow was. But after Miss Daniels had been beguiled into telling opposite stories concerning my bumps, his love flowed toward me in a perpetual stream. "Oh, Willie," he said, "you showed her up to be a fraud."

Coon hunting was another delightful pastime for the boys. The animals were quite plentiful, and we got something for their hides, so they were hunted for both pleasure and profit. One night Brother Munson accompanied the boys on a hunt. Soon we heard a coon fighting the dog. In a trice we were there. Brother Munson says, "Boys, I will choke the coon to death while the dog hunts for another." So we got the dog away, and he seized the coon by the throat. Presently Brother Munson was prancing around in a lively manner, crying out, "Call the dog, call the dog; for the coon is scratching my hands." The coon resented parting with the breath of life in that way, and had curled up his hind feet, and was tearing Brother Munson's hands with all his might, which was the cause of his wild outcries and comical gymnastics. The boys thought it was better than a circus. But Brother Munson concluded coon hunting was no fun for him, and went home. Many other amusing incidents occurred while coon hunting, which made it a fascinating sport for the hunters.

Our religious interests were cared for by earnest ministers of the gospel, who held meetings in churches, schoolhouses, and private dwellings. At a very early age I was the subject of religious impressions. Mother used to read the Bible to us

children, and tried to teach us the fear of the Lord. Although I became a wild boy, yet the influence of a godly mother never left me. Mothers who teach their little ones the knowledge of God do not know how powerful and far-reaching their influence for good is. Let the dear mothers lead their children to Christ while they are young, and when they grow old, they will rise up, and call them blessed.

When I was thirteen my mother died, leaving six children,—Mary Ann, Charles James, Wm. B., Elisha, John, and Sarah Jane. My father married again, and we had a good stepmother. Although mother was dead, her words of admonition followed me, and I wanted to meet her in heaven. Sometimes I would read my Bible and pray in secret; but I had no one to show me the way of salvation, and I failed to find the right way until I was eighteen years of age, when I attended a protracted meeting held by Robert Virtue in our schoolhouse. A goodly number of my comrades began to lead a new life. I saw my sinfulness, and desired greatly to find the peace others were rejoicing in, but found none. My burden became so great I could not sleep by night nor work by day. In this state of mind I went to the house of an old Christian lady by the name of Austin, to learn how to obtain the desire of my soul. Her two sons were rejoicing in the Saviour's love. I told them how I felt. They said, "You desire above all things to serve God? You are willing to give up all for Christ?" I replied, "Yes, I am." "Only believe He does accept you, and you are accepted," they said, and I was enabled to let go of self, and to lay hold of Christ by faith; and His blessed peace came into my heart, and I went home rejoicing in God. The Lord had indeed put a new song into my mouth. As I entered the house where I was staying, the people said, "William has found peace." They could see the change in my countenance.

We enjoyed ourselves greatly the winter of 1860-61 in attending meetings, rejoicing continually in our new-found hope. Life seemed invested with something grander, nobler, than we had ever conceived of before. Those precious seasons I will never forget. O, why did we ever suffer our love to cool, or our light to wax dim!

My father ran a tannery and shoe shop, as well as a farm.

When I was fifteen, I entered the shop to learn the shoemaker's trade. When I was sixteen, I went from house to house among the farmers, making boots and shoes for the family, a custom in vogue in those days. At one place where I was working there were a number of young men preparing to go to the Michigan lumber woods. I got a great fever to go, too; not to the lumber woods, but to Port Huron, where I thought I could perfect myself in my trade. I was confident father would not be willing for me to go, so, foolish boy, I decided to go without his knowledge. We were an impecunious lot. I had scarcely any money, and I soon discovered the rest were nearly as bad off. We got a free ride to Port Sarnia, because it was the day of the opening of the Grand Trunk railroad to that point. Everybody rode free that day. We did not find Michigan the land of promise we expected. Times were hard, and work scarce and hard to get. I finally got a job of shoe-making with a drunken Irishman. Getting tired of this I went into the country, but met with no better success. As a last resort I went to Detroit, about sixty miles distant, but there was no work. Everywhere there were more men than work. Night found me in a large city with no supper, no money, and no place to stay. I began to feel like the prodigal son. I was directed to the Russell House to stay all night. A flight of stone steps led from the street to the first story, where the office was situated. I went up, weary and tired, rather a forlorn looking specimen of humanity. The floor was carpeted, the waiter boys were in broadcloth, and everything was grand. I asked the clerk if I could stay over night. He said, "No." Of course they had no room for such as I. He directed me to the Railroad Hotel. As I was descending the steps, I saw a crowd of roughs standing around. One cried out, "Let us go to Michigan Avenue." Another said, "Let's wait until this greenhorn gets down stairs." I said to myself, "He means me, of course. Shall I go down, or go back?" I decided to go on. As I came down, they surrounded me, tumbled me about, and thrust their hands into my pockets; but they were innocent of filthy lucre. After a while they let me go without doing me any harm. I told the clerk of the Railroad Hotel I had no money. He gave me a bed, but no supper. In the morning the bell rang for breakfast, and I was so HUNGRY;

but I was minus the wherewith to pay for a meal, so I started out again to look for work, feeling such a goneness as I had never experienced before in all my life. I traveled incessantly until noon, looking for work, but found none. I found an empty stomach was a great reminder of my father's house, where there was bread enough and to spare. At noon a brother shoemaker gave me a good dinner, to which I did ample justice. I became discouraged about finding work, and home, with its comforts and the loved ones there, never looked so desirable to me; but, alas, it was a long way off to a boy without a cent in his pocket; but after dinner I said, "I will arise, and go to my father," and started for home. About dark I tried to find a place of refuge for the night. I soon found that this world has not much of a welcome for a moneyless man, or boy either. Nobody wanted to keep me, and to increase my difficulty, it began to snow furiously. I made up my mind that the next house I entered I would say nothing about staying all night, at first, but sit down, and await developments. The next house proved to be an Irishman's. I went in, sat down by the stove, and chatted with them for a while, and finally broached the subject of staying until morning. The old gentleman said that was impossible, as they had only one bed in the house; but the good old lady came to my rescue, saying, "Would you turn the poor boy out into the storm?" They decided that I could have a quilt or two on a bundle of hay, by the stove, which would be better than a snow bank.

In the morning the man went off to drink whisky with some boon companions, and the poor wife told me her troubles, how her husband would come home drunk, and break even the stove to pieces. As I started on my journey the good woman blessed me by the Virgin Mary and all the saints. The snow was deep, and traveling was slow and difficult.

Toward evening I met an Irishman in the road, who took me for an Irishman's son, and invited me to partake of his hospitalities over night; which I gladly did. He lamented greatly that he was just out of whisky, and consequently could not entertain me so handsomely as he otherwise could; but as I had never learned to drink Satan's firewater, I got along very well without the extra entertainment. Thus day after day I plodded along toward home. When I got nearly home, I learned

that I was the last of the returning wanderers. The other boys had already returned to the paternal roof, which was a comfort to me; but oh, how ashamed I was to go home to father's. The nearer I got home, the slower I went, until, one evening after dark, I entered the old familiar kitchen. All the folks were glad to see me, glad that I had reached home alive. I had learned the lesson, that there is no place like home for a boy, and that there are no friends like father and mother. Dear young friends, if you ever leave the blessed scenes of home, do so with the consent of your parents, with their counsel to guide you, and their blessing to follow you.

The autumn of 1861 found me at the village of Port Elgin, situated on Lake Huron, in the county of Bruce. On my way there I stayed all night in the town of Goderich. As I was sitting in the bar room a number of men were engaged in drinking beer. All at once an old gentleman arose, and thus addressed the crowd: "You have been drinking and treating one another all the evening, and here I sat all the time, and you never acted as if you thought I had a mouth on me." And he looked as if his mouth watered for a taste of the foaming liquid. As I saw the poor old man in his dilapidated clothing humbling himself for a glass of liquor, I thought, "What ruin rum has wrought!" and I said down deep in my heart, "No rum for me." A couple of evenings afterward, I met with another wreck of humanity at Southampton. He entered the room where I was sitting. His face was bloated all out of shape, and his eyes were deep in his head; such a bloated specimen of rum ruin I had never beheld, yet there was an air of intelligence and gentlemanly breeding about him. He sat down by my side and entered into conversation. I found he was an intelligent and well-informed man. He gave me a brief account of his fall under the power of the demon drink. His money, reputation, friends, were all gone. All hope for this life and the next gone, and he a poor stranded wreck on the shores of time. In the morning he stepped up to the bar, and drank a glass of liquor. As he set the glass down, he said, "Another nail in my coffin," and went out. I thought, "Another lighthouse to warn us away from the rocks of intemperance." Touch not, taste not, handle not, is the safe plan.

At Port Elgin I found Christian people, and formed many

happy acquaintances. I joined the Good Templars, and began to speak on the subject of temperance occasionally. My first effort was on this wise: We received an invitation to attend a temperance meeting to be held in a schoolhouse a few miles in the country, so a load of Good Templars from Port Elgin went out. We found the house crowded, and an enthusiastic meeting in progress. Several speakers addressed the meeting. At the close of the remarks by one of the speakers, the chairman arose, and said, "One William Hill will now address the meeting." I was an entire stranger to all in the house excepting those who had come with me, and when my name was called, I was more than astonished. I did not have an idea to express but I ascended the platform, with my brain in a whirl. I began by saying excitedly, "My name is William Hill, and I must be the person called for." As soon as I began to speak, the people began to laugh, which gave me confidence to proceed. Among other things I said I was glad to see the interest the ladies were taking in the temperance movement, as the gentlemen will always be interested in what the ladies are. I illustrated the point by the Irishman who wished to buy a pair of spurs, but unfortunately could get only one. While riding home he thus soliloquized: "The people will think I am a queer man entirely — two feet and only one spur to one foot. But there is one pleasing consolation, I can make one side of the horse gallop, and 'pon my word the other side will have to keep up." So if the ladies' side of the house moves in the temperance cause, the other side will have to keep up. What I said was very commonplace, yet it made the people laugh, and I was considered a success as a temperance speaker by the backwoodsman.

In the fall of 1863, I went with a number of other young men to northern Michigan. We heard there was lots of work there and good wages. We were to take the steamer at Southampton. While waiting for the boat, an old acquaintance urgently requested me to take supper with him. I said I was afraid the boat would come and go, and leave me behind. He urged there was no possible danger, as we would be sure to hear the whistle. I yielded to his solicitations, and went. We kept a sharp lookout for the boat, but could neither see nor hear anything. At last I went to the wharf, only to find the boat

and my comrades had gone. I felt sorry enough, but vain regrets were of no avail. They would not bring the boat back. I determined never to be left behind again as long as I lived, and often in after years has the recollection of that disappointment hurried me to the boat or train. How many of us will discover that we are too late to be saved, having put off salvation a little too long, and will in the deepest anguish of heart say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." As it happened, the boys were delayed at Goderich. I overtook them there, and we went on to Port Sarnia together, where we remained one day waiting for the steamer to take us to Hancock, our point of destination on Lake Superior. We were a wild lot from the woods, and we raced, and ran hither and thither until the good propeller "Meteor" arrived at the dock. It was dark when we boarded the ship. The long cabin was lighted up gorgeously. I was amazed at the splendid lamps, reflectors, and mirrors. I thought, "Will heaven be more beautiful than this?" Our backwoods eyes had never beheld such magnificence before. We had about five hundred passengers on board, among whom was a young Englishman who was exceedingly well dressed. He carried himself very haughtily, and kept himself aloof from the rest of us. All went well with him until we reached the Bruce mines, where the boat stopped for a couple of hours. An old friend met him here, took him ashore, and they celebrated their happy meeting with a social glass or two. When he came aboard again, it was evident he had imbibed too freely of the exhilarating beverage. That evening, after we had all gone to bed, and I thought were nearly all asleep, he began to say in a loud voice, "I am as well dressed as any man on this boat. I wear as good clothes as anybody," etc. It was not a minute before there were voices jeering and making fun of him.

A MORE CREST-FALLEN

young Englishman was never seen than that young man was the next morning. He was as meek as a lamb the rest of the journey. He had discovered the truthfulness of the wise man's proverb, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and who-

soever is deceived thereby is not wise." Prov. 20:1. My young friend, don't let whisky bemuddle your brain like that, and put you to shame before friends and strangers, and before the great God and the holy angels in the day of judgment. We passed the great Manitoulin Island, up the Sault Ste. Marie River, through the St. Marie canal into Lake Superior, and so on to our destination. The other boys met friends and acquaintances at Hancock, but there were none such to greet me. I was a stranger among strangers; but I soon made friends. I connected myself with the M. E. Church and the Good Templars. I found them who loved temperance and religion, and we had good times together. I was the only professor of religion in our company. Some would drink, and all would play at cards, and I was sorely tempted to do both; but I found Jesus could keep me in the midst of temptation, and He did keep me from many a snare of the enemy. Jesus is the best friend man ever knew. He is a friend that helps us in every time of need. He says, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Isa. 41:10. Many hundreds of men worked in the mines, and many of them were wicked, and murder was frequent. Innocent persons were often maltreated just for amusement. Two men who boarded with us were down town one evening, when they were set upon by a mob of men, and kicked and bruised shamefully. They came home bleeding from wounds all over them, thankful to escape with their lives. A wholesale fight was nothing unusual. One evening three of us went down town, and stopped a while at a blacksmith shop where Hugh Sang, one of our boys, was working. While there, a crowd of drunken fellows came with a lot of strong drink, and stopped to drink it right before the shop door. As they continued drinking they became noisy until their whoops and yells were fearful. It did not seem such horrid sounds could come from human throats. They finally made an attack on the shop. The stones came like hail. The windows were smashed to atoms in an instant, and we thought the door would go next. To say we were frightened is putting it mildly. We thought our time had come, but we prepared with sledge hammers and pieces of

iron to defend ourselves to the last. Happily the mob spent its fury on the shop, and departed, leaving its scared occupants unharmed.

The first Fourth of July I ever spent in the United States was at Hancock, in 1864.

WE CELEBRATED THE DAY BY A GREAT TEMPERANCE

demonstration. First we marched and countermarched, with bands of music and banners flying, after which a great meeting was held in a large, unfinished building. The gentleman they expected to act as chairman of the meeting did not arrive. Brother Fairbrass, a leading Good Templar, came to me, and said, "Brother Hill, you must act as chairman of the meeting." I had never acted in such a capacity in my life, and objected; but it was useless. I was quickly elected, and installed as chairman of the meeting. As I sat on the platform, with speakers to the right and the left, a band of musicians on another platform above my head, and the largest sea of upturned faces before me I had ever seen, I felt very uncomfortable, but did the best I knew how. In introducing one of the speakers, I strove to hit those who were on the fence in the temperance issue, as follows: "This gentleman is always found with his colors flying, and is always in the thickest part of the fight for right and truth. He is not like some who stand aloof until the battle is fought, and the victory won, and then come around, and say, 'See what a great work we have done,' like the husband in the bear story. He and his wife Betty lived in a claim shanty on the frontier. One day, to their great surprise, a bear walked into the shanty. The husband sprang up onto a joist out of danger; but Betty, not being nimble enough for that, took the fire poker and began to belabor the intruder over the head with it. Every time she would strike the bear, the husband would say, 'You're doing well; hit him ag'in, Betty!' After the bear was killed, he ran away to the neighbors, and said, 'Come, see the bear that Betty and I killed.'" Of course there was nothing to the story, as everybody knew, but it tickled the folks exceedingly, and so gave me courage, and took away my nervousness to some extent. After meeting I was encouraged to endeavor to do better the next time by the kindly congratulations of

friends who rejoiced in my success. A kind word of encouragement often inspires a young beginner to make the most of himself. I was taken sick, and determined to go home and see my folks. I had written, but of late I had received no answer from them. I went down on the steamboat to Port Sarnia, and took the train for Widder Station, about four miles from father's. Although just recovering from sickness, I felt elated and happy in the hope of soon seeing the loved ones at home. On my way from the station I called at Sylvanus Cornell's, an old acquaintance, with whose children I used to go to school. Not one of them recognized me. I finally told them who I was, and that I was going to see my folks. They informed me that I had not a relative in the country, as they had all moved to Minnesota. I never felt so lonely in all my life before. It seemed as if I were entirely alone in the world. I called on the old neighbors as I went along, who were glad to see me. I found the old homestead occupied by strangers. As I went into the house, what a flood of recollections flashed through my mind! I wandered over every familiar spot, but the dear ones who had hallowed them were gone. I remained in the old neighborhood from July until the following April. I found the religious interests of the people very low. Brother Willie Hutchinson and myself determined to start a prayer meeting in the old school-house. So we announced the meeting, and invited all to attend. At the time appointed four persons were present.—Mr. Ward, Willie Hutchinson, Samuel Wilcox, and myself. It was evident Satan was on hand to oppose that meeting. Brother Ward was the oldest, so he was chosen to lead. He did very well until in prayer his words were cut off, and he could say nothing at all. He hawked and choked and sputtered, but a word could he not utter, and seemed to be in great distress; but there came over the rest of us an almost uncontrollable spirit of laughter. I would not have laughed under the circumstances for anything. My frame shook as I stuffed the corner of my blouse in my mouth to prevent such a sacrilegious thing as laughing during prayer. Such a prayer meeting I never attended before nor since. Notwithstanding the inauspicious beginning, the prayer meeting increased in numbers and interest until the greatest revival broke out that

was ever known in that neighborhood. Old professors were warmed up into new life, and many young people started on their way to heaven. I spent a very happy winter, and received an impulse in the heavenly way that I never lost.

In the spring of 1865, with Justus White, I started for Michigan. We hoped to run logs on Bell River. We stayed overnight at Memphis. We were awakened by hearing the firing of guns and the shouts of people. On looking out of the window we saw a huge fire, and people were running toward it, some putting on their coats as they ran. It was soon ascertained that news had come that Richmond had fallen, which was the cause of the bonfire and great commotion among the people. How rejoiced they were at the downfall of the rebel stronghold! What a rejoicing there will be when sin and Satan are overthrown, and peace and righteousness will reign supreme in the universe of God! Rev. 5: 13.

I had never run logs, and Justus told me that log runners were a hard lot, and that we must not let them know we were professors of religion, or we could not stay with them. I replied that I did not intend to make my religion offensively prominent, neither did I intend to hide my light under a bushel. The first night we were with the log runners we stayed at an old farmer's. He had just built a new house, and his old house was given up to us. In the evening while eating warm maple sugar, the log runners amused themselves by telling stories, some of which were far from being pure and elevating in their character. After a while they called on me for a song. I said, "I cannot sing, but if you will all keep quiet I will read you something from a book I have in my hand." They quickly agreed, and I read the 22d chapter of Revelation, wherein the destiny of the righteous and wicked is brought to view. Strange to say, everything was as quiet as a meeting until the last word was read. It seemed as if the Spirit of God impressed the hearts of these hardened men. It was probably the first time they had ever heard such reading. When we went to bed, I felt it duty to do as aforesaid, "kneel down and commend myself to God," and quietly did so. No one molested me; but the die was cast. They all knew where I stood, and many were the talks I had with them on religion, as we would be together on the river, as sometimes two or

three of us would be stationed at certain points to keep the logs running where there was danger of a jam. I felt happy in saying a word for my Master.

JUSTUS TOOK A DIFFERENT COURSE,

and I am sorry to say was soon led away from his steadfastness. The only safe way is to be decidedly for God, no matter where we are or what company we are in. If Satan finds a wavering soul, he will strive all the more earnestly to lure him away from the paths of righteousness. Trust in God, and do right, and he will shield us from all the power of the enemy.

After I had worked at log running a while, I went to a place called Mill Point, near Lake Michigan, where my brother Charles lived. Sawing lumber was the chief business, and my brother worked in one of the mills. I got work in a mill, but did not like it, and went up Grand River to work on a farm.

In August, 1865, I started for Minnesota, where father lived. I landed at Minneiska, a small village situated at the mouth of Whitewater Valley, on the Mississippi River. It was about 4 P. M. when I landed. I wished to make Greenwood Prairie to work in harvest. I soon discovered that the only conveyance was to go on foot; so I started, carrying a large carpet-bag full of clothes and a heavy beaver cloth overcoat. The road up the valley was overflowed with water. Wild ducks were swimming in the road, and mud and water were over boot-top. The great bluffs towered hundreds of feet high on either side of the valley, and no house in sight. As the sun neared the horizon, the mosquitoes came at me in clouds, and they were so hungry. I said to myself, "This is the brave land of Minnesota."

After traveling six miles I came to a house. It was a log cabin, with the ends of the logs sticking out in every direction, some shorter and some longer. As I came to the door, I found a man and a boy with a gun. I shall never forget the scene. The man had an old felt hat on his head, partly covering a mass of reddish hair. His beard and mustache looked fierce enough to belong to a bushwhacker, while a great hole graced the knee of his pants. The youngster was about fifteen years of age, and did not look at all as fierce as his father.

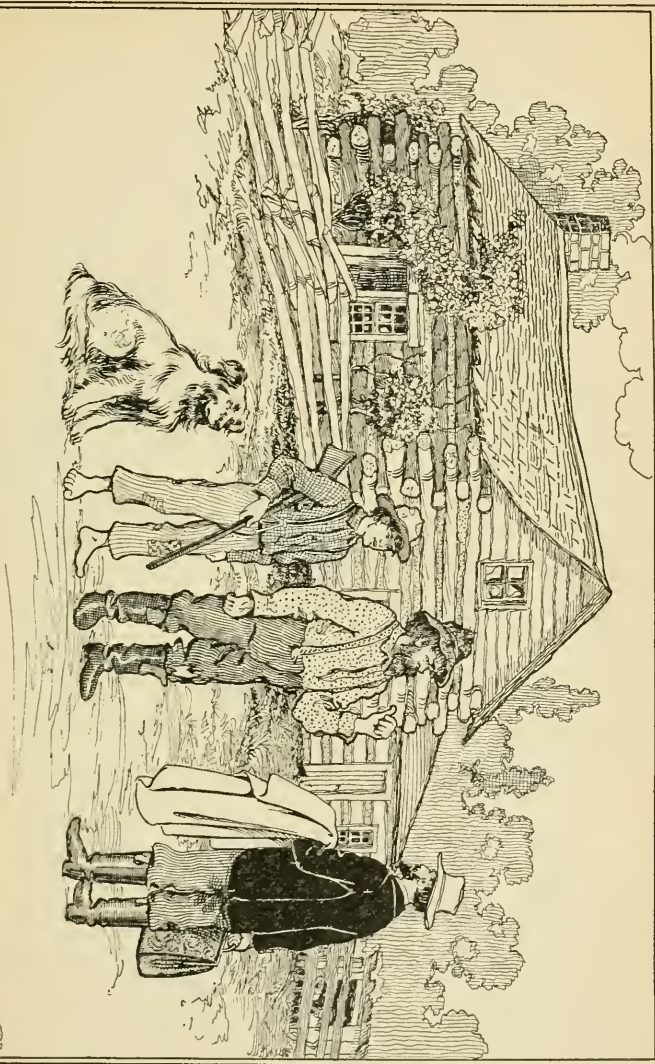
I meekly asked the privilege of a night's lodging. The gentleman replied, "Ask the women folks; I am not the boss here," and away he and the boy went to shoot a marauding owl, and left me to paddle my own canoe with the ladies as best I could. I timidly entered the house, and was surprised to note a great contrast. The wife and daughter were neatly dressed, and everything inside the house was in nice order. The old lady thought I could stay, so I got an old pail full of water, and soon I had washed away the last remains of mud and mire, and was ready for bed.

As the old gentleman and son returned from an unsuccessful owl hunt, the gentleman wanted to know where I was going, and what I was going to do. When he learned I was seeking work, he offered me three dollars per day to work for him, and we soon made a bargain. It did not take long to discover that he was a very noisy individual. In the morning he came rushing up stairs yelling at the top of his voice, "Ed! Ed!" As he came to the top of the stairs he saw me at my morning devotions. He stopped as though he had been shot; he seemed entirely dumbfounded, and amazed that anybody should be found praying on his premises.

I WAS SET TO BINDING

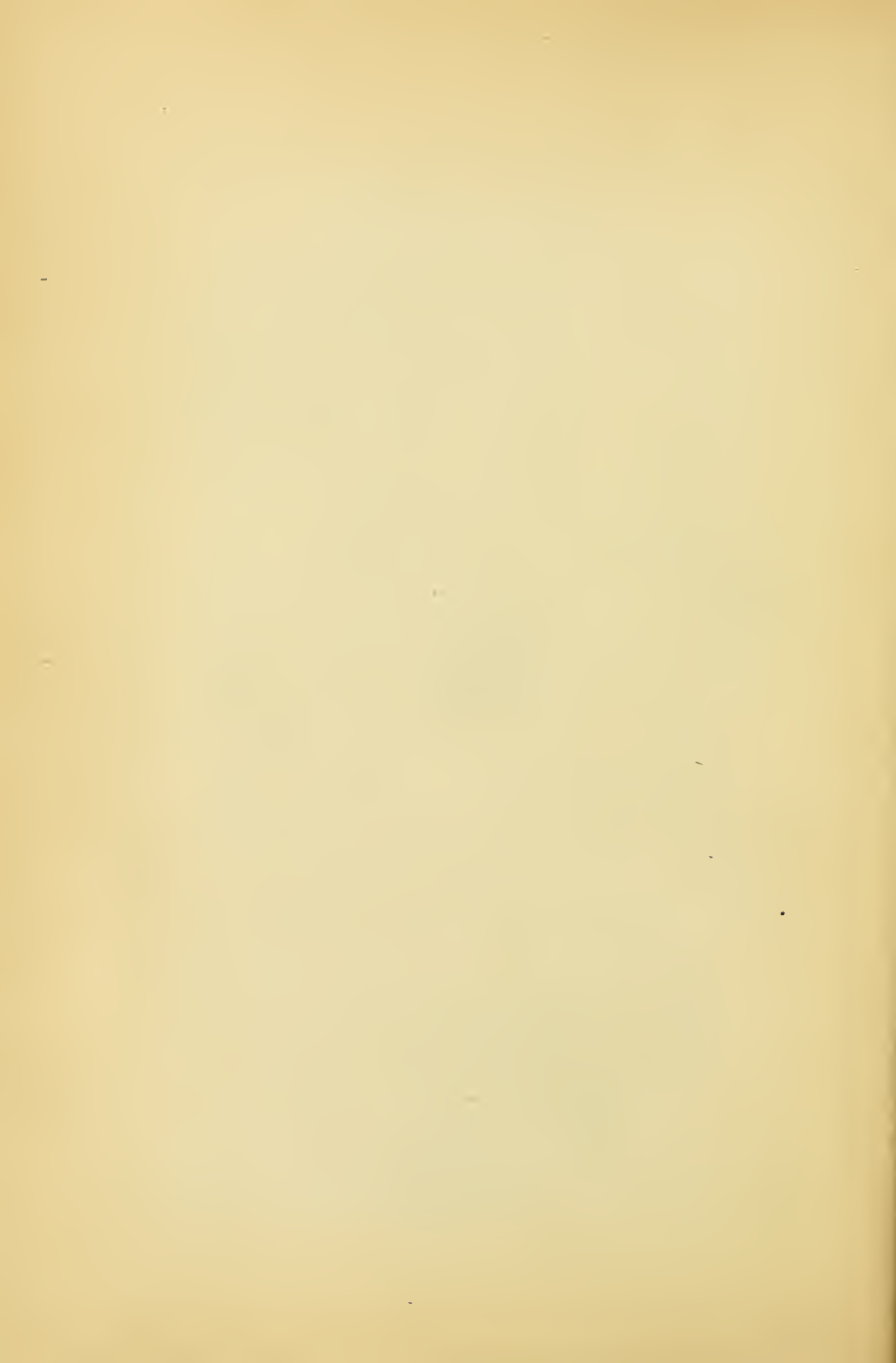
after a cradler. The sun poured its rays down between the bluffs with great power. I never felt the heat so great in my life; besides, I became so very, very hungry. Noon was a long, long time coming. At last the welcome call was heard, and away we went to dinner. I had but fairly got started at my dinner when all the rest were done, and so it was every time; I could eat far more than I ever could before. They said that was the way with every one when they first came to Minnesota. Ho! you dainty people, whose appetite is a lost treasure, come to the invigorating, health-giving climate of Minnesota, and your appetite will soon take on proportions that will surprise you.

The gentleman's name for whom I worked was John Gage. The log cabin has since given way to a fine brick residence, and Mr. Gage has represented his county in the Minnesota legislature. Although he was of rough exterior, yet he was a good neighbor.



“I’M NOT THE BOSS HERE.”

21



I remained with him until November, when I bought a horse, harness, and light wagon of him and started for the western part of the State to find my folks. I found traveling over the vast prairies was not all pastime. I was always directed to take the main-traveled track. Sometimes far from any house the road would diverge, and which was the main-traveled track no man on earth could tell. Such a case is very perplexing, especially if it is nearly dark. Many of the sloughs were not bridged; while passing through one, the horse and buggy went down. Only one way out of the difficulty—wade into the cold water and mire, unhitch the horse, take the buggy to pieces, and carry it out onto dry land.

On my journey, I stopped overnight with a man to whom I spoke about religion in the evening, and in the morning the conversation turned again upon religion; he said to me: "Are you a preacher?" I said, "No." "Well, you will be some time," he replied.

Ten years afterward I spoke on baptism at the Hutchinson camp meeting. After the sermon, a gentleman said to me, "Brother Hill, if you ever come our way, you must call and see us." "Where do you live?" "I live in a poplar grove between Austin and Albert Lea." I recognized the place and the man instantly. I asked him if he remembered a young man stopping overnight with him about ten years ago, who talked with him about religion, and who asked him if he were a preacher, and when the young man answered "No," said, "Well, you will be one some time"? He said, "Yes." Well, I was that young man. He had become a Christian, and I a minister since that evening.

I finally reached the neighborhood of Blue Earth City, and saw ahead of me a high load of old boards drawn by a yoke of oxen. I started to drive by, when a boy sprang from the load onto my wagon with great demonstrations of joy. It was my brother John. He said father was carpentering in town; he showed me the house where he was at work. I found him at the bench planing. He did not know me until I told him who I was. It was a joyful meeting after such a long separation. The next day I drove out to my father's homestead, six miles southwest of Blue Earth City. I found the family living in a dugout; a good many people lived in

them in those days. Everybody was poor, and consequently on a level. The settlers were friendly, sociable, and willing to help one another. All seemed hopeful and cheerful, and although they lived in small houses, and wore cheap clothing, they were fully as happy as in after years when they were the possessors of plenty.

A MINNESOTA BLIZZARD.

My first introduction to one was Dec. 12, 1865. I had heard and read of blizzards, but it takes a personal experience to realize what a blizzard means. The conditions of a good blizzard are a lot of light snow and a furious wind. The snow becomes as fine as the finest flour, and penetrates the slightest crevice. In an old-fashioned blizzard the snow is so blinding one cannot see anything, and can scarcely hear anything, either; it is useless to shout, hoping to be heard, as your voice would be drowned in the awful storm. A light in a window would avail nothing; for it could not be seen. People have been lost and frozen to death only a few rods from their own door; blinded and bewildered by the storm they wandered round and round until exhausted nature gave way, and the poor victim sank down in the snow to rise no more. But those dreadful storms are of the past; the prairies are now dotted with farm houses, villages, towns, and groves, and every house, haystack, and every tree helps to break the force of the wind, until now such storms are no longer common to Minnesota. One must needs go to the Dakotas to enjoy a first-class blizzard. I would not have the reader think that Minnesota is a region of storms; for it is indeed a land of glorious sunshine. Even in winter, though it is cold, the skies are bright and the air bracing. Minnesota is indeed a goodly land, with broad prairies, great forests, fertile soil, and scattered over its surface are thousands of the most charming lakes imaginable. But I will not try to describe the land of my adoption; for the best I can do would be far short of the reality.

The winter of 1865-66 I chopped cordwood on the Minnesota River, near St. Peter; the following summer I went to Yellow Medicine, where the Indians broke out in their massacre of the whites in 1862. There were still fine brick buildings and great cisterns which the government had built for the

Indians. It is a beautiful location, in a fine country, but no Indian is there. His beautiful heritage has passed into the hands of the white man.

I returned to the eastern part of the State to work in harvest. On my way from Yellow Medicine I was sent ahead on horseback one evening to select a camping ground for the night. As I was trotting along smartly I ran over a little striped animal; I was going so fast that I escaped any shock to my olfactory nerves. Not so with the teams following more slowly behind. They said when they came to where I had selected a place for camp, "Didn't you run over a skunk back there a ways?" "Yes." "Whew! we thought so, as we came along." The night was very sultry, and the mosquitoes were in swarms; three of us slept in a covered wagon, and it seemed as if the hungry mosquitoes were determined to leave nothing of us by morning. One of our company was an Englishman; he had an iron teakettle with him, and he would fill it with grass, and set fire to it, and make a smudge which, for the time would stupefy the skeeters, and nearly suffocate us. He kept replenishing his kettle, and rebuilding his fires until a terrific thunder storm came up. The lightning blazed athwart the black sky in a fearful manner, while the thunder shook the heavens, and the rain fell in torrents. The cool drops of rain fell through our thin canvas onto my fevered brow so gratefully, and I fell asleep; but I shall never forget the night spent on the prairie with the Englishman and his teakettle.

In the spring of 1867 I returned to father's, and helped during the summer. It rained and rained until sloughs, lakes, and streams were full to overflowing. It was almost impossible to go anywhere with a wagon. Flour rose to nine dollars a hundred, and could hardly be obtained for that. Father had a huge coffee mill, to which he attached a windmill, and the settlers would bring sacks of corn on their shoulders to get ground in the coffee mill, and thus keep the wolf from the door. It was so wet that summer that the prairie was swimming with water. One day as Mr. Stiles and myself were driving over the prairie with a breaking team, consisting of five yoke of oxen, we came to a rushing stream where usually no stream was to be found. The oxen went in; but as we got

into the middle of the stream, the wagon came apart, and the cattle went away with the front wheels, and left us in the rushing waters with the rest of the wagon. Mr. Stiles cried out, "Oh, I don't want to get wet; for I am troubled with the rheumatism;" and there he was on top of the box as far out of the water as he could get. I went into the water, and got the wagon and Mr. Stiles to shore as best I could. Then I had to race after the oxen; for they were going it over the prairie with the front wheels of the wagon like all possessed. Such were some of the experiences of the early pioneers in this new country.

CHANGE OF RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

I found a class of people in father's neighborhood who observed the seventh day as the Sabbath. They were very zealous in spreading abroad a knowledge of their peculiar views. They supplied me with tracts, pamphlets, and books, teaching what they called "present truth;" that is, the truth that is especially adapted for the times in which we live. Although I had no idea of keeping the seventh-day Sabbath, yet I found their arguments very hard to meet. I could find nothing in the New Testament to show that the Sabbath was changed from the seventh to the first day of the week. I found that the New Testament mentions the first day of the week just eight times, and not once is it called the Sabbath or Lord's day, neither is any sacred title applied to it whatever. Search as I would, I could not find that either Christ or his apostles observed it as a sacred day in a single instance. This seemed to me unaccountable, if the first day of the week had really become the Sabbath and it was a sin against God not to observe it as such. Although I could by no means explain the silence of the New Testament in regard to the change of the Sabbath, I tried to console myself with the thought that a great many wise and good men keep Sunday, and if we only keep one day in seven, it will do well enough. This was not very satisfactory, but it helped to ease my conscience while violating one of God's commandments.

DURING THE SUMMER

I worked a while for a man by the name of Shumacher. He was a zealous Catholic, and labored hard to convert me to the Catholic faith. We used to sit up very late talking upon points of doctrine. One evening he asked me, "How could the apostles remit sins unless they knew what sins to remit? and how could they know unless the sins were confessed to them?" "You claim the priest has just as much power as the apostles?" "Yes." "That the priest could know nothing of the sins committed unless they were first confessed to him?"—"Yes." "Was it necessary for Ananias and Sapphira to confess their sins before Peter knew that they had lied?"—"No." "But you say the poor priest could know nothing of it unless it be first confessed to him, which shows his claim to have as much power as the apostles to be a fraud and deception of the first magnitude." We even got to speaking on persecutions of the Catholic Church, which he would not own until the proof was unanswerable, when he said, "If you had a flock of sheep, and the wolves should come to destroy them, what would you do?" "I would kill the wolves, of course, if I could; and so you Catholics are the tender sheep, and we Protestants are the fierce, howling wolves; so we must be killed, of course."

Reader, that is the doctrine of Rome, and she carries it out wherever she has the power to do so. Mr. Shumacher supplemented his personal efforts by furnishing me with Catholic controversial works to read. In "Milner's End of Religious Controversy" I found the Catholic Church claimed to have changed the Sabbath into Sunday without any scriptural authority for so doing. In fact, the change of the Sabbath is set forth as one of the strongest evidences that the Catholic Church is the true church; for indeed she must be the great power of God in the earth if she were able to change the divine law of Jehovah. Having already discovered there was not a particle of evidence in the Bible of a change of the Sabbath, I confess this claim of the Catholic Church struck me very forcibly. The more I meditated and studied upon it, the more plainly I could see that the claim was well founded, and that the Catholic Church was the power brought to view in

Dan. 7:25 that should think to change the times and laws of the Most High. I did not wish to believe it, but proof was too plain. "He shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and shall think to change times and laws; and they shall be given into His hand until a time, times, and the dividing of time." It is true that the papacy has spoken great words against the Most High, even to arrogating to itself infallibility, which belongs to God alone. It is true the Catholic Church has slaughtered millions of the saints of the Most High (literally worn them out), until she is drunken with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Rev. 17:5, 6. Has she thought to change the times and laws of the Most High? She says, "Yes, I have changed the Sabbath into Sunday without any scriptural authority for so doing."

Thus every specification of the prophecy is met by the Church of Rome, hence she must be the power spoken of. What should I do in this case? was the question that troubled me. Are these Seventh-day folks right, and has the time really come when the true Sabbath should be restored? Is it possible that God is calling on me by His Word and Spirit to forsake the teachings of my youth and all my religious associations, and take my stand for his ancient, down-trodden Sabbath? Reader, if you have ever sincerely faced that question, you will not say, "The Sabbath question is of little importance." It stirs the soul to its depths. "To whomsoever ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey." Rom. 6:16. God says: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The Church of Rome commands: "Keep holy the Sunday." Which shall I obey? If I obey God, I shall be God's servant; if I obey the papacy, I shall be the servant of the papacy. Although every worldly consideration was on the side of Sunday, yet I am thankful God gave me grace to decide, that as for me, I will serve the Lord, and keep his commandments. It is nearly a quarter of a century since that decision was made, and I have never ceased to rejoice in it. Never once have I had a doubt that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord our God. I was superintendent of the Union Sunday school, held in our schoolhouse. No sooner was it known that I had begun the observance of the Sabbath

than a great uproar was raised in our little community. I went to the Sunday school one bright morning, and found the house surrounded with people. There were so many they could not all find room inside. My class leader, Brother Yetter, was there, but that morning he did not seem to notice me. After the exercises of the school were over, he said there was a little business to be attended to. They had heard that Mr. Hill had turned Advent. If so, he was not wanted for superintendent any longer. But he was there, and could speak for himself. I pleaded guilty to the charge of keeping the seventh-day Sabbath, because I had found it plainly commanded in the word of God. I had sought long and carefully for a "thus saith the Lord" for Sunday keeping, and could not find it. If any one present could point out to me any divine requirement for Sunday observance, I would cheerfully turn back again, and observe Sunday with them. They were not able to do so, but demanded that I should resign my office. I replied, "Show me it is duty for me to do so, and I will do it." "No, we are not here to do that; only resign, or we will turn you out." I said, "None of you will say I have not taught the children right things, things that you yourselves approve of. It seems to me your action is like condemning and executing a man, not because he has done anything wrong, but for fear he might do some wicked thing in the future." But they cast me out of the synagogue. Those on the outside thrust their hands through the raised windows to give their voices against me. Thus I began to experience a few drops of the wrath of the dragon. Rev. 12:17.

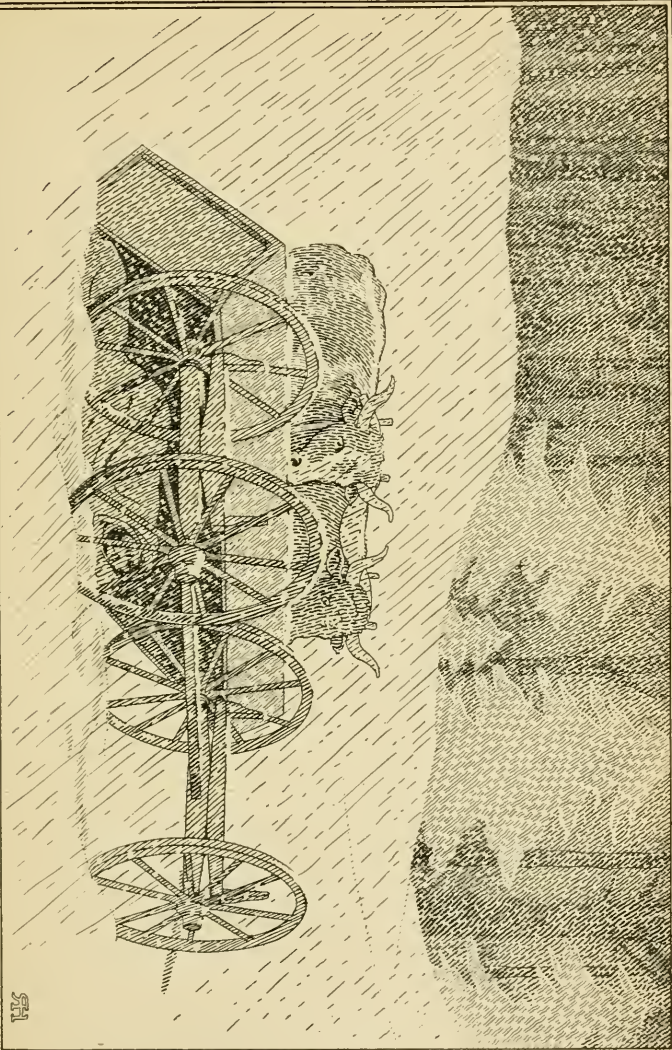
One man was there, who, when requested to attend Sunday school, said he could not because his pants were not good enough to appear in such a place; but upon that particular occasion he was there, pants and all, and they were not the best of pants either. I had lived in the best of friendship with all this people as neighbor and friend. Then why treat me so unkindly? They were only acting out human nature. They had it in their power to vent their feelings of anger upon one of their number who dared to accept of unpopular truth, and they did it. They were blinded, and knew not what they did. Luke 23:34.

THE NEXT FALL

I went with Samuel Smith and Newton Chute to bring their team back from their trapping ground on the Des Moines River. It was in November, and on my return I lost my way, and a furious snowstorm came on in the afternoon. As darkness began to close upon me, it was evident that I must spend a night alone with my oxen on the prairie. The situation was anything but agreeable. I found a ravine where it was somewhat sheltered from the wind. I tied the cattle to one side of the wagon, took the box off, set it up on one edge, with the bottom toward the wind, with the upper edge resting upon the hubs of the wagon wheels. Under this slight protection I crawled, with one quilt to wrap up in. I commended myself to Him who cares for the sparrows, and has numbered the hairs of our heads. I renewed my covenant to be His, and to devote my life to His service. As I lay under there, I could feel the snow sift through onto my face. I soon fell asleep, and did not awake until daylight. I was surprised how quickly the night I dreaded so much had passed away. At noon the next day, I came to a settlement on Twin Lakes, and had no further trouble getting home.

I only stayed at home for a few days, when I started out again to seek a winter's job. I went to Mr. Gault's, near St. Peter, hoping to chop cord wood for him. He said there was no wood chopping to be had. Mrs. Gault said, "Teach our school this winter." I had never taught school, but I thought I might as well try. I asked the Lord to help me, and He did. I taught the school for four months, at thirty dollars per month, with the privilege of teaching the same school the next winter if I wished to. I returned home in the spring, and stayed until harvest, when I again went to the eastern part of the State.

I worked for Joel Brown and his nephew, Joseph Brown, near Mantorville, Dodge County. Deckster Brown, Joseph's father, came to help him finish his harvest. He formed a favorable opinion of all the hands he saw at noon when he arrived, but me. He told me afterward that he thought from my appearance that I did not amount to much; but he changed his mind in a little while, and after Joseph got



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through with me, he hired me at thirty dollars per month to work on a farm during the short days in the fall, although he kept Sunday and I kept the seventh day. I worked hard, and one day as I plowed, my back ached, my face flushed, and I felt hardly able to follow the plow. At noon I told Mr. Brown how I felt. He said, "You are coming down with the typhoid fever." People were having it, and some were dying with it in the neighborhood. I knew I never could stand drug treatment, and come out alive; so Mr. Brown took me to Wasioja, where Elder Ingraham lived. He was not at home when we arrived. I lay down on the bed, and it seemed to me as if I would burn up with fever. When Brother Ingraham came home, he put me into a tub of hot water, putting a quilt over me to keep the steam in. The sweat poured down my body in streams. The next day the fever came up again, but not so strong, and the next evening I was put through the same process. Although I was very weak, the fever was completely broken, and in a few days I was at work again.

THE NEXT WINTER

found me in the Whitewater valley again, teaching school in the Gage district. I had great talks with my old friends in regard to my change of views. Mr. Geo. Mathewson and wife accepted the present truth; they were my first converts to the faith. In the spring I was married to Miss Emma Town, one of my pupils.

We had some difficulty in getting the knot tied. We started with horse and cutter one bright morning for Winona, twenty-six miles distant, intending to be married the selfsame day. Our horse was a runaway, kicking colt. As we were rounding a bluff, the cutter upset, and sent us both out onto the frozen ground, and the horse began to run and kick with all his might. I held on to the lines, however, until he stopped at the bottom of the bluff, but the shafts and cutter box were a wreck. We fixed up the shafts, piled the pieces of the box onto the cutter, and went into the city, our wedding rig sadly demoralized. We took the cutter to a shop for repairs, and in a little while busy hands made it as good as ever; but our troubles did not end here. We found that witnesses were necessary in our case, to get a marriage license; and witnesses,

we, in our simplicity, had not provided. So we returned to the parental roof, somewhat sadder and wiser than when we departed. However, patience and perseverance overcome all difficulties, and the nuptial knot was duly tied on March 22, 1869, by Elder Alfred Chute, twenty-three years ago. We have stood by each other in shade and sunshine, sorrow and joy, all these years, and we expect to until the Redeemer comes to Zion, or until the grim reaper shall gather us into his narrow house, where we will wait until our change comes (Job 14: 13-15), and we hope to enjoy a long eternity together in the kingdom of God.

In the spring of 1870 we removed to Martin County, and opened up a new farm on the broad prairie. I went first, and prepared the home nest. While on my journey, I stopped one night at a farm house near Rochester. The good people were considerably exercised because I traveled on Sunday. I explained that I observed the seventh day. "O," said the lady, "you are one of those Advents; you don't believe you will ever die." "I expect to die, and go into the grave, as all my forefathers did." "Do you? Well, it is quite probable you will." "I may die, too, and that much sooner than I expect; but some of God's people will never die," and I opened my Bible and read 1 Cor. 15: 51: "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep [die], but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." "So you see, sister, the Bible expressly says we shall not all die; you believe that, don't you?" Again we are told in 1 Thess. 4: 16, 17: "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." "Here it is expressly taught that some will be alive and remain until the Lord comes, and I believe it, don't you?" Her father-in-law interposed, and said, "I don't see but that is all right; surely, it is scripture, and we ought not to be found fighting the scripture." She seemed quite reconciled after this, and only made one more sharp criticism upon her humble guest. My mind was dwelling upon the young wife I had left behind, and I took a

loving look at her image which I carried with me. She observed it also, and asked, "Is that your wife's picture?" "Yes, madam." "Well, I'm surprised, truly." "Why so?" "That such a good-looking woman would marry such a homely man." In the morning I was beset to trade horses. I had one little horse and one large one. They had a good-sized horse, with smooth, glossy hair, which they would trade for my small one. They talked so honest and fair that in my verdancy I traded. My new horse started off in good shape, but soon fagged out; and I had to tie my other horse back to the sleigh, and make him draw almost the whole load. At noon the new horse would not eat, and I discovered I had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. I kept on trading until I had paid about twenty-four dollars in boot money, and had only a bridle and pair of martingales left. I thought it was time for me to quit trading horses. I learned to my sorrow that those who will trade horses will cheat and deceive. Moral: Let no honest man indulge in horse trading.

In the winter of 1870-71 I taught school at Tenhassen, Martin County. A number of teachers attended school, some of whom had been through the arithmetic several times, and I had never been half through it. I studied at nights, and kept ahead of the class until we had gone through again. I found by careful study I could unravel the most difficult examples we had to deal with. A great love existed between teacher and pupils. I enjoyed the school so much. We had great spelling schools. The interest ran high, and they came from far and near to outdo us, but never one was found to equal us in that line.

The pupils edited a paper, which was read every two weeks. In one number it was stated that our school contained two natural curiosities: A lump of snow (a Miss Snow) that never melts, and a Hill in perpetual motion. The last day of school the house was filled with visitors, and at the closing exercises many eyes overflowed with tears. The next summer I had a nice crop growing, and taught school in the Chute district, eight miles distant. My pony would take me there in a few minutes. In June we were visited by a disastrous hail-storm, when grain, corn, potatoes, garden stuff, in fact everything, was beaten to the earth. The stones fell with such

force they dented the side of the house, which was made of seasoned, hardwood boards. I loved teaching, and decided to devote my whole attention to it. The next winter I taught school near Delavan, Faribault County.

The school was large, with many large young men and women attending,—a wild lot. It was the first winter term ever held in the district. I had to draw a taut rein in order to control the school at all. I was firm, but kind. They soon saw that I sincerely desired their good, and was never weary in assisting them to the utmost of my ability, and they, for the most part, appreciated my efforts.

One day as the director was visiting the school, I heard something go click, click, click, click, and then all would be quiet for a while; then it would go again. I said nothing, but kept a sharp lookout; at last I discovered the offender. A youngster was striking a spur and pocket knife together, which caused the noise. I told him to come forth and climb on to a desk, and stand there for a while. He stood up between the desks, seized hold of one with each hand, and declared he would never submit to such punishment as that; but he was persuaded to think better of it, and stood on the desk with a great stick of wood on his shoulder. It was an object lesson to the school, as well as a reminder to him that the way of the transgressor is hard. Prov. 13:15.

THE DIRECTOR

was as sober as a judge, and said nothing, but I could see he was immensely pleased to see the youngster brought to time. I taught several terms in that district; but some were dissatisfied with the price. They could get an experienced lady teacher from Wisconsin for twenty-five dollars per month. As I had my hands full building a new house at Blue Earth City, in the spring of 1873, I made no application for any school. The new teacher came, and began teaching one Monday morning, and the next Monday morning she was on her way back to Wisconsin, with no wish to prolong her stay in the wild and woolly West. The pupils discovered they knew more than the teacher, and she could do nothing with them. They were glad to get the old teacher back again. The girls and boys were collected on a knoll, and their faces were all smiles and dim-

ples as I neared the old schoolhouse, and they gave their old teacher a royal welcome.

CHRIST IS COMING.

ALL the elements are telling it; the sky is full of signs;
 There's an ominous awakening foreboding God's designs.
 E'en the timorous are telling what the mighty fear to speak,
 And the powerful are cringing with the wicked and the weak.
 It is God's expostulation with the wretched and the rich,
 With the princes in their palaces, the drunkards in the ditch.
 Christ is coming, Christ is coming, all the prophecies proclaim,
 With the mighty hosts of heaven, in His chariot of flame.
 He is coming, He is coming, it is written in the sky;
 Earth is rip'ning for the harvest, and the harvest-time is nigh.

He has heard the cry of millions in the slavery of sin;
 He has listened to the pleading of the ones He died to win;
 He is gathering His armies for our liberation day;
 And that great emancipation human hands cannot delay.
 He is whispering in the whirlwind, He is speaking in the flood,
 In the perfume-laden zephyr, in the bursting of the bud.
 All the stars are singing praises to the glory of His name,
 While the reeling earth is groaning 'mid a load of sin and shame.

Vice parades her gaudy trappings 'mid the pleasure-seeking throng,
 Tinging with enticing glamor every separate way of wrong.
 Homes once happy are in ruins through the gay deceiver's wiles;
 While the throng are singing praises to the drama that beguiles.
 There's a lurking fascination for the slinking libertine
 In the comedy of passion, for a glimpse behind the scene.
 Soon his blandishments are followed by the wrecking of a life,
 And the bonds are snapped asunder 'tween a husband and a wife.
 There's a plaintive cry ascending in a long, unceasing moan
 From the *law-made* orphan children to the great Judge on His throne.

You may listen but a moment to the mutterings of woe
 That are gathering all around you as the seasons come and go;
 But the words you hear are laden with a draught of bitter dregs —
 There's a great, gaunt army growing, and the ragged waif who begs
 At the doorstep of your dwelling is a thorough-drilled recruit
 In that massive, marching legion moving down destruction's route.
 Justice heeds the cry but seldom of the innocent oppressed;
 Where the glittering bribe is lacking, many a wrong is unredressed.
 Wealth is marshalling its forces; labor's legions are astir;
 Anarchy, the wild, red-handed, has in this its dowager.

All the nations are a-quiver with the threatenings of strife,
 Pouring out a golden river for new means of taking life;
 They are furrowing the ocean with a myriad ships of mail,
 Ballasted like clouds of fury with a load of iron hail.
 On the hill the beacon's lighted, every torch is trimmed anew,
 And the ranks of moving millions gather where the harvest grew,
 There's a force unseen impelling all earth's factions to the fray;
 'Tis the warrior host of Satan, hastening Armageddon's day.

You have seen the stars of heaven falling as the King foretold;
 Seen the moon with bloody visage, seen the sun his light withhold.
 You have marked the march of knowledge with its swift, increasing
 stride,
 And the progress of invention, like an irrepulsive tide.
 You have seen the preparation of the armies of the world,
 Waiting now the order only like swift meteors to be hurled
 To the seething sea of turmoil, 'gainst the city and the plain.
 Belching death in iron hailstorms, strewing all the land with slain.
 God is holding still the bridle of the prancing warrior steed,
 While there yet is hope in heaven and a Priest to intercede.

When redemption's work is finished in this sin-polluted land,
 And the seal of God is given to His humble, faithful band,
 Angel hands will stay no longer earth's impatient arméd horde,
 And the trodden plains will redden 'neath the threshing of the sword.
 Sad will be the billow's burden where the flaming fleets go down,
 With the bright-eyed sailor laddie, and the captain of renown.

Then the form of the Redeemer in the heavens will be seen,
 Seated on a cloud of glory, in His hand a sickle keen.
 By the hand that bled for sinners will the harvesting be done;
 For salvation's work is finished, and the race of sin is run.

— *Charles Miles Snow, in Signs of the Times.*

CHAPTER II.

BEGAN THE LIFE OF A MINISTER — FIRST MISSIONARY TOUR.

THE summer of 1873, I attended our camp meeting, which was held at Medford. One evening after preaching service, Brethren Robert Schram and Henry Youngs took me, one by each arm, and said, "Brother Hill, come with us." They led me to the preacher's stand, and Elder Canright said: "Brother Hill, if we give you a license to improve your gift, will you use it?" It was a momentous question. Upon my answer hinged the course of my future life. Although I loved teaching dearly, and was loth to give it up, yet I believed that the coming of the Lord was at the door, and the world was to be warned to flee from the wrath to come. Time, too, I believed to be short, the harvest great, and the laborers few. I had firm faith in the promise of God to be with the laborers even unto the end of the world, and that whosoever would forsake houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for His name's sake, should receive an hundredfold and inherit everlasting life. Matt. 19:29. With such views and feelings, I could only say, "By the assisting grace of God, I will;" and although I have had poverty, privation, even to the want of sufficient clothing to protect me from winter's chilling blasts, and have met with opposition and contumely on every side, and am now prematurely old, if I could be placed right there again as I was on that eventful evening, knowing all as I do now, I would raise my hand to heaven and say, "By Thy grace I will."

I went home from camp meeting, and prepared to go forth as a herald of the cross. I had my new house to plaster, and very much to do. On the 7th of October, 1873, with Brother Ferdinand Morse, I started for Elm Creek, Martin County. We found that in consequence of the grasshopper raid the

men had gone or were going East to work, to get something to live on during the winter, and it was impossible for the women to attend evening meetings without their husbands, so the idea of laboring in that vicinity had to be abandoned. At this juncture Brother Morse was taken with a sore throat, and returned home, and I was left, with valise in hand, on the broad prairie, with no experience whatever in preaching. I got a ride with a farmer to Vernon Center, where I found an old schoolmate, Alex. Westover, and remained with him over night, and renewed old acquaintance. The next morning I went to Brother Fleming's; I was having severe temptations.

A COLD WINTER

was fast approaching. Schools would soon be all taken, and if I did not succeed in preaching I would be without employment of any kind, and even if I did succeed I could hope but for very little remuneration, and why not go home, as had Brother Morse, and take a school and let some one better qualified do the preaching? I had never been so long absent from my wife and two little boys before, and I must say the drawings toward home were powerful. But I thought again: "I have not yet done all I can do to find an opening," and I felt something strong within me impelling me forward in the work to which I had set my hand. I told Brother Fleming of the conflict I was having, and he cheered me on my way. The laborers are few and the harvest is great. He said, "I will take you to Brother Rew's, and we will see what can be done." Brother Rew thought I should go to Brother Quinn's, and see Brother Dimmick, one of our ministers, who was there. When we got there, Brother Dimmick had just taken the train for Iowa. It was decided that I had better go to Hutchinson, McLeod County, where there was quite a large company of our people. Having but little money, I shouldered my valise, and started for Ottawa, eighteen miles distant, where I had some acquaintances, among whom I visited until after Sunday. As Mr. Lewis and I were going to the depot, he suddenly asked: "Are you not going out on a mission?" I replied, "That's about the way of it." "Well, can you take a subject, and carry it through?" "I don't know; I can tell better after I try." I took the train for Blakely,

and started from there for Hutchinson, on foot, between thirty and forty miles distant. I arrived at Glencoe about 3 P. M., bought some crackers, ate a lunch, and started again for Hutchinson, sixteen miles away. I had not gone far when a man overtook me with a team, and gave me a ride. I asked, "Where are you going?" He said, "Hutchinson." "Do you know any Seventh-day people there?" "Yes, sir, I am one myself; my name is Dye. Are you one of our ministers?" "I am sent out to improve my gift, but how I will succeed time will tell." "You ought to have been at Hutchinson yesterday, and you would have seen Elders Haskell and Grant." "I wish I had; I would rather see Elder Grant (president of our conference) than any man alive." "Well, you can see him; he is stopping with Brother Armstrong, and he lives not a great way from here." He pointed in the direction of his house, and I sprang from the wagon, and started. I found a stream of water flowed between me and his house which I was compelled to ford. It was now dark. As I approached the house, I saw Brother Grant's bald head through the window. When I entered, he was as much astonished to see me as though I had come down from the clouds. He said, "I thought you were in Martin County with Brother Morse, holding meetings." I explained to him how matters stood, and he was puzzled to know what to do with me. I was evidently an elephant on his hands. We talked over matters until late at night, but came to no conclusion what to do. I got up early in the morning, and kindled a fire. Brother Armstrong did not seem to approve of my taking so much liberty. I excused myself by saying Elders Haskell and Grant were intending to take the early morning train, and I was afraid they would be belated. He replied I need not worry, he would see to that. I thought things were moving slowly, but said nothing more. At last we got into the wagon, and started for town. Alas! as we were going in, the train was going out, and the brethren were doomed to stay another day with Brother Armstrong. Brother Grant concluded I should go to Grove Lake, in Pope County, a distance of about eighty or a hundred miles. So I started for Hutchinson again. Brother Grant accompanied me a short distance, until we came to a thicket by the wayside, into which

we entered and committed our way to Him who had promised to be with us always, even unto the end of the world.

At East Hutchinson I met with Allen Knott, a man who used to work for my uncle in Canada. I had slept with him many a night when I was a boy. We were both surprised to meet in the wilds of Minnesota. The next day I got as far as the village of Hutchinson, and was much refreshed to meet with those of like precious faith. The following day I shouldered my valise, and started for Litchfield, Meeker County, arriving there a little before dark. I found a Brother Swanson, presented him my letter of recommendation, and he said I might leave my valise with him, and he would bring it to Ole Halvorson's on the morrow, but that I should go to Ole's, five or six miles, that evening. I thought that was a cold way to treat a poor, tired brother, but I started on again. When I got to Halvorson's I found Brother Lee holding meetings there among the Swedes. With these kind brethren I stayed over Sabbath and Sunday, and assisted Brother Lee what I could. After meeting, Sunday, Brother Lee spoke to the people in Swedish, and I noticed both he and the people were very much affected, and they were contributing money for something, I knew not what. After all was over, Brother Lee came, and put his arm around me, and said, "Brother Hill, you need not go on foot any more, for the brethren have contributed twelve dollars to help you on your way." I felt very grateful to him and the good brothers and sisters of Litchfield for their help in time of need.

When I arrived at Grove Lake, I found a few who were believers in the present truth. They were very glad a minister had come to help them. I told them not to rejoice too quickly, as I had never preached, and might make a failure of it. They said they had been praying for a long time for a minister to come, and they did not believe the Lord had made a mistake, and sent the wrong man. I appointed a prayer meeting the first evening of my arrival, and a young man, William Emmerson by name, made a start for the kingdom of heaven.

He was a young man of good abilities and many good qualities. I hoped he would make a laborer in the cause, but for some reason he became discouraged. He has a good, faithful

wife, and we hope he will yet recover himself from the snare of the enemy. Brother Grant had told me to hold only prayer meetings until he could send Brother Dimmick to help me; but the people would not listen to that, but announced preaching for me in the Raymond schoolhouse.

THAT EVENTFUL EVENING

soon rolled around, and I found myself face to face with my first audience. It was quite large, and full of interest to know what this Adventist preacher would say. The M. E. minister was one of my auditors. As they sang the last hymn, I thought, "Now I must say something soon." I could feel my temples throb. I lifted my heart to the Lord for help, and He helped me. I took for my text: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16. I had quite good freedom in presenting the love of God to the children of men, as manifested in the gift of His Son. I held up the Giver, the Gift, and the glorious results of salvation as best I could. There was at least one good point in the discourse—it was short. Brother David Emmerson was a little late getting started, and never got there at all, having met the people returning from meeting. However feeble the discourse may have been, it was the subject of great comment; everywhere it was the topic of conversation. The old Universalist said he liked it, because there was much love in it. The M. E. minister said old Dick Richardson, with two weeks' preparation, could preach a better sermon than that. Others thought that there was more scripture presented in the sermon than they had ever heard before. Others remarked: "Anybody could read texts of scripture, especially if they marked the places by turning down the leaves of the Bible." The whole neighborhood was in a ferment of excitement, which only prepared the way for a larger attendance at the next meeting. I preached on the second coming of Christ, the second and seventh chapters of Daniel, and announced to speak on the sanctuary question (Dan. 8:14); but how to begin it or end it I did not know. I fasted, and went out into the grove, and laid the matter before the Lord, and felt assured that God would help me in His own

good way. As I visited Brother David Emmerson's that afternoon I learned that Brother Dimmick had arrived. He was a person of some experience, and I felt that God had sent him at the right time. I never heard him preach with such power as he did that evening. While at Grove Lake we met with many incidents of interest. One evening, as Brother Dimmick was preaching on Spiritualism, a lady sat in the congregation mocking his motions, which were not the most graceful that could be imagined. For some reason this lady could not stop her motions when she wished to. She seemed for the time to be a perpetual motion. Her mother, who sat by her side, became alarmed, and started with her for the door. The house was crowded, and it was difficult to get through the crowd. The old lady cried out, "Let us out of here before we are all dead." An old gentleman, standing by the door, cried, "Let the old lady out; she has been disturbing the meeting all the evening." The opposition arose to a great height. Two men, Warren and Vielie, undertook to oppose our work publicly. Warren followed hard after Brother Dimmick with his glittering sword of controversy, while I was exposed to the fire of Vielie's batteries. Mr. Warren soon withdrew, but Mr. Vielie declared he would continue his opposition until June, and this was in December. Perhaps a brief outline of our reply to his points will be of interest to the reader:—

"Our brother thinks he has the truth because he preaches the gospel as the great men understand it. In searching for truth we ought not to inquire what do great men say, but what does the great God say. Great men say Sunday is the Sabbath. The great God says the seventh day is the Sabbath. Whom shall we believe, and whom shall we obey?

"Paul says: 'For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.' Our brother claims a place among the mighty.

"You see, brother, according to Paul, you have located yourself in the wrong place. We invite you over on to the Lord's side.

"Our brother thinks he must be right because so many,

such a great multitude, believe as he does, and so few believe as we do. He exclaims, 'We are more than a hundred to one.' Our brother goes with the great multitude. According to that, where would he have been in Noah's day? He would have been with the great multitude who were drowned, and not with the few that were saved in the ark. He would have said, 'Too few, altogether too few, for me to go with them.' Where would you have been in the days of Elijah, when he was opposed by the king and queen and the nobility of Israel; when four hundred prophets of Baal and four hundred and fifty prophets of the groves stood up against him? Would you, on that memorable occasion, have stood by the lone prophet of God to encourage him in the fearful battle against the hosts of wickedness, or would you have joined the opposing multitudes, saying, 'The great majority must be right?' Would you have stood by the side of the suffering Son of God in His day? or would you have joined the chief priests and multitudes in the cry, 'Away with Him! Crucify Him! He is not fit to live?' Brother, we should stand for Christ and His truth, if all the world should oppose.

“ ‘Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—
 They were souls who stood alone
 While the men they agonized for
 Hurl'd the contumelious stone;
 Stood serene, and down the future
 Saw the golden beam incline
 To the side of perfect justice,
 Mastered by their faith divine,
 By one man's plain truth to manhood,
 And to God's supreme design.’

“He said, 'The Adventists are wrong when they say the great river Euphrates symbolizes the Turkish empire, through which it flows; but it does symbolize the church of God.' We think Brother Vielie is mistaken. Because the sixth angel pours out his vial of wrath on the great river Euphrates, and it is dried up. Rev. 16:12. If Brother Vielie is right, the vial of wrath is poured out upon the church, and it is dried up or comes to an end. If Brother Vielie is a part of the church, and the wrath of God falls upon the church, then the wrath of God will fall upon Brother Vielie. Again, if the wrath of God falls upon the church, and it is in conse-

quence dried up, and Brother Vielie is a part of the church, he will be dried up with the rest of it, and there will be no Brother Vielie any more.

“Brother Vielie says we are right when we say the fourth beast of Daniel 7 represents Rome, but entirely wrong as to the fire that consumes him. The fire that consumes him, he affirms, is the gospel. Let us see: In Rev. 19:20, we find the beast was cast into a lake burning with fire and brimstone. Is it possible we are to understand that the beast was cast into the lake of the gospel? Our brother proclaims to us a queer gospel, truly. If the fire is gospel, the brimstone is gospel, too. Thus we have a fire and brimstone gospel. Yet he says he preaches the gospel, as the great men understand it. This may be so, brother; but you are the first man we ever heard preach a gospel composed of fire and brimstone. Once more: He says the Adventists have all learned the same story. If you hear an Adventist preach in Maine, and another preach in Minnesota, the one in Minnesota will preach just like the one in Maine; and if you hear a third preach in California, he will preach just like the other two. Yes, we plead guilty to the charge. We have all learned our story from the good old Bible, and we have all learned it alike. We are told to come out of Babylon (confusion). Rev. 18:4. We are taught that we should come into the unity of the faith, which we do. Eph. 4: 13.

“The Saviour prayed that His people might be one (John 17:11), and Paul exhorts us as follows in 1 Cor. 1:10: ‘Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.’ Yes, my brother, I am glad that amid all the jarring, warring, conflicting theories and doctrines of men, there is a people who see the light of truth so clearly that they all, from Maine to California, in fact, throughout the world, speak the same thing and are united in the faith; and I rejoice greatly that I belong to that people. Won’t you come, brother, out of the labyrinths of the darkness and confusion of Babylon, and stand with us upon the glorious platform of truth, against which all the waves of opposition beat in vain?”

That was the last of Brother Vielie's public opposition. Even our enemies were forced to smile at his outlandish interpretations of scripture. As a result of our meetings about forty embraced the truth, and the next spring a church edifice was built, the second Seventh-day Adventist church building in Minnesota. It was gratifying to see the love that reigned in the company of believers. They rejoiced greatly in the light and blessing they had received. I had now been absent from home three months, and hearing that my little boy was sick, I started for home. I traveled by railroad from Melrose to Mankato. The rest of the way to Blue Earth City, about forty-five miles, I went on foot, catching a ride when I could. As I was riding into Blue Earth City with a gentleman, I saw my wife standing by the wayside, looking intently toward us. She said when she heard the wagon rattle, before it came in sight, she felt impressed that I was in it. It was a happy meeting. As we neared the house my oldest boy, about four years old, came running to meet us as fast as his little legs could carry him, crying, "My father, my father!" It seemed as if his heart would fly out of his mouth. I know something got very large in my throat. In a few days I was holding meetings in the village of Delavan. There was quite a good interest displayed, but although the believers were encouraged, and a good impression was made on outsiders, none took a stand for the commandments of God. One gentleman suddenly quit attending the meetings. When asked why he did so, he said, "If I continue to go to the meetings, I must become an Adventist;" which he did not wish to do, so he stayed away. Many others have done the same thing, which shows they love darkness rather than light.

While holding meetings at Delavan, one evening, a Brother Call and myself attended a protracted effort at Bass Lake, conducted by the Methodists, I believe. In the social meeting we both took part. Brother Call's remarks were very highly appreciated. As I was standing on the platform after meeting, waiting for Brother Call to come out of the church, one of the new converts asked me if I were the Adventist minister who was holding meetings at Delavan. I replied in the affirmative, whereupon he shook his fist in my face, and called me an imp of the devil, and ordered me to leave, and not come

again. I said to him: "This is a strange way to do. Even if I am a bad man, you ought to be glad to have me attend meeting, so long as I behave myself properly, for by so doing I may receive good, and so become good." He became still more excited, and said: "You are an imp of the devil, and are not wanted here." At this juncture an elderly man took him by the arm, and led him away. As this man passed us in a sleigh, he struck at me with his whip, but did not quite reach me. Thus early in my ministry I was beginning to receive a few drops of the wrath of the dragon. Rev. 12: 17. In the spring of 1874 I removed to Grove Lake, Pope County, Minn. The brethren assisted me to build a little house near the church.

THAT SUMMER

I taught school, and worked in harvest, holding meetings Sabbath and Sundays at Grove Lake and West Union. The conference allowed me four dollars per week for what time I was actually in the field. Four dollars at that time were about equal to two dollars now, because everything was so much dearer then than now. I was glad and happy, and made up the deficiency by teaching school and working in harvest, thankful for the privilege of working for God, having respect unto the recompense of reward to be given the faithful toilers when Jesus comes. One Sunday, David Emmerson urged me to go with him to the Raymond schoolhouse, and hear a discourse on the immortality of the soul. He said the minister had invited our people to come, and would give opportunity for remarks. The minister informed us that the souls of our departed friends are in heaven; and although they were not permitted to return to us, yet they were reaching over the battlements of heaven, beckoning us to come to them. Liberty was given to make remarks, which opportunity I improved by reading passages of scripture treating upon the state of the dead. When I read where Peter on the day of Pentecost said, "David is not ascended into the heavens" (Acts 2:43), one man said he did not believe it, if the Bible did say so, and there was a regular stampede for the door. At this crisis our old Universalist friend cried out, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion." The

effect was magical. For a moment every one stood in his tracks, irresolute whether to take to his heels or return to his seat. They finally went out, leaving Brother Emerson and myself, with two or three others, sole occupants of the house. I went home thinking I had not accomplished much good, and have never tried to do good in that way again.

A REMARKABLE CASE

of recognition. As I was working for Jared Emerson, he remarked one day, "I don't care a groat." His brother said: "What is a groat?" Mrs. Emerson replied: "A groat is a fourpence; I used to go to school to a man by the name of Groat, and the children used to say: 'Who cares for a Groat? A groat is nothing but a fourpence.'" I said, "I used to go to a teacher by that name, and the children used to say the same to him." "Well, this man's name was Ebenezer Groat." "The teacher I went to was called Ebenezer Groat." "This man taught at No. 4 Hill, Canada." "That is just where I went to school to him," and so it turned out we were old schoolmates, and had been acquainted again for months without the least thought that we had ever seen each other before. In September, Brother Grant came to Grove Lake for me to go to Kingston, Meeker County, to hold tent meetings. I only had a day or two in which to get ready. My little wife worked day and night, almost, to put my clothes in order. Brother Grant took me in his buggy to Litchfield, where I took the train for Dassel. From there I walked to Kingston, a distance of nine miles. There was not a friend to greet me in the town. I went to the hotel, and it cost me one dollar the first night. Brother Phelps, who was to labor with me, did not come, and I determined to hold meetings in the school-house instead of the tent. I published my meetings far and wide, but only a few attended. Religion was at a very low ebb in that town. I often went into the grove, and prayed God to help me, and He did. The interest increased, and seven adults decided to walk in the light, among whom was Sister Hall, wife of the leading merchant in the place. I was invited to their house, and was very kindly entertained, much more sumptuously than I had been accustomed to among the frontier people.

After doing what I could to lead the people in Kingston to embrace the truth, I immediately began meetings in East Kingston, a few miles in the timber. We had a peculiar experience there.

One night I preached on the "Mark of the Beast." Rev. 14:9-12. The power of God was present, and a deep solemnity rested upon all, and nearly all in the house arose to signify their determination to keep the commandments of God. Some who had no intention of doing so were compelled to by the power that was in the meeting. They were amazed the next morning at what they had done, and soon turned away from the truth. How will such stand before the God of truth in the great day? A goodly number continued with us, which, with the company at Kingston, made about thirty believers. I held Sabbath school and meeting at Kingston in the forenoon, and the same in the timber in the afternoon. Sister Hall would come down stairs arrayed in her fine clothing, get into a lumber wagon and ride over corduroy bridges and the roughest roads imaginable to help us in East Kingston. Those were days of zeal for the cause of God. The time came that I must go home. As I bade Sister Hall farewell, she asked me, "Is it wrong to dance?" I said I thought it was not the best thing for Christians to engage in. She then asked me, "Is it right to play at cards?" I had heard that her former pastor thought Christians might indulge in such amusements. It occurred to me, "If I say it is wrong, she will think we are altogether too strict, and be discouraged." But I must tell the truth, let the consequences be what they may, and I did so, and with a prayer in my heart for her I started for home, about sixty miles distant.

I got to Manannah the best I could. From there a stage ran to Paynesville, which consisted of a buggy and one horse, with a young lady for a driver. We got along all right until within a few miles of Paynesville, when as we were going down hill, the buggy came apart and pitched us head foremost on the ground. We got up, turned the buggy out of the road, loaded the horse with buffalo robes, mail sack, and whatever would stay on his back; and the rest, such as valises and parcels, we loaded ourselves with, and started for town. A comical-looking trio,—the horse, maiden, and myself. Still

the weary miles stretched away that must be traveled before home, sweet home was reached. The monotony of travel was enlivened by the fierce onslaught of three great dogs, one of which seized me by my new pants, tearing a great rent in the same. I threw a stick at the brute, but missed him. Then I thought to give the owner a piece of my mind as to the propriety of keeping such a pack of hounds to attack travelers on the highway; but he cut my remarks short by saying, "Me no understand English!" I then indignantly pointed to the dogs and the rent in my new pants, and then went on my way, having gained all the satisfaction possible under the circumstances. I reached home after dark on November 4. I found my wife assembled with the people at the church, engaged in holding prayer meeting. They were all glad to see me, and I was glad to be able to report the good blessing of God with me in leading precious souls out of darkness into light. I was home but a short time when I received a letter from Sister Hall, requesting me to return to Kingston. She said she never was so happy in all her life. Her heart rejoiced day and night. She thought if I would hold some more meetings in Kingston her husband would go with us. I laid the matter before the brethren, and they all said I should return, which I did. I remained about six weeks. Brethren Ells and Dimmick joined me in the work. At my farewell meeting, Brother Hall took his stand publicly to obey God. I was so happy that night I could not sleep. It seemed as if I had a foretaste of heaven. "He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." What a happy day when all God's faithful workmen meet in heaven! Reader, will you be one of them? The weather was bitter cold, and I must over the prairies for home again. I suffered severely with the cold, and arrived at home sick. In January, 1876, I began teaching school at Grove Lake again, and had the pleasure of home joys the rest of the winter.

Brother A. Greenman was acquainted with a Mr. Shaw who lived about thirty miles away, in the Big Woods, near Round Prairie. After he embraced the truth, he and his wife went to see Mr. Shaw and his family. They found him an ardent Methodist. Messrs. Shaw and Greenman were both

excitable, and possessed all the fervor of new converts to their respective faiths. Without doubt, at times their visit waxed warm, as they each tried to lead the other from the error of his ways. As Brother Greenman left, he gave his friend some tracts treating upon the Sabbath question. It was not long before Brother Greenman received a letter from Mr. Shaw, requesting that a minister come and hold meetings in his neighborhood. The next Sabbath, Brother Greenman was all aglow with interest. He showed his letter to the brethren, and nothing would do but for me to give up my school, and go. I did so, and one Sunday in April we drove to Mr. Shaw's. As we neared his place, I inquired the way of a Mr. Brailey. He very kindly directed us. As we passed on, he said to his wife: "I know that is Shaw's preacher he is looking for, and I don't believe he is much of a preacher, either." We found Brother Shaw keeping the Sabbath, and very enthusiastic. He said after he became convinced, by reading the tracts, that the seventh day is the Sabbath, he filled his pockets with them, and went from house to house, leaving tracts at every place, talking his new-found faith all the while, and soon the whole neighborhood was in a commotion on the Sabbath question. The ministers soon found it out, and two went to visit him one day. As they passed Mr. Bellingham's house, he asked them where they were going. "Oh, we are going to get this Advent doctrine out of Shaw's head." Brother Shaw, by the aid of a little tract entitled, "An Examination of Seven Reasons for Sunday Keeping," was enabled so completely to answer every argument in favor of Sunday sacredness that they acknowledged they were not posted on the subject. In the evening as they passed Mr. Bellingham's on their return, he asked them: "Did you get that Advent doctrine out of Shaw's head?" They answered, "No. When a man gets this Advent doctrine into his head, it is very hard to get it out again." Well, truth is mighty, and will prevail. I began meetings immediately. The interest was good from the beginning. It was breaking up in the spring, and the roads were wretched and the evenings dark. In places the people had to cross ponds of water on fallen logs, yet men, women, and children came. They brought bundles of birch bark, which they lighted at the schoolhouse door, and started

for home. It was a beautiful sight to see the torches flaming in the darkness. Brother Lyman Decker assisted me in opening meetings and visiting among the people.

We sought the Lord earnestly, and prayed often and much, and visited constantly. If we found a man splitting rails, or doing any other kind of work, we took right hold and helped him, and visited and worked both at the same time. The Lord especially blessed, and in about ten days twenty precious souls had decided to forsake the traditions of men for the commandments of God. The class leader, Brother Pease, arose in the meeting one evening, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and said, "Brethren, I am compelled to keep the Sabbath against my will. The Lord says, 'Go out and compel them to come in.'" Luke 14:23. There is a mighty compelling power in the truth of God. There were a few of the class who did not come with us. We all attended their class meeting one Sunday. It was a remarkable meeting, truly. Our brethren came rejoicing in their new-found light and liberty. Our Methodist friends came full of arguments for Sunday keeping. They all ran in the same line of no law; hence no seventh-day Sabbath. As one man was eloquently explaining his views, suddenly a piece of rope fell at his feet. Why it should be thrown at him I did not know until it was explained to me that a short time previously he had whipped his wife with a rope, hence the piece of rope was very suggestive to him. Undoubtedly he was the proper man to teach the abolition of the divine precepts. "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed, can be." Rom. 7:7. Bearhead was a little hamlet a few miles distant, and Burnhamville was another a little farther on. I lost no time in entering these places.

One evening as we were assembling for meeting at the Bearhead schoolhouse, a tall backwoodsman entered, and said, "I heard there was a preacher here that knows the Bible all by heart; I would like to see him." With holding meetings at Greenwood, Bearhead, and Burnhamville, my time was fully occupied. I preached repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, with all my might. I emphasized the fourth commandment, because that is the one Christians ignorantly transgress. One lady, Mrs. Balmer, of Burnhamville,

said to me one day, "No one can keep the ten commandments; it is impossible." I asked her, "Sister Balmer, how many of these commandments can we break, and go to heaven? Can we break the first one, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' and go to heaven?" "No." "Can we bow down to graven images, and go to heaven?" "No." "Can we take God's name in vain, and find an entrance through the gates into the city?" "No." "We will skip the fourth at present and try the fifth, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Can we dishonor father and mother and please the Lord?" "No." And so we went over, "Thou shalt not kill;" "Thou shalt not commit adultery;" "Thou shalt not steal;" "Thou shalt not bear false witness;" "Thou shalt not covet." She agreed that we must keep all those or be lost. "What about the fourth command, sister? Do you think we can knowingly and willfully profane God's holy Sabbath, and be guiltless? What saith the scripture? 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point is guilty of all.' James 2: 10." As I was holding meeting at Bearhead, a professor of religion said to me, "Brother Hill, I know what you preach is the truth. You have proved plainly by the Bible that the seventh day is the Sabbath; but I cannot keep it." "Why not." "Well, this coming fall I have opportunity to work on a thrashing machine with my team, and if I keep the Sabbath it will throw me out of a job." He was poor timber to make a martyr out of. How would such a man feel in the presence of the noble men and women who counted not their lives dear unto themselves so that they might win Christ and heaven? Acts 20: 24; 21: 13. I fear such will never join in the overcomer's triumphant song. Christ and His truth on one side and a job of thrashing on the other, and he chose the job. That is about the way Christ is valued in this world. Judas sold his Master for thirty pieces, and the Jews preferred a murderer to the Son of God. So it is to-day. Thousands of popular professors, when it comes to choosing between Christ and His unpopular truth and the world, choose the world every time. The Sabbath is a great test by which to develop the true character of all such. After laboring six weeks, I once more started for home. Brethren Shaw and Carpenter took me in a wagon some distance beyond Sauk Centre.

Near the latter place we fell in with a train of emigrants encamped in the edge of a grove. They were from Iowa. Religion was the theme of conversation. One gentleman was chief speaker of the party. He did not relish the law very well, and claimed there was no law from Adam to Moses. We showed him, if that were so, then there was no sin from Adam to Moses, for sin is the transgression of the law. 1 John 3:4, and where no law is there is no transgression, or sin. Rom. 3:15. He yielded that point, and began asking questions. "If you believe the Bible, why don't you greet one another with a holy kiss?" "We do." "The Bible says you should wash one another's feet. John 13:14, 15. Do you do that?" "Yes, sir, we do." "Once more, the Bible tells you to heal the sick. Mark 16:18. James 5:14, 15. Do you do that?" "Yes, sir, we pray for the sick, and they recover." Then he cried triumphantly, "I am sick, heal me," at which the whole crowd set up a shout. We said, "Do not be in a hurry to laugh and shout; wait a bit till we get through. Now, sir, the apostles did not heal everybody in their day. Paul wrote, 'Trophimus have I left at Miletum sick.' 2 Tim. 4:20. Why didn't he heal him?" "I do not know," said he. "Perhaps he was not in the proper condition spiritually to be healed." "I think that is the case with you." "Why so?" "Because you swear." "How do you know?" "I heard you a few minutes ago. A man who takes God's name in vain is not a fit subject for His healing power." He appeared quite humble after that, and wanted to know more of our people. We gladly gave him a lot of tracts, which he promised to read, and we went on our way, hoping his eyes might be opened to see the truth. After leaving Brethren Shaw and Carpenter, I walked home across the prairie a few miles. I found the wife and little ones well, for which I was thankful to God. As I looked over the past six weeks of labor I was happy. God had been very good to me. He had enabled me to kindle a light in dark places, and cause a goodly number to rejoice in hope of eternal life. Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits. It was now nearly time for our yearly camp meeting to be held at Eagle Lake, Blue Earth County, about one hundred and fifty miles away. We started from Grove Lake with four covered wagons. We passed through

Paynesville, Greenleaf, Litchfield, Hutchinson, New Auburn, St. Peter, and Kasota on our way. As we journeyed, our train increased continually until we became a large company. As we neared New Auburn, we entered the grasshopper region.

The hoppers were by the countless millions. The country before them was smiling with growing crops; behind them was desolation. Some fields of grain were eaten as clean as though nothing had grown there at all. The people were out with cotton sacks attached to hoops, trying to catch the pests. Although they caught millions, it did not seem to lessen the myriads of hoppers to any perceptible extent.

THE FESTIVE HOPPER

has given this part of Minnesota a wide berth for many years. We had an excellent camp meeting. It was there I saw Brother and Sister White for the first time, the two most prominent pioneers in the third angel's message. Their labors were very highly appreciated by us. I was ordained at that camp meeting to the work of the gospel ministry by the laying on of hands by Elders White and Smith. Brethren Dimmick and Ells were ordained at the same time. We felt to renew our consecration to the work of God. Although the harvest was great and the laborers few, the sound of the message was carried to all parts of the State, and believers and churches were multiplied. The few workers shrank from no toil or hardship in order to carry the glad tidings everywhere, that the return of our absent Lord is at the door.

AFTER CAMP MEETING,

Brother Ferdinand Morse and myself pitched our tent on Round Prairie, near Greenwood, where I had labored the previous spring. There was no village near, yet the tent was often filled to overflowing. The people had heard that Old Hill, who had held meetings in Greenwood, had pitched his tent on the prairie, and they were curious to see and hear him. They expected to see an old man all wrinkled and gray. They could scarcely believe the young man of thirty-two, with hair as black as a raven's wing, was the Old Hill they had heard so much about. They came expecting to see the tent walls hung with pictures of ferocious beasts, and to hear the most

outlandish discoursè on the day of doom and crash of worlds. They were surprised to find everything different to what they expected to see and hear. After the first sermon, which was preached by Brother Morse, Mr. Brower was asked by the M. E. class leader what he thought of it. He replied, "Mr. Krauss, I think it was the best sermon I ever heard in my life." A good many people who had never taken any interest in religion before became very much interested in our meetings, which some religionists no sooner found out than they tried to destroy their new-born interest. Some said to me: "As long as we were wicked and swore and did many other sinful things, these people took no special interest in us. Never one spoke to us about our soul's salvation; but as soon as we turn to the Lord, and strive to do right, they try to discourage us all they can. They would rather that we were sinners without God, and without hope, than to be rejoicing in the present truth."

Two ministers called on Brother Brower one day to turn him away from the faith. They said to him: "No one can understand the prophecies. In fact, they are not to be understood." "That is strange, indeed, for if they cannot be understood they can be of no possible use to us. It is passing strange that God should give us prophecies that are of no use to anybody. But don't you think the prophecies of Daniel can be understood?" "No, nobody can tell what those symbols mean." "Don't you think we can tell what the ram and rough goat of Daniel 8 mean?" "No, sir, we do not." "Well, let us read what the angel says they mean: 'The ram which thou sawest having two horns are the kings of Media and Persia, and the rough goat is the king of Grecia.' Dan. 8: 20, 21. Is not that plain enough? Indeed, too plain to be misunderstood?" It is needless to say their visit was not prolonged. Such encounters only strengthened the brethren in the faith.

A Mr. Johnson was very much opposed to our views, and had unlimited confidence in the ability of his wife to overthrow our doctrine. He said: "Just let those ministers come and see my Anna, and she will show them where they are wrong." Of course we went. We found Mrs. Johnson an intelligent lady, and succeeded eventually in explaining satis-

factorily her objections to our teaching, and she soon declared in favor of the truth. Her husband was greatly chagrined at the unexpected turn affairs had taken, but he, too, soon surrendered to the claims of God's word, and I had the pleasure of baptizing them both in one of Minnesota's lovely lakes. He lived a few years an exemplary Christian life, and died in the blessed hope. Mrs. Johnson became a successful minister of the gospel, crowded houses listening to the eloquent words that fell from her lips. An attempt was made by an Elder Fuller to overthrow our work, while I was thirty miles away, working in harvest to earn money to keep the wolf from the door. We heard of his appointment, and felt that we must be there to look after the few sheep in the wilderness. After sundown Saturday evening we went as far as Brother Moulton's. Sunday morning, before daylight, we were on our way again. Our buggy broke down, and we had a great job to rig it up again. Notwithstanding all obstacles we arrived on time. The elder said that Sunday is the true seventh day, which he claimed to prove by counting the age of the world to a day, not making a mistake of a single day. He said he had studied the subject for more than twenty years, and had read books enough to make a pile that would reach from the floor to the ceiling.

To demonstrate his ability to count the age of the world to a day and not make a mistake, he called upon any one in the audience to give him the year and day of the month on which one of their children was born, and he would tell them the day of the week. I gave him the year and day of the month upon which our Freddy was born. He ciphered a while on the blackboard, and came out wrong. A German lady next gave him the required figures. He ciphered away a while again, and said, "Your child, madam, was born on Tuesday." Much to the amusement of the audience and the discomfiture of the minister, she cried out, "You hafe maidt von mishtake, for he vas born on Suntay." We showed in reply that if we followed him we would have to forsake the Bible as our rule of faith and practice and take his word instead, as we were utterly unable to perform such a wonderful arithmetical problem as to count the age of the world to a day and not make a mistake. We would be forced to depend entirely upon

the correctness of his count, and, from the exhibition he had given during the day of his ability to reckon, we were certain he was far from being infallible, and if he was mistaken in a single day, the whole thing was a miserable failure. Who would like to risk his salvation upon such a slender thread?—Not we. By his count he finds God did not give the Israelites His Sabbath, but a Jewish ceremonial Sabbath instead, which contradicts the word of God. “And madest known unto them THY HOLY Sabbath.” Neh. 9: 14. Here we learn that it was God’s holy Sabbath that was made known to Israel, and not a Jewish ceremonial Sabbath, as taught by Elder Fullers’ figures. He must rectify his count to bring him in harmony with the word of God. Again God said to the Israelites, “The seventh day is the Sabbath.” Ex. 20: 10. Hence it was the seventh-day Sabbath God gave Israel, and not a sixth-day Sabbath, as taught by Elder Fuller. Surely the Lord must be right, and he must be wrong in his count. Once more: The Bible calls the resurrection day the first day of the week. “Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week.” Mark 16: 9. The first day of the week was the third day upon which Christ arose from the dead. Luke 24: 1–21. “Oh, no;” says Elder Fuller, “I have studied the question for more than twenty years; I have read a pile of books that would reach from the floor to the ceiling; I have counted the age of the world to a day, and have discovered that the resurrection day is the seventh and not the first day of the week, as stated by the inspired apostles.” “Every one can see if we accept Brother Fuller, we must repudiate the apostles. If we accept the apostles, we must repudiate Brother Fuller. We propose to stand by the inspired Word of God, and not by Brother Fuller’s count. Come, Brother Fuller, over on to the Lord’s side of this question, and then no more twenty years’ hard study to sustain a weak cause. No more laborious counting. No more reading such a huge pile of books to ascertain which day is the Sabbath. All he will have to do is to take God at His word. Open the blessed Bible and read: ‘The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.’ Ex. 20: 10, and the work is done.”

Some not of the faith were displeased with the reply, but our brethren were not only strengthened in the truth, but their

eyes fairly shone with delight. Truth never loses by being contrasted with error.

A MISSIONARY TRIP.

In December Brother Decker took Brother Nelson and myself to Lake Joanna, to see if there was a good opening in that vicinity for a course of lectures. One Sunday we drove in the face of the northwest wind, and it was stinging cold. I was blue with cold when we drove up to a Scandinavian brother's, with whom we were to remain overnight. A good fire soon warmed us up. Our cold ride had sharpened our appetites, and as the good housewife was preparing supper, I boasted what ample justice I would do to the coming repast. The supper consisted almost entirely of a Scandinavian dish made of potatoes and flour, entirely new to me. I took a lot of it on my plate, and attacked it as only a hungry man could. Imagine my surprise and disappointment; I could not eat the mess at all. Do what I would I could not possibly swallow the mixture. I would not have cared if I had not informed them of my hunger, and what great things I was going to do at the supper table. The cold that night was intense. The house was a frail affair of one room, and was not well calculated to retain the heat or keep out the cold. As soon as the fire burned low, it was as cold as Greenland. There was an old mother dog with a lot of little ones in the house. When the fire would go down, the puppies would "Ti, yi! Ti, yi!" and our host would arise, pull some straw out of his bedtick, and rekindle the fire, and all would go well for a while until "Ti, yi! Ti, yi!" would go the puppies again, and the kind-hearted host would again arise, and repeat the process of kindling the fire, which he did several times during the long, cold night. At last morning dawned, but oh! how cold. A feeble attempt at breakfast, and away over the broad prairies, over the glistening, crackling snow for home. Miles away stretched the prairie, without a house to be seen. We had not been on our way long before brethren Decker and Nelson cried out, "Brother Hill, your cheek is white." Just then we discovered a smoke curling up from a little house a mile or so away. We drove for it as fast as we could, in the meanwhile rubbing my face with snow. A little after noon we reached Brother Nel-

son's. It is needless to say we did ample justice to Sister Nelson's good dinner, glad and thankful we had escaped any serious mishap. When I arrived at home, I found my brother John, who had come to teach the Grove Lake school that winter. He boarded at our house, which was a source of much pleasure to us. In January, 1876, Brother William Emmerson and myself went to Cannon City, a little hamlet near the city of Faribault. John Godfrey had secured the promise of the Disciple church in which to hold meetings, and invited us to come. When we got there, they refused to let us have it. Mr. Godfrey asked, "Did you not say these men might have the use of the church?" "Yes; but we reconsidered the matter, and decided not to do so." "And never said a word to me about it; and I have sent for these men, and they have come a long distance at large expense! Is that right?" "Right or wrong, we will not let them have the church anyway." We then went to Uncle John Hoover to see if we could get the Congregational church. He said we could have it for four evenings, but could not promise it longer. "Why not longer? If I were a Baptist or Methodist minister, would you not grant it me a longer time?" He replied, "Yes, I would," and then asked, "Where do you think the spirit goes to at death?" I said, "'Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit to God who gave it.' Eccl. 12:7. That is what I believe." "The thinking, intelligent part of man goes to God at death?" "I do not think so; for if the intelligent, thinking part of man, i. e., of all men, goes to God at death, then all men will be saved. They must all be happy. 'For at His right hand (in His presence) is fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore.' Ps. 16:11." "The spirit returns to God as it was." "Did the spirit know anything when it came from God?" "I think not." "Then it will know no more when it returns to God than it did when God gave it." Uncle John then said he thought the spirit did know something when it came from God. "Do you believe your spirit had a conscious existence before you were born?" "Yes, I believe so." "Please tell me some of your pre-existent history. It would be intensely interesting." Of course Uncle John was unable to bring it to his recollection. The truth is, "God takes in death what He gave man in creation, which was the breath of

life" (Gen. 2:7), which Job calls "the spirit of God which is in my nostrils." Job. 27:3.

But let the case be as it would, he would not promise the church longer, so we began meetings, thankful for small favors. One day a gentleman asked me if I would occupy the Disciple church if I should find it heated and lighted for me. I said, "Yes, gladly." That very evening I found it all ready for occupancy, and held meetings in it as long as we desired to. One evening, as I sat in the store looking over some scriptures before meeting, a Spiritualist took occasion to make great sport of the Bible and of them who believed it. He pitied the poor fellows who were harassed by the devil, and said, "He never troubles me. He lets me alone." I said to him, "Sir, you remind me of a story I once read." Immediately he and all the company were all attention to hear the story. "There were two friends. One was often tempted of the devil. The other laughed at him, and said, 'I am happier than you, for the devil never troubles me. He lets me alone.' One day as they were hunting ducks the one who was never troubled by Satan, fired into a flock of ducks, killing two and wounding a third. He paid no attention to the dead ones, but pursued the wounded one as fast as he could. When he returned, his friend asked him, 'Why did you leave the dead ducks and pursue the wounded one?' 'Oh, I was sure of the dead ones, but was afraid the wounded one would get away.' 'Exactly so. The devil is afraid he will lose me, and so he is after me; but being sure of you, he lets you alone.' So you see, my friend, you are a dead duck. The devil is certain sure of you, anyway, so he lets you entirely alone." Amid shouts of laughter, I decided it was time for me to go to church. Dear reader, so long as you are careless in your sins, the devil will not trouble you much; but if you renounce his service and begin to serve God, you will experience his opposing power. But it is a good sign; it only shows he is afraid of losing you. Be of good courage, and go forward, remembering He that is for us is greater than all they that are against us. We had a good interest in our meetings at Cannon City, but an urgent call came from Pierce County, Wis., and we left the work too soon. We went to Pierce County, Wis., in February. We began meetings in Person's school-

house, and boarded with Brother O'Hara, who, with his wife, were the only Seventh-day Adventists in that neighborhood. We had crowded houses. We visited far and near, and held meetings in different places; and our hearts were cheered by seeing a goodly number renounce the works of darkness to serve the Lord and keep His commandments. While holding meetings at Olivet, some roughs drove us out of the school-house, after which the people furnished us a private building. The rowdies followed us there, drank whisky during the meeting, and carried on like demons. We got an old justice of the peace to come one evening to preserve order. In the midst of the disturbance, he suddenly took the stomach ache, and went home, and left us to the tender mercies of the crowd. While I was speaking, Elder D. P. Curtis stood by my side, watching with eagle eye, expecting every moment that the ruffians would make a rush for us. When I was about half through, he said, "Brother Hill, you had better quit. Those fellows will raise the very old Satan himself if you don't." "That's what they want me to do, and I won't stop until I get through." After meeting they jumped, danced, and yelled like wild savages; then they went out and stood around the door, continued their whooping and yelling, and said, "Let them ministers come out here!" but we went out and passed through the crowd, believing the Lord would protect us, and he did. Not a hand was laid upon us.

The next day we took out warrants for four of the ring-leaders, one of whom ran away, two paid their fines, and one went to jail, after which we had great peace in that neighborhood. I was working very hard, preaching and visiting continually. I had not received a dollar from conference all winter, and my boots got so bad I had wet feet continually, and I took a very severe cold, and felt very miserable. One day I lay down on a bed in a room which served for bedroom, parlor, and kitchen. I soon fell asleep, during which several ladies called on a visit. I awoke just in time to hear one of them say, "He is like a singed cat; he is better than he looks."

I went one evening to hold meeting in a very new settlement in the deep, dark woods. I was told that a Spiritualist, a Mr. Akers, would speak to the people after the sermon, as

he always did so. I spoke that evening on the seventh chapter of Daniel. The Lord gave good freedom in speaking the word. Although liberty was given for remarks, no one responded. When the old gentleman was asked why he did not speak as usual, he said, "He nailed me to my seat." There is nothing like the clear light of prophecy to prove the Bible is inspired of God, and to stop the mouths of gainsayers. At the next camp meeting, which was held at Eagle Lake, Minn., we had the pleasure of presenting to the conference the names of forty new converts to the faith.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE SKIES.

O, ring the bells of heaven high!
 The marriage feast has come;
 The glorious jubilee is nigh,
 The saints are going home.
 The mighty pennons of the skies
 Are waving in the air,
 And o'er the gates of Zion rise
 Her battlements so fair.

The King is mustering His guests;
 I see His glorious band;
 I see the shining habitants
 Of far-off Beulah-land.
 They come, they come on wings of light.
 I hear the bugle blast;
 I know the reign of sin's dark night
 Forevermore is past.

From cloud to cloud, from dome to dome,
 The myriad army cries:
 "The marriage of the Lamb has come —
 The marriage of the skies."
 Come, bring the linen white and clean,
 The wedding guests prepare,
 Garments which gleam like silvery sheen,—
 The bridal robes so fair.

The Bridegroom, too, methinks I see,
 While myriad voices ring:
 "Chiefest among ten thousand He —
 Immanuel, my King!"
 "Thrice blest are they who hear the call,"
 A mighty angel cries,
 "Haste to the supper of the Lamb —
 The marriage of the skies."
 — *Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttle, in Signs of the Times.*

CHAPTER III.

MEETING OPPOSITION — REMOVING TO KINGSTON — MEETINGS IN ROCK COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

MRS. HILL and my three little boys joined me at Olivet. I had not seen them for thirteen weeks. I was glad to meet them after such a long separation. In April we went to Lewiston, and made our home for a while with Brother Erb, who received us very kindly. I began meetings in a schoolhouse near the Dunkard church. The roads were very bad. The frost was just coming out of the ground. We hitched two span of horses on to the wagon, and yet we got mired on our way from meeting. The interest was so great that the people requested us to hold meetings in the daytime while the roads were so bad. Two ministers, Mr. and Mrs. Ramer, attended my meetings, and opposed. After the sermon they would find all the fault they could, and ask questions to confuse me, if possible. They also visited the interested ones, and tried to turn them away from the faith. They said, "Elder Hill has a good memory, and can repeat scripture, but he doesn't know how to apply it correctly. If we only had opportunity to preach, we would soon overthrow this doctrine." The people told them they should have the opportunity. So they were given the use of the Dunkard church. Mrs. Ramer spoke on the Sabbath question the next Sunday. She was a good speaker, and did as well for Sunday as any one I ever heard. She made a strong impression on many minds. I replied in the church in the evening. The large church was filled. I never had better freedom in maintaining the Lord's precious truth. After the discourse, Elder Ramer said, "You did well for a law minister," implying I did not preach the gospel, than which nothing could be farther from the truth. They held that Christ abolished His Father's law, and gave us a more spiritual one, requiring far more of us than the old. I replied, "Let us first reach the standard of the old before we aspire to

something higher. For instance, take the command, 'Thou shalt not covet,' which means, thou shalt not be selfish; for it is impossible, so long as a particle of selfishness remains in a man's nature, for him to fully keep that precept. I am afraid even our sister has not reached such a high standard yet. It is quite probable that all selfishness is not yet eradicated from her nature. That command gives her large room to grow in grace before she reaches the limit of its requirement."

That evening the old gentleman was furious. He said, "You must not say my wife is covetous, or I will show you law." I replied, "Brother Ramer, are you not just a little bit covetous yourself?" He seemed bewildered for a moment, and then said, "No; I am not." "Well, Elder, all I have to say is, you have a better opinion of yourself than your neighbors have of you." I had learned he was so selfish that even his own family had trouble with him in money matters.

THEY HAD GREAT DIFFICULTY

in traducing the law of God. David said, "I will run in the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart." Ps. 119:32. You see it takes an enlarged heart to keep the commandments of God, yet our friends tell us the law did not reach the heart at all. Again, David prays, "Give me understanding and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart." Ps. 119:34. We see from this that it takes an understanding heart to keep God's law. He says still farther, "Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart." If our friends had lived in David's day, they must needs have corrected him. They would have said to him, "You need not pray for understanding to keep God's law with the whole heart; for it does not now reach the heart at all. We must wait until the new dispensation before the law of God will require heart service." They would consider David was altogether too previous.

David prayed again, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Ps. 119:18. After his eyes were opened, he said, "I have seen an end of all perfection; but thy commandment is EXCEEDING BROAD." Ps. 119:96. What a contrast! Our friends tell us that the law was exceeding narrow; so exceedingly narrow that it referred

to outward actions only. Perhaps the reason of this great difference is that God opened David's eyes to behold wondrous things out of His law, while our friends are in total blindness in regard to it. David did not say that God's law will be perfect at some future time, but, "The law of the Lord IS PERFECT, converting the soul." Ps. 19:7. Our friends have plainly and pointedly contradicted David by saying that the law was defective, and was not perfect until made so by Christ. If we hold to David or the Spirit of Christ that was in him (1 Peter 1:10, 11), we must reject the teaching of Brother and Sister Ramer. To parry the force of this, they said, "The margin of Ps. 19:7 reads 'doctrine,' instead of 'law;' hence it is the doctrine of the Lord that is perfect, and not the law." "Very well, we will now inquire, What is good doctrine? 'Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding, for I give you good doctrine.' What is that good doctrine?—'Forsake ye not my law.' Prov. 4:1, 2. Yes, my friends, the good doctrine is, 'Forsake ye not my law.' That is the doctrine I am preaching to you, as you all know; but if 'forsake not the law' is good doctrine, what kind of doctrine are our friends teaching when they belittle the law, and not only teach the people to forsake it, but to look upon it as a yoke of bondage too grievous to be borne? We must all agree, if it is good doctrine to keep the law, it is bad, very bad doctrine to teach people to forsake it. Come, friends, over to the good doctrine of obedience to the law of God.

One evening, I tried to show that if we sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. 1 John 2:1. We need an advocate with the Father, because we have transgressed the Father's law; but if Christ abolished the Father's law, and gave us one of His own, who then is our advocate?—Perhaps the Virgin, or all the saints. To obviate this difficulty, they explained the text, "There is one God, and one mediator between God and man; the man Christ Jesus," as follows: The divinity of Christ is the lawgiver, while the humanity of Christ is our mediator. We showed that our mediator is both the Son of God and the son of man,—both human and divine; His divine nature connects him with God, and His human nature connects Him with man. Thus, in Christ we

have a perfect mediator between God and man; but our friends have divided their mediator, making the divinity of Christ a lawgiver, retaining only a human mediator. Thus do people run into absurdities, striving to avoid the law of God. As I was presenting these points, the elder denied they had ever said so; but they were constrained to admit they had done so, whereupon the old gentleman arose, and said he was so worried that he could not sleep nights. They found that the commandments of God are not so easily overthrown as they thought for. After two weeks of opposition they publicly withdrew, and left the field. In the meantime Elder Cole, of Minneapolis, was sent for to help their sinking cause. He was a fine-looking man, and had city ways, and was well dressed; while I had been since December on a continual strain, roughing it in the woods, without money, and my clothes were shabby enough. He would discuss two propositions: "Is the Seventh-day Sabbath Binding on Christians?" "Are the Ten Commandments Abolished?" I affirmed the first, and he affirmed the second. I have no desire to weary the reader with points pro and con; but one point where he gave himself completely away, I will mention. He said: "If a man should come to me trembling under the law, I would point him to Christ, and show him how to get out from under the law."

"But, Brother Cole, you tell us the law is dead, abolished, and does not exist. Will you please inform us how it is possible for a man to tremble under a law that does not exist? Can you get under a house where there is no house? Can you crawl out from under a haystack if there is no haystack at all? How can a man get under, or out from under a law that has no existence?" He could not tell, neither can any one else. "The law points out our sins." Rom. 7:7. "The strength of sin is the law." 1 Cor. 15:56. "Sin is the transgression of the law." 1 John 3:4. "Where no law is, there is no transgression, or sin." Rom. 4:15. "If there be no sin, a saviour from sin is not needed." Thus, to abolish the law is simply to abolish the whole plan of redemption. But never fear; the law of God will stand. All His commandments are *sure*. "They stand fast forever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness." Ps. 111:8. "And it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one

title of the law to fail." Luke 16:17. After the camp meeting of 1876, in company with Brother Ells, I pitched our tent at Farm Hill, Olmstead County. Mrs. Hill and the children remained with Brother and Sister Peterson, at Lake City, who were very kind to us. May the Lord bless them, and preserve them unto His heavenly kingdom. Our meetings were largely attended. After the services the scene was often lively beyond description. The whole tent would be filled with excited people, some standing on benches and some on the ground, all earnestly canvassing the doctrines taught in the tent. Many evil-disposed persons attended the meetings, and we had to keep a sharp lookout to prevent them from cutting the ropes, and letting the tent fall upon the people. One night, as I was standing outside the tent by the side of an Irishman, watching, a club, intended for me, came whirling end over end, through the air, and struck the Irishman in the stomach, doubling him up like a knife. He was a very angry Irishman; but as the offender was not recognized in the darkness, his anger could only vent itself on rowdies in general and none in particular.

THE POSTMASTER

and his wife accepted the truth at Farm Hill, and the last I heard of them they were still faithful to the light they had received. The winter of 1876-77 I labored at different places, and had the joy of seeing some precious souls give themselves to God, to serve Him, one of whom has since died in the blessed hope. The next spring we removed to Kingston, Meeker County, Minn. Soon after reaching Kingston, I went with horse and buggy to Rock County, the southwestern county of the State. The roads were in a deplorable condition. I passed through Redwood Falls, Marshall, and Luverne. The distance was about two hundred miles. The country was very new, and the weather wet and cold. Near Marshall I found some brethren, and remained over Sabbath and Sunday with them, holding meeting both days.

Monday morning, I resumed my journey. I struck across the prairie to the southwest. About ten o'clock I came to the Big Cottonwood River. It was swollen from the recent rains and melted snow. As there was no bridge, I was forced to

ford it. I got along all right until I came to go up the opposite bank, which was very steep, when my valise, full of books and clothing, fell out into the river. Nothing to do but wade into the cold stream after it. I was wet and cold enough, but there was no house in sight, so I trudged on in the cold wind as best I could. Before I reached a stopping place my clothes were dry. It was a hard journey, through cold, wet, and mud; but my heart was light. I was on my way to help my fellow men into the path of life. Like Moses, I had respect to the recompense of reward. I looked forward to the time when he that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

One evening, as I was nearing the end of my journey, I saw a man standing on a high eminence. I could see he had on a black coat and a very white shirt front. I thought, "That must be Brother Fulton." He was watching for me, and down he came to meet me; and right glad I was to see him.

There was a good interest to hear the word of God, and in two weeks a company of eighteen signed the covenant to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. Rev. 14:12. At Luverne was a noted Spiritualist, who was a thorn in the sides of the Christian people in the neighborhood. I was told he would get up and speak in the Methodist meetings, and when the people would not stop to listen, he would cry after them, "You cannot bear to hear the truth!" He was the talk of the country. I said to Brother Fulton, "We had better give the people of Luverne a little light on Spiritualism before we go home." He said, "Don't you do it. That man is the ablest man I ever heard speak, and he will be on hand to oppose." I thought, however, that good would result; so we put a notice in the paper that on next Tuesday evening there would be a lecture in the school-house on "Modern Spiritualism Exposed and the Bible Vindicated." We knew if the gentleman would oppose, he would use the twenty-eighth chapter of first Samuel, so we prepared especially on that scripture. On our way to Luverne we met a gentleman, who had come out to meet us, and let us know a Baptist minister was expected to help the Spiritualist. We thought it a very strange combination. Spiritual-

ism and Baptism; but we felt confident that the Lord's truth would triumph over all opposition. As we entered the school-house we found it crowded. Extra seats had been brought in, and they were filled. As we entered, we were greeted with a vigorous clapping of hands. For once, I felt I was on the popular side of the question. Perhaps a very brief outline of the discourse will be of interest to the reader:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Modern Spiritualism is a fact. It is here and everywhere. Go where you will, you will find Spiritualism. It pervades all classes and conditions of men. It flourishes in the hut of the peasant, and sits in the palaces of nobles and kings. It revels in the haunts of ignorance, and rejoices in the halls of learning. It has found its way to the infidel club, and in churches and pulpits it has firmly intrenched itself. It originated a few years ago in the Fox family, near Rochester, N. Y. Now it numbers its adherents by millions, in all parts of the world. No movement in the annals of time has made such strides as this. It comes with a fascinating power to the sens of men. What can it be? It claims that its wonders are wrought by the spirits of our dead friends. Is this true? The Bible says, ‘Try the spirits.’ 1 John 4:1. There is only one infallible rule by which to try them, and that is the word of God. By this rule we propose to try them to-night. The Bible, speaking of a dead man, says, ‘His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not; they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them.’ Job 14:21. Again: ‘The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence.’ Ps. 115:17. According to this, the dead are silent. ‘When a man’s breath goeth forth, his thoughts perish.’ Ps. 146:4. ‘The dead know not anything.’ Eccl. 9:5. Much more might be adduced to the same effect, but this is sufficient to show that the Bible is diametrically opposed to Spiritualism; for it teaches that a dead father does know all about his sons; that the dead are not silent, that their thoughts are not perished, and that the dead know more than the living; but we see according to the Bible, the claim of Spiritualism that the spirits of the dead communicate with the living, is utterly false. The question recurs, ‘If spirits communicate, what spirits are they?’

"THE BIBLE TEACHES

that angels are ministering spirits. Hebrews 1:13, 14. We have numerous instances of their ministering to the children of God, such as the angel that delivered Daniel from the lions, the Hebrew children from the flames, and Peter from prison. There are also evil angels. 2 Peter 2:4; Rev. 12:9. They also minister to the children of men. They possessed men in the days of Christ. Luke 8:26-36. They knew Christ. Mark 3:11, 12; Luke 4:41. Men did not know Christ, but the evil spirits did, which shows they had more than human knowledge. How did they know Christ?—Evidently they knew Him in heaven before they were cast out. The damsel of Acts 16 knew more while possessed of a spirit of divination than she did after he was cast out. Let us read the text: 'And it came to pass as we went to prayer, a certain damsel possessed of a spirit of divination met us, who brought her masters much gain by soothsaying. The same followed us and cried, These men are the servants of the Most High God, and show unto us the way of life and salvation. But Paul being grieved (he did not desire praise from the devil), turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her, and he came out the same hour. And when her masters saw the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, and drew them to the market place unto the rulers.'

"WHY WERE THE MASTERS SO ANGRY?"

Because the hope of their gains was gone. Why?—Because the damsel could not divine any more. Why?—Because the spirit of divination was gone. Therefore, it is evident that it was the spirit that enabled her to divine, and gave her more than human wisdom. Then why not those same spirits do the same things to-day? They can, and they do. Many are the damsels, and gentlemen, too, who are making money to-day by the aid of spirits. We believe the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are caused by evil angels or spirits.

"1. They deceive. They say they are the spirits of our dead friends, to gain our confidence, when they are not.

"2. The Bible condemns all such communications with spirits.

“‘And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits and after wizards . . . I will even set my face against that soul, and I will cut him off from among his people.’ Lev. 20:6. ‘Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defiled by them; I am the Lord.’ Lev. 19:31. ‘Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.’ Ex. 22:18. We see from this that witchcraft is something very hateful in the sight of heaven. But, you say, what has that to do with modern Spiritualism? I will show presently that modern Spiritualism and ancient witchcraft are one and the same thing. The Lord would not answer King Saul by dreams, nor by urim, nor by prophets. 1 Sam. 28:6. In his distress he went unto a woman who had a familiar spirit at Endor. And the woman asked him, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said unto her, Bring me up Samuel. Verses 7-11. Now, Samuel was dead. This clearly demonstrates that when a person anciently wished to communicate with the dead, he went to a witch or a wizard. When a person wishes to communicate with the dead to-day, he goes to a spirit medium, which shows that modern Spiritualism is nothing more nor less than a revival of ancient witchcraft. Thus, when God said, Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live, it was equivalent to saying, Thou shalt not suffer spirit mediums to live. The Bible foretells the signs and wonders of Spiritualism. ‘Many false Christs and false prophets shall arise and do great signs and wonders, insomuch if it were possible they would deceive the very elect.’ Matt. 24:24. ‘The coming of Christ is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders.’ 2 Thess. 2:9. ‘And deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast.’ Rev. 13:14. The miracles are wrought by the agency of spirits. ‘For they are the spirits of devils working miracles.’ Rev. 16:14. So, when a wonder-working power arises in these last days, claiming to work its wonder by the agency of spirits, it is just what the Bible has foretold would come. Paul says, in 1 Tim. 4:1, ‘Now the spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.’ Do any at the present time depart from the faith (teachings of the Bible)?—Yes. Do they

give heed to spirits? — Yes. Do they then fulfill the prophecy? — Yes. Do the spirits teach the doctrines of devils? — Yes. They have taught free loveism, which is a doctrine of the devil. They have taught that the divine use of the ten commandments is in their violation, and not in their observance, which is a devilish doctrine, truly. They have taught that sin is only undeveloped good, that a lie is only undeveloped truth, and many other things, equally abominable, all of which are doctrines of devils, and I have observed that those who give heed to the spirits, often tell a good deal of what they call undeveloped truth. Our Spiritualistic friends say they are too intelligent and enlightened to believe the Bible; but they will believe the spirits. Judge Edmunds was taken off in vision and shown some things in the Spiritualistic heavens, among which were a rag carpet and an old-fashioned sawmill. He said he saw what appeared to be a full-grown boy, who took a dog, split its tail and put a stick in it, when the owner of the dog came along and kicked the boy away up the road. Queer heaven, wasn't it? For me, I prefer the heaven that John saw. But look at it: A spirit boy seizes a spirit dog, and splits its spirit tail [laughter], and puts a spirit stick in it. [Laughter.] And the spirit owner of the spirit dog comes along, and with his spirit foot kicks the spirit boy away up the spirit road. [Laughter and cheers.] This, my friends, is not from any of the small fry or lesser lights; but from a learned judge, a champion of Spiritualism, who sets it forth as the teaching of the spirits concerning the spirit land. Such is the mental food upon which our Spiritualist friends wax too wise to believe the Bible. Choose ye which you will have. As for me, I will choose the blessed Bible. I will be guided by its holy precepts. I will rejoice in its blessed hope, and at last enjoy its everlasting reward."

After the discourse, the Spiritualist arose, and asked me if I would teach the people that Sunday is the Christian Sabbath. He supposed that I would rail out against Sunday, and would thus lose the sympathy of the people, and he, by saying a good word for it, would gain their favor. I handed him my Bible, saying, "If you will find where the scriptures call Sunday the Christian Sabbath, I will teach the people so." He acknowledged he could not find it. He then asked me to read the

twenty-eighth chapter of 1 Samuel. I replied I supposed he was the possessor of a Bible, and could read the chapter at home, which I hoped he would do, and receive great good from its careful perusal. He then became very fierce, and pressed very hard that I should at least read a portion of it, as he said it proved Spiritualism to be true. "Well, my friend, I will read it, if you will indorse what the woman said as the truth." He replied, "I will, sir." I read, "'I saw gods ascending out of the earth.' The old lady said she saw gods ascending out of the earth, and our friend here says he believes she told the truth." [Laughter.]

He cried out, "There might have been forty gods, for all you know." "They must have been Spiritualists' gods, then; for they themselves say the devil is their god and their father." [Laughter.] I supposed the Spiritualists believed that the spirits of the departed went to what they call the beautiful summerland; but according to this ancient spirit medium, they go into the dark, cold ground; for what she saw, came up out of the earth, and our friend here believes she tells the truth. Poor spirits! What a dreary, dark abode they must have." He cried out, "Read that chapter; but don't you comment on it!" "O, my friend, that's what I am here for; so you must allow me to comment as much as I please. Again, this gentleman's ancient exponent of spiritualism says, 'An old man cometh up covered with a mantle.' Where did Samuel get that mantle? Did he really get a mantle down there in the ground, or had he a mantle in appearance only? If the mantle was only an appearance, and not real, why not the old man also be an apparition only, and not the real Samuel? A Spiritualistic humbug, if you please. Once more: Samuel was buried at Ramah, and, according to the witch, who, our friend here says, told the truth, he came up out of the ground at Endor, forty miles distant. How is this? Did he have an underground passage—an underground railroad, perhaps, forty miles in length? [Uproarious laughter.] Satan sometimes transforms himself into an angel of light. 2 Cor. 11:14. If Satan has power to transform himself into an angel of light, has he not power to transform himself into the appearance of our dead friends? Could not the familiar spirit appear as Samuel?—Yes; he could,

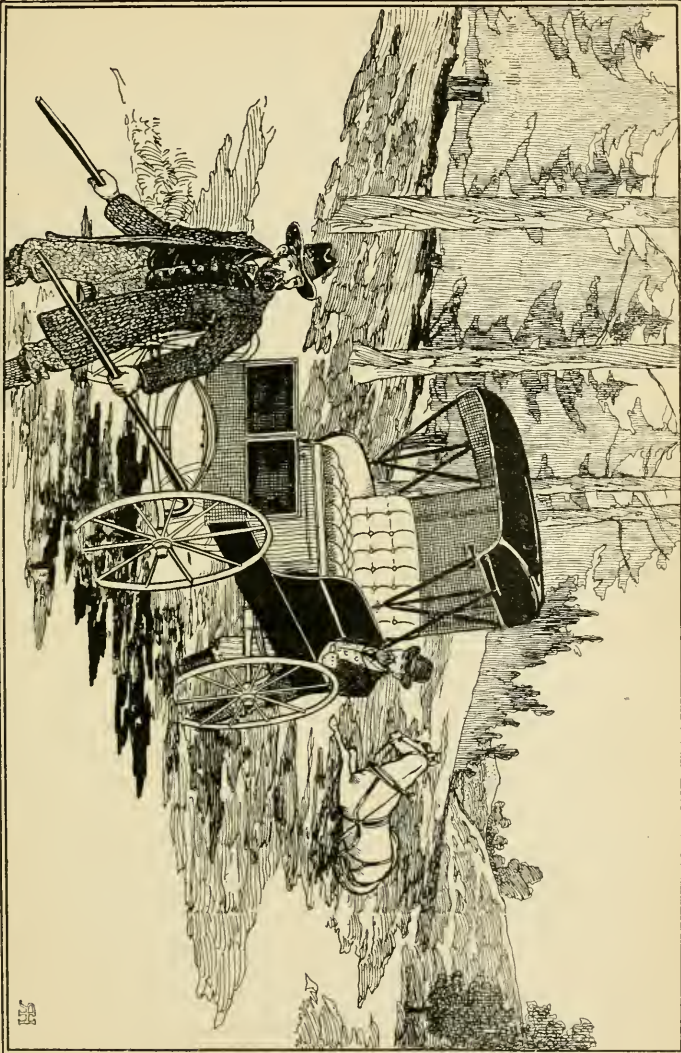
and he did. 'So Saul died . . . for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, to inquire of it.' 1 Chron. 10:13. Yes, Saul inquired of the familiar spirit, and the spirit answered him, making believe he was Samuel all the while. In our day, these spirits are up to their old tricks, deceiving men, under the guise of the spirits of our dead friends."

I never before addressed an audience so enthusiastic. The M. E. minister was so demonstrative that, not knowing who he was, I requested him to be more quiet. After meeting, a gentleman said to me, "I can stand another grasshopper raid now." The next morning, as Brother Fulton and myself were driving through town, the Methodist minister and his class-leader hailed us. They said they were very thankful for the good work done the previous evening. Two happier men I never saw, the minister especially. He stood on one foot and then on the other, and danced about in an ecstasy of delight. Brother Fulton and I went on our way rejoicing, like the eunuch in days of old. We were thankful that the truth of God is so plain and powerful.

When God's word says, "The dead know not anything," Eccl. 9:5, it takes the foundation away from Spiritualism.

We had a long, tedious journey before us. It rained, rained, rained. Sloughs were full, and the streams swollen, and the roads were well-nigh impassable. Day after day we plodded our weary way along, stopping at night in deserted houses, or stable if the house was locked. On account of the grasshopper scourge, many settlers had abandoned their homes.

Sometimes we had to carry our baggage across streams on our shoulders, because the water was too deep and swift to risk it in the buggy. Our horse got so tired that as soon as she entered a slough that had a soft bottom, she would lie down; and we would have to unhitch, and pull the buggy out by hand. On a Sunday we passed through New Ulm, which a few years afterward was visited by a disastrous cyclone. It was the scene also of a desperate defense during the Indian outbreak in 1862. It is beautifully situated on the Minnesota River.



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PULLING THE BUGGY THROUGH THE SLOUGH.

WE CROSSED THE RIVER,

and climbed the high bluff on the opposite side. It was still raining, and the mud inexpressible. Toward evening, we began seeking a lodging place. We were in a German neighborhood, and for some reason they did not wish to keep us, but would every time tell us to go to the next neighbor. I said to Sammy, "It is no use; we can not stay out in the rain and mud all night, and the next house must keep us, whether or no." We found the man at the stable, and told him our story, and requested lodging. He told us to go to the next neighbor. I said, "He would send us to the next neighbor, and we have been doing that long enough. It is raining, the roads are very muddy, our horse and ourselves are very tired, and it will be too bad to force us to remain all night in the storm. We will not only be thankful to you for your kindness, but will pay you liberally also." Brother Fulton tried also to soften his heart; but all to no purpose. "Go to the next neighbor," was the only thing. He sputtered a good deal, but we unhitched and prepared to stay. At last he consented to our staying. Our tired horse found good lodging and good provender that night; but we had to lie down in our wet clothing on the floor, which was not overly clean, either.

When we passed through New Auburn, where some of our brethren lived, we hoped that none of them would see us, we were in such a sad plight; but we met some of them, and they seemed glad to see us, if we had been wading mud and water for a week. Most of the way, one or both of us walked. We were footsore and weary, and glad enough to get home. We found our families well, for which cause we were devoutly thankful to God for His preserving care, and especially thankful that God had helped us to be a blessing to poor sinners inquiring the way to heaven.

In a few days we were rested, and ready for another campaign. That year the camp meeting was held at Hutchinson, after which Brother Fulton and I were sent to Ellsworth, Wis., to hold tent meetings. We preferred to return to Rock County, where we had left a good interest; but the conference said Ellsworth, and to Ellsworth we went.

THE ETERNAL KING.

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

— *Selected.*

SING A SONG.

If you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of the real or the fancied wrong,
In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out,
And show a heart that is brave and stout;
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,
You'll force the ever reluctant cheers
That the world denies when a coward cries,
To give to the man who bravely tries.
And you'll win success with a little song —
If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along,
You'll see that the singing will make you strong.
And the heavy load and the rugged road
And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous goad
Will soar with the note that you set afloat;
That the beam will change to a trifling mote;
That the world is bad when you are sad,
And bright and beautiful when glad.
That all you need is a little song —
If you sing the song as you trudge along!

— *R. McClain Fields.*

CHAPTER IV.

WORK IN WISCONSIN AND IN KANDIYOHI COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

ON July 4, 1877, I started from Dassel, and reached St. Paul that evening. I reached Prescott, Wis., where Brother Olive lived, about noon, July 5. Brother Olive took the tent with his team to Ellsworth that afternoon, a distance of eighteen miles. The next day we pitched the tent, and held meeting in the evening. I was invited by a prominent Spiritualist to make my home with him. I thought perhaps I could do him some good, and so accepted his kind offer. In the evening, as I was preparing for our first meeting, a gentleman, lady, and a little boy came to the door. It struck me in a minute that the gentleman was a Spiritualist lecturer, and so he proved to be. He sailed under the title of Dr. J. K. Bailey, of New York. Here we were, Adventist minister and Spiritualist lecturer, met in the same place, and both desirous to occupy the time. He proposed to hold a joint discussion in the tent, and charge an admission fee. He said we need not hurt each other, and that we could make a nice lot of money out of it. We told him we were not there to make a lot of money, but to do good. Charging a fee to hear the truth was altogether out of our line. Freely ye have received, freely give, is the plan of the Great Teacher. Well, then he would hold meetings in the courthouse, and thus divide the interest. We finally compromised the matter by giving him the tent for three meetings. He held one meeting and preached Spiritualism from our pulpit. A sister Green, of Maiden Rock, came that evening, expecting to hear some wholesome Advent preaching. She was amazed to hear a man in the Adventist tent promulgating the vagaries of Spiritualism.

The next day he came to the tent with flaming posters, announcing lectures in the courthouse, by Dr. J. K. Bailey, of New York. He was going to have an organ, a grand choir,

and carry on things on a big scale. Spiritualism was quite popular in the town. Our organist was the daughter of a Spiritualist, and she left us, with her organ, to play at the courthouse. The outlook was rather dark; but he was making such great preparations, he would not be ready for a couple of days; so we announced as a subject for the next evening,

“THE NATURE AND TENDENCY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM,”

trusting that God would help us. The people came in crowds. The tent would not nearly hold them. Our Spiritualist came also. He sat by the tent pole, and bobbed up and down so vigorously while the nature and tendency of Spiritualism was pointed out, that it would not have been surprising to see him climbing it next. The evening he lectured in the tent, he distributed papers among the people, entitled, “The Voice of Angels,” a copy of which he gave me. In the course of my remarks, I held up the paper, and said, “The gentleman will not repudiate what is found in his own paper, which he so assiduously scatters among the people.” He cried out, “I do not indorse any man’s teachings.” “Ah, my friend, this is not the voice of man, it is the voice of angels. See the angels hovering around the medium, showing him what to write. Now, my friend, you won’t go back on the angels, will you? What do these angels say? ‘All things justify themselves in the end.’ Then, if a man steals, it is justifiable. If he lies, it is justifiable. If he imbrues his hands in the blood of his neighbor, these angel spirits teach that it is justifiable. If he robs the blooming maiden of innocence and virtue, and causes the hot tears of shame and sorrow to furrow her cheeks all the days of her life, it is justifiable. For ALL THINGS, say these spirits, justify themselves in the end; and this gentleman is around scattering such doctrine among the multitude, telling them, ‘It is the voice of angels.’ Surely, Paul was right when he said, ‘The Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith [teaching of the Bible], giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.’ 1 Tim. 4:1. These are the seducing spirits foretold, and such doctrines as they teach come from his Satanic majesty straight. This gentleman before us is engaged, with many others, in teaching these Satanic doctrines; and he, and all the millions

who with him are giving heed to the spirits, are fulfilling this prophecy to-day before our eyes. When did Paul say they should give heed to seducing spirits?—In the latter times. Then where are we to-day?—In the latter times foretold, and we are in the midst of the strong delusions that should come in the last days.”

The impression upon the people was powerful; so much so, that our Spiritualist's meetings were a failure, and he left for a more favorable field.

Some think that Spiritualism is about dead, but that is a grave mistake. It has only wrapped itself in a moral, religious cloak, in order the more effectually to deceive. A letter published in the *Progressive Thinker*, says there are at least sixty thousand Spiritualists in San Francisco, or people who lean in that direction. The writer says, “In addition to our mediums' meetings, we have a very successful children's progressive lyceum, conducted every Sunday forenoon. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty young children and middle-aged ladies and gentlemen participate in its exercises. There are a great many private circles held every night in the week, in different portions of the city, all of which are largely attended. The greatest work now being done is in the churches. Spiritism is shaking the sacred edifices to their very foundations.”—*Abridged from The Signs of the Times, Dec. 28, 1891, Oakland, Cal.*

Many other cities are much the same, but the last fact stated, that Spiritualism is doing its greatest work now among the churches, is of the greatest significance. The false prophets will yet do their signs and wonders in the name of Christ and among his professed people. Matt. 24:5, 23, 24. Take heed lest any man deceive you by any means. We had a good interest at Ellsworth, and also at Beldenville. Although the enemy entered in, and did us damage, yet some precious souls rejoice unto this day in the truth they learned in those meetings. May the Lord keep them unto His heavenly kingdom.

In September, I once more started for home. As I stepped off the train at Dassel, I was surprised to see my little boys, with shining eyes, looking for papa. My little wife had taken the horse and buggy, and driven the whole family nine miles

to Dassel, and while the boys were at the train, she stood in the hotel door, with baby Ella in her arms, smiling a hearty welcome to the returning wanderer. Of all the joy of this world, there is no joy like home joy. When, beaten and bruised in life's battle, the husband and father comes home, and the good wife smiles upon him, and the little ones, with eyes beaming with joy, climb upon his knee, and put their little, loving arms about his neck, the warm, bright sunbeams of love drive away his gloom. His troubles vanish, and peace and joy fill his heart once more.

THE NEXT FALL AND WINTER

I labored mostly in Atwater and vicinity, in Kandiyohi County, Minn., in connection with brethren Babcock and Pullen. We met great opposition at the different points where we held meetings. At Harrison schoolhouse we had large audiences. One evening two ministers came to oppose the work. The house was crowded to excess. They both preached opposition discourses, after which Elder Higgins, the M. E. minister, said he wished now to hear Brother Hill. He had made light of us and our work. He said he loved Brothers Hill and Babcock, but he looked upon us as Jew brethren. He had us sail in imagination around the world, one going east and the other west. The one gaining a day and the other losing a day, thus being two days apart when we arrived at our starting point; then, of course, went to quarreling over which day was the right Sabbath. In reply to this point I said, "We will suppose Brother Higgins and I are twins, and we sail round the world, one going east and the other west. The one gains a day, and the other loses a day, and when we get around, we are two days apart in our reckoning. We were twins when we started, exactly of the same age; but now, according to Brother Higgins, one is two days older than the other. Brother Higgins, please inform us which is the older of the two." Much to the amusement of the audience, he could not tell. It is evident that neither of us in reality gained or lost a moment of time. I cannot speak for Brother Higgins, but I do know that Seventh-day Adventists can circumnavigate the globe, and not get muddled up in any such way. As I showed the utter weakness of their arguments for Sunday

observance (and, gentle reader, it was very easy to do), the ministers became very uneasy, and began interrupting me—thought I was taking too much time, etc. Elder Higgins said, “This is our meeting.” “I thought I was holding meetings in this schoolhouse.” “Yes, but you gave way for us to speak to-night.” “Yes, sir, and then whose meeting was it?” “It was our meeting.” “Yes, sir, and then you gave way for me; and now whose meeting is it?” [Laughter.] They said: “Tell the people you are a Jew! Tell them you are a Jew!” “Yes, I will tell the people I am a Jew. Paul says, ‘He is not a Jew that is one outwardly, but he is a Jew that is one inwardly.’ Rom. 2:28, 29. That is the kind of a Jew I am. Christ was a Jew, the prophets and apostles were all Jews, and Christ said to the woman at the well, ‘Salvation is of the Jews’ (John 4:22); and, Brother Higgins, if ever you are saved, you must be a spiritual Jew yourself.” They continued their interruptions until Mr. Tribbits, a worldly man, arose, and said, “Gentlemen, Elder Hill listened to you quietly, and now please keep quiet, and let him speak.”

As I showed that the Sabbath was changed into Sunday by the papacy, and that the true Sabbath would be restored just prior to the second coming of Christ, a deep seriousness pervaded the people. As I finished, the Congregationalist minister cried out, “You did not say anything about ‘One man esteems one day above another, another man esteems every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.’” I said, “Oh, yes, I forgot that point. I am only too happy to explain it. Our friends are inconsistent in using this scripture as they do, for they esteem one day above another. They esteem Sunday high above all other days, and claim it is a great sin not to do so. In applying it to the weekly Sabbath they have put a sword into the hands of the Sabbath breaker to slay the Sabbath keeper. For instance: On next Sunday, when they come to the schoolhouse to celebrate divine service, suppose they should find a farmer out here plowing in his field; they would feel very badly about it, and begin to say, ‘What has come over Mr. Smith, that he should thus desecrate the Christian Sabbath? It hurts our feelings to see him set such a bad example to the whole community; besides, his own soul is in danger of eternal

flames for thus profaning the Lord's day. We must go and talk to him immediately.' They go, and begin their lecture, when Mr. Smith replies, 'Reverend gentlemen, you know I was always a strict Sunday keeper until I heard you speak on the Sabbath question the other evening; since then I do not esteem one day above another. You have fully persuaded me that all days are alike, so now I don't keep Sunday any more. Gee, Buck! Go 'long, Bright! I must be doing my plowing.' And our friends could say nothing against it; they could only say, 'Behold what mischief we have wrought.' I will try and help them out of the unfortunate position in which they have unwittingly placed themselves. The term 'every day' does not include the Sabbath. I say, 'I am about my every-day affairs,' or 'I have my every-day clothes on.' In either case the term 'every day' does not include the Sabbath, as everybody knows.

"JUST SO IN THE SCRIPTURE.

"In Ex. 16:4, the people were told to go out, and gather a certain rate of manna every day; yet when some of the people went out to gather on the Sabbath, they found none; and God said, 'How long refuse ye to keep my commandments, my statutes, and my laws?' Exodus 16. Thus we see, when God said 'every day,' he excepted the Sabbath. So when Paul uses the term 'every day,' he has no reference to the Sabbath. We sincerely hope our friends will not fall into such an error again. But if the blind lead the blind, the consequences will be disastrous to both."

One evening, after the discourse, a gentleman of Teutonic extraction arose, and said, "You come to my house some day, and I will show you many things in my Bible contrary to your doctrine." "To-morrow morning you may expect us." When we came, we found several of his friends assembled with him. They said they had been searching the Scriptures all night. "Well, my friends, what did you find?" "One thing we notice. You always bait your hook for that Sabbath." "Well, the Sabbath is a testing truth for this time. Only a desire to please God will lead a man to keep the seventh day, and thus cut himself off from the world and worldly ambition; while, on the other hand, when a man is convinced that the

seventh day is the Sabbath, and won't keep it, it is evident he loves the world more than he loves God." "You teach that we all ought to keep the ten commandments, and it is impossible for any one to do so." "It is true that we cannot keep God's holy law without divine aid; but God will give us grace to do His will, if we seek Him with our whole heart." "No man ever lived who kept the commandments of God." "I think you are mistaken about that. Let us read Gen. 26:5: 'For Abraham obeyed my voice; kept my commandments, my statutes, and my laws.'" "Oh, yes; but that was in Old Testament times, and we have nothing to do with that." "The Old Testament and the New Testament agree. 'Zacharia; and his wife Elizabeth walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.' Luke 1:6. In the Old Testament we found one, and in the New Testament we have found at least two persons obedient to God's commandments." "But that was before the birth of Christ, so that is nothing to us." "Well, we will try again: 'Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.' Rev. 14:12. Here is brought to view a whole class of Christians keeping the commandments of God." "Oh, that is in Revelations, and I don't care for that." "Once more. I will read 1 John 2:4: 'He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.'" Our friend was cornered at last. He could only get away from the commandments of God by repudiating the Bible altogether. I was informed afterward that he would get angry, and swear at his family, and do many other bad things; yet he was deluding himself with the hope that he would be saved, because it was impossible to keep the commandments. Only believe in Christ, and all would be well, even if he continued in sin.

FATAL DELUSION,

infolding many thousands in its soothing embrace. Christ does not save us in our sins, but FROM our sins. Matt. 1:21. Out of Christ we are at enmity against God, are not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be (Rom. 8:7): but in Christ we are new creatures, 'old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new' (2 Cor. 5:17); and we rejoice

in the law of God after the inward man. Rom. 7:20. If a man's religion does not lead him to rejoice in the holy principles of the divine law and fulfill its righteousness, there is something wrong with his religion. Rom. 8:4.

We decided to hold meetings in an adjoining schoolhouse. At our first meeting, Mr. Maddox, an old lumberman, said to us, "I have some flour in a sack and some pork in a barrel; you preach and I will feed you." There was no school in the house that winter. It was not banked, and many panes of glass were broken. We banked the house, put shingles in the windows where panes of glass were wanting, picked up wood here and there, carried it on our shoulders, and cut it up ourselves. The attendance was very small at first, often only five or six being present. The outlook was very discouraging, but we labored on, hoping, trusting, praying. At last we determined to organize a Sabbath school, which proved a grand success. In a little while it contained about forty members. Prejudice began to give way, and in two months we had a nice company of believers, and a Sabbath school of about forty members. One day Mr. Maddox met Elder Higgins in town, and said to him, "Elder, them Advents are getting all your people over our way. I advise you to get your basket, and come down and gather up the fragments that remain, or soon you will have nothing left." We had many precious seasons with the dear friends at Irving.

The next camp meeting was also held at Hutchinson. Elders Canright and Stone attended from abroad. We had a good camp meeting in many respects, although many thought Elder Canright did not manifest a Christian spirit at all times. One hundred and thirty-three were baptized. After camp meeting, Brother Moore and myself were sent to Maine Prairie, Stearns County, Minn. We pitched our tent on the bank of a lovely lake. Brethren Meade, Hall, and myself had family tents on the ground. Multitudes came to hear of the near coming of the kingdom of Christ, and the preparation necessary to meet our returning Lord with joy. An Elder Shoemaker thought he must do something to hinder those who were entering into the ways of truth, so he challenged us publicly to a discussion, which we declined, wishing to avoid strife. Interested ones came to us afterward, and said, "We are

almost persuaded to keep the Sabbath, but Elder Shoemaker tells us if he could only have a discussion, we would see that the seventh-day Sabbath could not stand. Before we turn over, we want everything to be done for Sunday that can be done for it. We therefore think you had better accept his proposition." After careful consideration, it was thought best to do so.

"Do the Scriptures teach that the seventh-day Sabbath is binding on Christians?" was affirmed by me and denied by him. The discussion continued four evenings. Probably six hundred people or more attended it. In the busy time of haying, people came for miles. It was a remarkable sight to see them in carriages and wagons, on horseback and on foot, streaming toward the tent. The elder was a veteran debater, the hero of I don't know how many battles. We each spoke four times, alternately, each evening, and it was a lively time. He took the position that the law of God, Sabbath and all, was abolished. He, however, in his opening speech the last evening of the discussion said he did not teach the abolition of the law at all.

We were very thankful our brother had been led to see the error of his ways. He had held that the law was the ministration of death, which was abolished; while I had all the while contended that the law of Jehovah was as immutable and unchangeable as the throne of God. Now, the last evening of the discussion, he abandoned his position, and came over to ours. We were glad to know the discussion had given us at least one convert to the true faith. In his last and summing-up speech, he endeavored to show that during the discussion he had proved the law was dead, and done away. Thus do men run into absurdities and contradictions when they oppose the truth. It is impossible for error to run in a straight line. After the last speech, we sang, "Blessed Are They That Do," after which we asked all to arise who believed the ten commandments ought to be kept. A goodly number arose. Then we said, "All who by the grace of God will keep them, please remain standing; and those who will not keep them, please sit down." Some sat down, while others remained standing, among whom were some of Elder Shoemaker's prominent church members. The audience was im-

mense, and the excitement at fever heat. When it was seen that a goodly number were determined to keep the Sabbath, the wrath of many arose to a great height. Threats were made, and we did not know what minute an attempt would be made to throw us, tents and all, into the lake. We kept lights burning and a sharp lookout all night.

A lady, while riding home in a wagon, got to disputing with her husband, she contending the Adventists were wrong, and he that they were right. All at once she seemed to be seized with a frenzy, sprang from the wagon, and ran with great swiftness, crying, "It is not I! It is the devil!" She ran a long way before she could be secured. When she was again taken into the wagon, she was completely exhausted.

A REMARKABLE THING.

There were a number of orthodox ministers present when we invited those to arise who believed the ten commandments should be kept, not one of whom arose, thus virtually saying to all the people that they did not believe they ought to be kept. When religious teachers take such a course, what can be expected of the people led by them. We have heard ministers say to the people, "The ten commandments are a yoke of bondage; they are dead and abolished," etc. Surely, we have reached the time when this scripture has its application: "It is time for thee, Lord, to work, for they have made void thy law." Ps. 119: 126.

The next winter, 1878-79, I taught school about three miles from home. Elder Moore held meetings at Dassel, nine miles distant. I used to go three miles, and build my fires at the schoolhouse in the morning, return in the evening, and do up the chores at home, then drive nine miles to Dassel, preach a sermon, and return the same evening. When I reached home, I would sometimes be so numb with cold that I could scarcely unhitch my horse. I did this several evenings a week during the winter, besides preaching in other places. In the spring we moved to Dassel, where a number had embraced the last message of mercy, among whom were the Castles, Phelans, Bogars, Brickeys, and others. They had meetings and Sabbath school, and were prospering in the ways of God. William Brickey was an infidel. His naturally bright mind and talents

were surrendered to the prince of darkness. He went to meeting to scoff at the ministers' sayings, and he ridiculed religion and its professors generally. When he heard of the Adventist meetings, he thought to go and make sport as usual (and he was gifted in that direction). But as he listened to the prophecies concerning Christ, that he came at the very time foretold by the prophets, was born at the very place, lived the life, died the death, in fact, fulfilled every specification of the prophecies concerning Himself, his logical mind began to reason, "How can these things be so, if there be no Christ? Could an impostor fulfill all these conditions?" As the prophecies were still further unfolded, he saw that the rise and fall of the great empires of the world had been accurately foretold and described by the prophets of God, and also that the condition of the world at the present time, physically, politically, and religiously, was unerringly portrayed in the Scriptures of truth; all doubts of the divine inspiration of the Bible were removed from his mind. He had found solid foundation upon which to base his faith. With the Bible he accepted Christ as his only Saviour, and life through Him as his only salvation. He immediately took his stand on the Lord's side, erected the family altar, and rejoiced in God with all his house. He enjoyed religion, became a worker in the Sabbath school, and has at times successfully and acceptably preached the word of God. But the enemy of all righteousness could not let the good work of salvation go on without making an effort to hinder and destroy.

A certain Elder Allen was called to come and oppose the work, which he did on the condition that he should receive one dollar per day and board.

He held meetings every evening, and the opposition were having a high time listening to his denunciations of our people and work.

We attended to our own affairs, and let him severely alone. He and his friends were very anxious for a discussion, thinking thereby to annihilate Adventism in that community. The excitement arose to such a height that Elder Grant, at that time president of the conference, thought that if the other side would pay for the use of the hall, I had better meet him, and hold up the truth the best I could.

That they were only too willing to do. The next evening I attended their meeting for the first time. I found the elder expatiating on the wickedness of Mrs. E. G. White. He had two of her books, in one of which she had written more on a certain subject than she had in another. With great energy he exclaimed, "Did Isaiah or Jeremiah ever write anything and then add something thereto?" I replied, "Yes, sir." He said, "I never knew of such a thing." "It is a fact all the same," which the reader can see by comparing Jer. 36: 27, 28, 32. If the elder did not know this, it was so much the worse for the elder. It was arranged we should have a discussion over the three messages of Rev. 14: 6-12, continuing six evenings, two evenings to each message. I required our positions should be reduced to writing before our discussion should begin. To this he objected, but finally yielded. My position was as follows: "The three messages are a threefold warning to the world, just prior to the second coming of Christ, to prepare the people for that event. The first and second messages were given by William Miller and his co-laborers, closing in 1844. The third message is now being carried by the Seventh-day Adventists. The mark of the beast, against the reception of which the third angel utters his warning, will be Sunday keeping, when it will be enforced by the death penalty." Rev. 13: 15.

His position was: "Christ was the first angel, and proclaimed the first message at His first advent. The second and third messages were given by the apostles. What the mark of the beast is, is not definitely known." The discussion began in good earnest. Friend and foe, saint and sinner, were out in force. The opposition were sure that Adventism would speedily go down under the elder's destructive fire. I will give the briefest outline of my argument in the discussion. Evidently the first thing to do was to show the elder was wrong in teaching that Christ was the first angel, and gave the first message at His first advent. First,—

CHRIST SAID:

"I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Matt. 15: 24. Second, When He sent forth his disciples to preach, He strictly charged them: "Go not into the way of

the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go ye rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Matt. 10: 5, 6. The first angel proclaimed his message to every nation, tongue, and people. Rev. 14:6. Whereas Christ confined His message to the Jewish people at His first advent, and whereas the first angel proclaims his message to every nation, tongue, and people, it is evident to every one that Christ did not proclaim the first angel's message at His first advent. It is equally evident the elder was mistaken when he said He did. This was so evident that the elder publicly abandoned his position, which had a very depressing effect upon those who were paying him to demolish the Adventists.

We further showed that the apostles did not proclaim the first message, that the hour of God's judgment is come; for they taught that the judgment was yet future in their day. For instance, Paul said to the men of Athens, as he stood on Mars Hill, "For God hath appointed a day in which He WILL judge the world." Acts 17:31. He also reasoned before Felix, of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come (yet future). He wrote to the Thessalonian brethren that the day of Christ (judgment) was not at hand. 2 Thess. 2:2, 3. Therefore it is evident that he did not proclaim to every nation, tongue, and people that the hour of God's judgment *is come*. Why not?—Evidently the time for that message had not yet arrived. The coming of Christ immediately follows the giving of the three messages (Rev. 14:14); therefore they are not due until the second coming. Christ is nigh at hand. Did "Fear God and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come," ever go to the world?—Yes; such a message was carried to earth's remotest bounds in 1843-44. In every judgment there are two parts, the investigative and executive. First investigate a man's case, then execute the judgment rendered. "The righteous dead come up in the first resurrection and the rest of the dead live not again for a thousand years afterward." Rev. 20:5, 6. It is evident that it must be determined beforehand who are righteous, and have right to come up in the first resurrection; therefore the cases of the righteous dead must be investigated before the first resurrection, which takes place at the coming of Christ. Also the righteous living will be changed from mortal to immortality in

the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. 1 Cor. 15: 51-53. We will not be made immortal, and then judged; therefore it is evident that the cases of the righteous living will be investigated before the last trump shall sound. The investigative judgment began in 1844. How appropriate that a message announcing that fact should go to the world. The message has gone; the judgment is here. May we all be prepared to pass the solemn test. For a full explanation of the judgment, see "The Sanctuary and Its Cleansing," by U. Smith. Address Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE SECOND ANGEL

proclaims the fall of Babylon. Rev. 14:8. The elder says "Babylon is fallen" means Jerusalem is fallen, or destroyed. It may be trying to his feelings to show that he is entirely wrong; but we will do it as kindly as possible, and so effectually that he will see it himself. First, We all know Jerusalem is destroyed, and a message telling us what we already know, would be useless. Second, In Rev. 18: 1, 2, we learn that after the fall of Babylon she fills up with, or becomes the hold of, every foul spirit and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird. It is, therefore, plain that it is a moral fall Babylon meets with, and in consequence of which fall her destruction cometh. Rev. 18:8. Third, Babylon is represented by a woman. Rev. 17:4, 5. "The ten kings shall hate her and burn her with fire." These ten kings (ten divisions of the Roman empire) had no existence until long after Jerusalem was destroyed, and the elder admits this fact. Therefore his position that Jerusalem was the Babylon referred to, is a mistake. Again, "Babylon is that great city that reigneth over the kings of the earth." Rev. 17:18. But Paul said, "Jerusalem that now is, is in bondage with her children." Gal. 4:26. It is certain that Jerusalem that is in bondage cannot be that Babylon, that great city, that reigneth over the kings of the earth. It is equally certain that the elder is wrong when he says it is. The term Babylon is derived from Babel, which means confusion. Babylon located: God says, "Come out of her, my people." Rev. 18:4. God's people must be in Babylon, or they would not be called upon to come out of her. But where are God's people to-day? You answer, "In the

different churches." Then those churches where God's people are, are Babylon. There are hundreds of different sects, all claiming to get their teachings from the Bible. Let only one representative from each of these jarring sects meet to set forth their peculiar views, and you will all agree with me that it would be confusion worse confounded. It would be Babylon indeed. Then "Babylon is fallen" means the churches are fallen MORALLY. This may seem harsh to some good people, and we are also sorry that it is so. But I ask you the question, "Are the churches more proud and worldly than they used to be?" You say, "Yes, they are." Then are they not fallen?

ALL PROTESTANTS AGREE

that the woman called "Babylon the great, the mother of harlots," in Rev. 17:5, represents the Romish church, which is the truth. If the Romish church is the mother, who are the harlot daughters but the churches that have come out of her? What constitutes a church a harlot? — Love of the world. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1 John 2:15. "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship [love] of the world is enmity with God?" James 4:4. Here we learn that those who profess to love God, and yet love the world, are called adulteresses, or harlots. It is only too painfully evident that pride, love of pre-eminence, money, fashion, display, in fact, everything the world loves, finds as ardent, devoted worshipers in the churches as can be found anywhere. No wonder the cry goes forth, "Babylon is fallen. . . . Come out of her, my people."

One evening Elder Allen asked me if he might ask me a few questions. I said, "Yes, sir." "Do you believe this discussion is helping on the cause of truth?" "Yes, sir." "If the cause of truth is being strengthened, and good is being done, don't you think you and your people ought to help pay for the use of the hall?" "I would like to speak to that proposition a moment. We came to this town last winter and occupied the schoolhouse for a while. When that was closed against us, we hired the hall, night after night, week in and week out. We paid our own expenses, and asked no man for a cent, feeling richly repaid by seeing precious souls coming

out of darkness into light. We felt that we had solemn, sacred truth for this day and generation, and we were willing to sacrifice something in order to give the bread of life to the people.

“Some opposing our work sent for Elder Allen to tear it down. He came, and said, ‘Gentlemen, I have great light for you; I can tear down Adventism easy enough, but you must pay me a dollar per day and board. If you do that, I will cause the true light to shine forth; if not, I pass on, and leave you in your darkness.’ You see, gentlemen, he loves you at the rate of one dollar per day and board. He has been overthrowing Adventism for a number of evenings, and is having a hard time of it, and wants help. The kind friends who are defraying his expenses do not think they are getting their money’s worth, and so he asks us to help him tear down what we are building up. We beg to be excused.” We thought best to let them bear their own burdens.

We now come to the third and last message. Rev. 14:9-12. It threatens the unmingled wine of the wrath of God against the beast worshipers and receivers of his mark. Any one can see that this is a last-day message. First, it is immediately followed by the coming of Christ on the white cloud to reap the harvest of the earth. Verse 14. Second, “The wrath of God poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation,” must be pure wrath without any mercy mingled with it, which can never be until mercy is no longer offered to sinners. So long as Jesus pleads for poor sinners before the throne, the unmingled wine of the wrath of God cannot come. So this message is to prepare men for the closing up of the gospel, and the day of wrath that follows. It is the most solemn, the most awful warning found in the book of God. We are treading here on solemn ground. Let us walk carefully, reverently. All agree that this message must go to the world before the coming of Christ; all agree that it can go to the world only once, and all agree that to-day the cry is being raised everywhere, “If any man worship the beast or his image, or receive his mark in his forehead or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation.” Rev. 14:9-12. Who are giving the cry?—The Adventists,

and they alone. What can the mark of the beast (the papacy) be? The elder says he don't know. Of course, then, he will not have much to say; for it is not well to set ourselves up as teachers of something about which we know nothing. Somebody must know what it is, for it is unreasonable that the warning could be given and no one know anything about it. Again, in Rev 15:2 we read, "And I saw a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass." What would be our surprise if we were to inquire of these victors over the beast and his mark, "What is the mark of the beast?" and they should say, "We had a great conflict with the beast and his mark, and gained a great victory; but we don't know anything at all about the beast or his image; we left that for some fanatical students of the prophecies to inquire into. We just joined a popular church, heard very nice, smooth preaching, our choir rendered the most charming music, and we had a most enjoyable time attending church picnics, fairs, and festivals, and glided smoothly and gracefully onto the sea of glass mingled with fire, and immediately began to celebrate our victory over the beast and his mark; but after all, we never knew there was any beast, and were not troubled in that direction at all."

Without doubt, those who give the warning, and gain the victory over the beast and his mark, will know what these things are. Yes, they will know. Again, if nobody can know what the mark of the beast is, do the best we can, we may ignorantly receive it, and as a consequence, drink of the unmingled wine of the wrath of God. We cannot any of us believe such a thing possible, so we must believe that God's people will know what the mark of the beast is, and warn the world against its reception. What can it be? We will first inquire, What is God's mark? for God's people will also receive a mark, sign, or seal in their foreheads. In Ezek. 9:1-6 there is brought to view a time of utter destruction: "Slay utterly, both old and young. Let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity." Why not spare nor show pity?—Because it is the time of the pouring out of God's wrath without mercy, against which the people are warned by the third angel. God says, "Set a mark

upon the foreheads of them that sigh and cry for the abominations done in the midst thereof." Ezek. 9:4. Why set a mark on them?—That they might be preserved from the awful destruction about to fall upon the wicked; for it says, "Slay utterly, old and young, both maids and little children, and women, but come not near any man upon whom is the mark." Verse 6.

Those who receive the mark of the beast drink of the wine of the wrath of God. Rev. 14:9. Those who receive God's mark are preserved the same as those were preserved from the destroying angel who in the days of Moses sprinkled the blood on the door posts. Ex. 12:13. It was necessary for God's people then to sprinkle the blood. So in the last days, when the destroying angels will pour out the seven last plagues (Rev. 15:1), it will be necessary for God's people to have His mark upon their foreheads. What is it? No one believes it will be a literal mark on the forehead, but it will be a religious characteristic that will mark those who receive it as a peculiar and distinct people; will separate them from the world and the popular professors of religion around them. We believe it is the true Sabbath that God's people will accept, just before the coming of the Lord. Why believe so?

a. The Sabbath is a mark. Let a man begin the observance of the seventh-day Sabbath in any community in this Christian land, and he will be a marked character at once. He will be reported and commented upon far and wide.

b. This mark separates him from the world. No matter how brilliant the worldly prospects may be for honor and position, all must be abandoned as soon as he begins the observance of the Sabbath.

c. It separates him from popular religion. No matter how pleasant his church relationship may be, he will be cut off and excluded, when he accepts the Sabbath.

d. This mark is so plain, it is known and recognized wherever he goes.

When traveling I have inquired for my brethren by name, and could gain no information. Then I asked, "Do you know of anybody in this vicinity who keeps Saturday for Sunday?" "Oh, yes; a few miles southwest of here there lives

such a man, but what his name is I don't know." So we see a person is recognized farther by this mark than by his own name. Yes, God has a mark for His sheep in these last days, and that mark is the Sabbath. Again, in Rev. 7:1-3 the same work is brought to view as in Ezek. 9:1-6, where the mark is called the seal of God. How do we know it is the same work?—Because it is performed at the same time and for the same purpose. In Ezek. 9:1-6 the people receive God's mark just before the time of utter destruction of old and young without pity. In Rev. 7:3 the angel says: "Hurt not the earth, nor the sea, nor the trees, until we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads." Why seal God's servants just before the hurting should begin? Evidently to preserve them from that hurting or destruction, the same as God's people are preserved from the avenging sword by receiving the mark of God in the forehead, in Ezek. 9:1-6. As the mark and seal are received in the same place—in the forehead; the marking and sealing are upon the same people—the servants of God; at the same time—just before the time of trouble; and for the same purpose—to preserve the people of God from the destruction that comes upon the wicked, it must be that the sealing and marking are the same work.

Then if we can learn what the seal is, we can certainly know what the mark is; for they are one and the same thing. The 8th chapter of Isaiah has its fulfillment just before the coming of the Lord. The 17th verse reads, "And I will wait upon the Lord that hideth His face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for Him," which shows this scripture applies when God's true people will be looking for His coming. Verses 21 and 22 point out the day of trouble for the wicked in these remarkable words, "And they shall pass through it hardly bestead and hungry. And it shall come to pass that when they shall be hungry, they shall fret themselves, and curse their king and their god, and look upward. And they shall look unto the earth, and behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish, and they shall be driven to darkness." Who can fail to see that this scripture applies right down in the end of time? In the 16th verse God says, "Bind up the testimony, seal the law among my disciples." This is to be done when God's

people are looking for the Lord to come. The seal of God is found in His law. A seal gives authenticity to a legal document; shows who the lawgiver is, the extent of his territory, and his right to reign, or demand obedience. The fourth commandment is the only thing in God's law that does that. It gives authenticity to the law by showing the Lawgiver to be the true God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth; it shows the extent of God's territory, the heavens and the earth and the sea; it shows God has a right to rule and reign over us, because He is our Maker — He made the heavens, earth, sea, and all that is therein. Thus we see the fourth commandment is a perfect seal to God's law, and nothing else is. Has it been removed? — Yes. Has a counterfeit Sabbath been put in its place? — Yes, so far as such a thing could be done. Does God require us to restore this seal (the true Sabbath) just before the second coming of Christ? — Yes: "Bind up the testimony, *seal* the LAW among my disciples [followers of Christ], and I will wait upon the Lord that hideth His face from the house of Jacob, and I will LOOK for him." Isa. 8:16, 17. "Hurt not the earth nor the sea nor the trees until we have SEALED the servants of our God in their foreheads." Rev. 7:3. "Set a MARK on the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof." Ezek. 9:4. Does God set forth the Sabbath as the sign, mark, or symbol of His power? — Yes: "Moreover, I gave them my Sabbaths to be a *sign* between me and them that they might know that I am the Lord that do sanctify them." Ezek. 20:12. "And hallow my Sabbaths and they shall be a SIGN between me and you [why?], that ye may KNOW that I am the Lord your God." Ezek. 20:20. Thus it is beyond doubt that God sets the Sabbath forth as the sign, symbol, or mark whereby we may know God as the Maker and Creator of all things.

If the Sabbath is God's sign, seal, or mark, what is the mark of the beast (the papacy)? We naturally conclude it would be a counterfeit Sabbath. God does not require two weekly Sabbaths, so either the Sunday Sabbath or the seventh-day Sabbath must be counterfeit. Dare any man say the seventh-day Sabbath is counterfeit? God rested on it, God blessed it, and sanctified it, and commanded it to be kept holy. He spake it with His own voice, and wrote it with His own finger on the

tables of stone, in the midst of nine other moral precepts as immutable as the throne of God. The seventh-day Sabbath comes to us bearing the superscription and signature of the Almighty God. Is it genuine?—Yes. Can any one of these things be said of the Sunday Sabbath?—No. Did God rest on the first day?—No. Did He bless it?—No. Did God sanctify it, or command that it should be kept holy?—No. Did He ever promise to bless any one if he would keep it?—No. Did He ever threaten to punish any man if he would not keep it holy?—No. Did Christ or the apostles ever observe it as the Sabbath?—No, not a single instance can be found. The Sunday institution comes to us without any divine support of any kind whatever. It bears only the earmarks of the papacy, the man of sin.

We will now give the third angel's message entire: "And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the lamb: and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever: and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name. Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Rev. 14:9-12. In this message are brought to view two classes, beast worshippers, and keepers of the commandments of God. Mark it well. If we keep the commandments of God, we will not worship the beast or receive his mark; therefore the mark of the beast is something in opposition to the commandments of God. What can it be but the Sunday Sabbath, which is contrary to the fourth commandment? The mark of the beast is to be universally enforced upon high and low, rich and poor, bond and free. Rev. 13:16. No institution can be so universally enforced as Sunday. The papacy was to think to change the times and laws of the Most High. Proof: "And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and shall

think to change times and laws [of the Most High]: and they [saints and laws] shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time." Dan. 7: 25. Has the papacy spoken great words against the Most High?—Yes. He says he is Christ's vicegerent on the earth. He calls himself Lord, God the Pope, and we have heard him declare, "I am infallible; I am like the great God, I cannot err." Surely he has spoken the great words. Has he worn out the saints of the Most High?—Yes. Let the voice of the blood of the slaughtered millions answer. The papacy is drunken with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Rev. 17: 5, 6. Has the papacy thought to change the laws of God?—Yes. He has thought to change the Sabbath into Sunday. Out of his own mouth will we judge him.

Question—"What warrant have you for keeping the Sunday preferable to the ancient Sabbath, which was the Saturday?"

Answer—"We have for it the authority of the Catholic Church, and apostolic tradition."—*Catholic Christian Instructed.*

Does the papacy set forth the change of the Sabbath into Sunday as a sign or mark of its power?—Yes.

Question—"How prove you that the church has power to ordain feast days and holy days?"

Answer—"By the very act of changing the Sabbath into Sunday."—*Abridgment of Christian Doctrine.*

God sets forth the Sabbath as the sign or mark of His power, and the papacy sets forth the Sunday as the sign or mark of his power. Therefore it is certain that the Sabbath is God's sign or mark, and the Sunday institution is the sign or mark of the papacy. And when the issue is plainly set before the people, and they deliberately choose to honor and worship the beast (the papacy) by keeping his institution, and persecute by oppressive laws those who obey God and keep His commandments, the vials of God's wrath will soon be poured out upon the persecutors, and the Lord will come, and take His tried and tested people to the mansions He has gone to prepare for them. The conflict is already here. All over the land the cry is raised for more stringent Sunday laws, and soon legislators will yield to the pressure, and the mark will

be enforced, and none but the true hearted will be able to stand.

THE DISCUSSION FAILED

to destroy the good work begun at Dassel. Truth is mighty, and must prevail.

If there were strong indications in 1879, the time of the discussion of the Sunday law movement, how much stronger are they to-day, 1892? It is very difficult for some people to believe that Sunday is an institution of popery, and for the benefit of such I will insert here an article in the *Review and Herald*, from the pen of Elder E. E. Franke:—

“Sunday—Are we justified in keeping this day in preference to God’s ancient and time-honored memorial of creation, the seventh day (Saturday)? There is only one source to which the consistent Protestant can go for a reply, and that is God’s Word. Dr. Dowling truly said, ‘The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants. Nor is it of any account in the estimation of a genuine Protestant *how early* a doctrine originated, if it is not found in the inspired word.’ Hence, if a doctrine be propounded for his acceptance, he asks, ‘Is it found in the Bible? Was it taught by the Lord Jesus Christ or His apostles?’ If they knew nothing of it, no matter to him whether it be discovered in the musty folio of some ancient visionary of the third or fourth century, or whether it springs from the fertile brain of some modern visionary of the nineteenth. If it is not found in the sacred Scriptures, it presents no valid claim to be received as an article of his religious creed. The prevailing idea is that Christ or His apostles changed the day. But we find the Bible silent on this point. We find that Christ himself kept the seventh-day Sabbath. Luke 4:16, 31. The early Christians kept it after the crucifixion. Luke 23:56. Paul preached to Jews and Gentiles on the Sabbath day. Acts 17:4; 13:42. We search in vain for one passage in the Scriptures which sanctions Sunday or first day of the week observance. The greatest obstacle in the way of the Sunday institution is the law of ten commandments. Sunday cannot be supported by that law, the fourth precept of which says the seventh day is the Sabbath, and to abolish the law would be to abolish the

very foundation of the government of God. The leading Protestant denominations agree that the ten commandments are now in force. The Methodist Discipline, article 6, says, 'No Christian whatever is free from obedience of the commandments which are called moral.' The Baptist Manual, article 12, says, 'We believe that the moral law of God is the eternal and unchangeable rule of his moral government.' The Presbyterian Confession of Faith, article 5, says, 'The moral law doth forever bind all, as well justified persons as others, to the obedience thereof. . . . Neither does Christ in the gospel in any way dissolve, but much strengthens, this obligation.' Dwight's Theology, a Presbyterian work, Vol. 4, page 120, says, 'The law of God is and must be unchangeable and eternal. Thus we find the great denominations of Protestantism agree that God's law of ten commandments is unchangeable, and yet by their practice of keeping Sunday, they virtually admit it has been changed. For surely a change of the Sabbath would involve a change of the law of the Sabbath.

"Hear these words of Bishop Mallaliew, of the Methodist Church, when addressing a class of young men about to enter the ministry: 'Perfection involves the idea of good works and obedience to the ten commandments, emphatically the ten commandments. You will never get a perfection, unless it is the devil's perfection, that will admit you to preach anything that is not found in these.'—*Reported in Oil City Blizzard, Sept. 13, 1890.* We know Sunday is not found in the ten commandments. Let the reader draw his own conclusion from the bishop's words.

"Having found that the Bible sustains no change of the Sabbath, we turn in vain to history and the leading authorities of these great denominations for Sunday sacredness. Buck's Theological Dictionary, a Methodist work, says, 'Sabbath in the Hebrew language signifies rest, and is the seventh day of the week, . . . and it must be confessed that there is no law in the New Testament concerning the first day.' The *Watchman*, a Baptist paper, says in reply to a correspondent, 'The Scripture nowhere calls the first day of the week the Sabbath. . . . There is no scriptural authority for so doing, nor, of course, any scriptural obligation.' Dwight's Theology, Vol. 4,

page 401, says, 'The Christian Sabbath (Sunday) is not in the Scripture, and was not by the primitive church called the Sabbath.' Rev. George Hodges, who preaches for one of the largest churches in Pittsburg, Pa., writing for the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, says: 'The seventh day, the commandment says, is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. No kind of arithmetic, no kind of almanac, can make seven equal to one, nor the seventh mean the first, nor Saturday mean Sunday. It is evident that Sunday cannot in any manner be identified with God's holy and sanctified rest day of the fourth commandment, and is therefore only a man-made institution.'

"Now to history. Neander, who is admitted by all to be the greatest and most reliable church historian, says: 'The festival of Sunday, like all other festivals, was always only a human ordinance, and it was far from the intention of the apostles to establish a divine command in this respect, far from them and from the early apostolic church to transfer the laws of the Sabbath to Sunday.'—*Rose's Neander*, page 186. "But the question is asked, 'Who changed the Sabbath?' In Dan. 7:25, we read of a power which all Protestant commentators claim is the papacy, or Roman Catholic power. We read in the verse named, 'He shall think to change times and laws,' meaning the times and laws of God; and it is this power that has been tampering with God's holy Sabbath, the only times in His law, and they flaunt it in the face of Protestants as a token or mark of their authority in other traditional matters. The following letters are from Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, the highest authority of the Catholic Church in this country:—

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,
BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 25, 1892.

John R. Ashley, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: In answer to your first question, directed by the cardinal to reply to your letter, I will say: (1) Who changed the Sabbath? *Ans.*—The holy Catholic Church. (2) Are Protestants following the Bible or the holy Catholic Church in keeping Sunday? *Ans.*—The Protestants are following the custom introduced by the holy Catholic Church. (3) Protestants do contradict themselves by keeping Sunday, and at the same time profess to be guided by the Bible only.

I am faithfully yours,

C. F. THOMAS, Chancellor.

"John R. Ashley, to whom the above letter was written, lives at Rock Hall, Md.

"Some time since the writer saw a printed sermon by Father Enright, a Catholic priest who has charge of Redemptorist College, Kansas City, Mo., offering \$1,000 for Bible proof for Sunday keeping. The writer took the liberty to write him, and received the following letter over his signature:—

LOCK BOX 75,
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 11, 1892.

DEAR FRIEND: Your letter reached me only a few days ago. The paper you speak of I have not seen. My words were, I have repeatedly offered \$1,000 to any one who can prove to me by the Bible alone that I am bound to keep Sunday holy. There is no such law in the Bible. It is a law of the holy Catholic Church alone. The Bible says, Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH says, "No! By my divine power I abolish the Sabbath day, and command you to keep holy the first day of the week." And lo! the entire civilized world bows down in reverent obedience to the command of the holy Catholic Church. Excuse delay in answering.

Yours respectfully,

T. ENRIGHT, Css. R.

"The writer wrote to Archbishop Ryan, stating Father Enright's position, and received the following reply:—

Mr. E. E. Franke,

Of course Father Enright is correct. There is not a word in the New Testament about Christ's changing the day. On the contrary, he always observed the Sabbath, the seventh day. Consult any Catholic work that has a chapter on tradition, and you will find what you need. The church alone is authority for the transfer from Saturday to Sunday.

Truly yours,

I. HOOSTMAN, Chancellor.

"The foregoing testimony is from the highest authority of the Catholic Church in this country. Some, however, are not willing to receive Catholic admissions; for such we will give two good Protestant testimonies. Dr. N. Summerbell, in his 'History of the Church from the Time of Christ to A. D. 1871,' says: 'In 321 Constantine made a law that Sunday should be kept in all cities and towns. But the country people were allowed to work, and not till 538 A. D. was country labor prohibited by the third council of Orleans, which called it the new Sabbath. This was a Roman Catholic council.'

“Rev. John Snyder, in an article in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* of April 3, 1887, said: ‘Every instructed man knows that there is no New Testament authority for the change of the day of rest from the seventh to the first day of the week. Every instructed man knows that the Catholic Church gave to the Christian world the Sunday, and determined the manner in which it should be used. And when Protestantism threw off the authority of the Catholic Church, it abandoned the only ecclesiastical ground upon which it can logically rest.’

“The above testimony comes from a man who is himself a Sunday keeper. Now we appeal to every honest Protestant to choose whom he will serve. ‘Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?’ Are you obeying God and keeping His day, or are you obeying the Catholic Church and keeping Sunday? We cannot serve two masters. It is plain to every one, from the above statements of Catholic prelates, that they claim to have changed the law of the Living God.”

That same spring I was stationed on the Mankato district, which included southwestern Minnesota and a portion of northwestern Iowa. It was considered a hard field. After the camp meeting, which was held that year at Minneapolis, I took my family to Mankato, a city of about 8,000 inhabitants at that time, and situated on the Minnesota River in a very fine agricultural district. The soil is of the richest quality, and timber and water are abundant. We traveled with horse and buggy. One evening we called at a nice-looking farmhouse, and asked for lodgings. The lady made some objections, and finally said: “We cannot keep you, because we have the smallpox here. I well knew it was only an Irish ruse, and said no more, but went and got some straw to put under the buggy, fixed some blankets around it for curtains, and prepared to lodge by the roadside.

The old lady came out, and looked at the preparations a while, and said, as she saw the wife and baby: “You ought to come into the house and not be afther slapin’ in the road all night.” “Oh, no; we would not do that for anything, as you have the smallpox in the house, you know.” She blushed, and went her way, evidently ashamed of the lie she had told.

That summer Brother Ells and myself held meetings in Mankato City. The work went slowly, but some took their stand to obey God. One day, while visiting, I had a very interesting conversation with a marble worker. He was very certain that the New Testament taught the sacredness of Sunday. I told him I had never discovered it, but if he had any light upon it, I hoped he would be kind enough to point it out to me. He impressed me as an honest, sincere man, and I greatly desired a more extended interview with him, to which he seemed perfectly willing. So he agreed to come to the tent the next Sunday afternoon to point out to me New Testament proof for Sunday keeping. He came, according to appointment, and we began our investigation. He did not claim any command for Sunday keeping, but founded it upon the example of Christ and the apostles. But Paul says: "Where no law is, there is no transgression." Rom. 4:15. "If there is no law requiring Sunday observance, then there is no sin in not observing it. But never mind, let us have the example." "Well, in John 20:19, we find the disciples were met together on the first day of the week and Jesus met with them. I take it that the disciples were assembled together in honor of the resurrection, and that Christians have met on that day ever since, even until now." "Let us see: Mark 16:14 speaks of the same meeting, and says, 'Jesus appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat' (while they were taking their supper), and so far from being assembled in honor of the resurrection, they did not even believe he had risen from the dead. Rather a slim foundation, is it not? Again, to follow the example of Christ, we must needs do as Christ did; but the first thing Christ did on the first day of the week was to rise from the dead. Do you think it incumbent on us to follow His example in this respect, and to arise from the dead every first day morning?" "Oh, no; of course not." "Well, let us investigate His example a little farther. In Luke 24:13-33, we have a very interesting account of two disciples going to Emmaus and returning again to Jerusalem, a distance of fifteen miles, on that eventful first day of the week, which shows they did not regard it as a day of sacred rest. What is still more remarkable, Jesus himself went with them, showing that he did not regard it as a day of sacred rest, either."

“Well, Jesus met with His disciples eight days afterward (John 20:26), which means he met with them the next day of the week.” “Is that so? Is it really a fact that after eight days means just a week? By comparing Matt. 17:1 and Luke 9:28, we see that after six days means about eight days. If after six days means about eight days, after eight days is about how many days?” “Of course, no one can tell, but I have always understood that Christ always met with the disciples on the first day of the week, after the resurrection.” “That is a mistake, because all agree that one of the most remarkable meetings of Christ with His disciples was on Thursday, the day upon which he ascended into heaven. Acts 1:1-11. But suppose we grant that every time Christ met with His disciples was on the first day of the week, what then? In John 21:4, we find that Jesus met with them when they were fishing, and He told them to cast their net on the right side, and they should find; and they did so, and caught a multitude of fishes. Verse 6. If this was on Sunday, it proves Sunday to be a good fishing day. If it was not Sunday, then the claim that Christ always met with His disciples on the first day of the week falls to the ground, does it not?” “I must confess that it does.” “You see, my brother, that this Sunday argument breaks down at every point.”

“What further proof have you that Sunday should be sacredly observed?” “On the first day of the week the Spirit was poured out, which is an evidence to my mind that it should be religiously observed.” “Let us see. It reads not when the first day of the week had fully come, but when the day of Pentecost had fully come. Acts 2:1. The first day of the week is not mentioned. Is this not a little singular if God intended by the outpouring of the Spirit to make it the sacred day of the new dispensation? Such proof is hardly conclusive. It is nothing but supposition that the pouring out of the Spirit would make any day sacred, and a very doubtful and improbable supposition at that.”

“I will now read Acts 20:7, ‘Now upon the first day of the week when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached to them ready to depart on the morrow.’ This, I consider, proves that it was the custom for the apostles to meet for worship every first day of the week.” “Does it say

it was their custom to do so?" "No." "Does it say they ever met on that day before?" "No." "Does it say they ever met on it afterward?" "No." "How many years does the book of Acts cover?" "About twenty, I believe." "Yes; and only one religious meeting said to have occurred on the first day of the week in all that time. Don't you think that is small evidence upon which to build a Christian institution that does away with one of the commandments of God, and requires obedience to it on pain of eternal death? But again, this was an evening meeting, because there were many lights burning, and Paul continued his speech until midnight. See verses 7, 8." "Yes, no one can deny that; but I did not notice that point before." "What were the disciples doing during the light part of the day?" "Well, sir, I cannot say." "Then they may have been about their usual avocations, for all we know. That looks just a little bit weak, doesn't it?" "I must say it is not nearly so conclusive proof as I thought it was."

"LET US LOOK AT IT A LITTLE FURTHER.

"When does the day begin, according to the Bible? The Bible says the evening and the morning were the first day. Gen. 1:5. The evening comes first every time. In Lev. 23:32, we read, 'From even unto even shall ye celebrate your Sabbaths.' As the day, according to the Bible, begins at evening, when did the first day begin?" "It must have begun on our Saturday night." "Exactly. Then this meeting was held on what we would call Saturday evening?" "Yes, sir." "Rather slim proof for Sunday, is it not? But what did Paul do the following Sunday morning?—Traveled on foot to Assos, a distance of nearly twenty miles. See verses 11-14. Rather poor example of Sunday sacredness, is it not? Well, brother, after we have briefly analyzed this text, how much evidence for Sunday keeping do you get out of it?" "Well, sir, I do not think the proof is very powerful, that's a fact. But I have two more texts, and I am done. 1 Cor. 16:1, 2 seems to teach that the early Christians met for worship, and took up their collections on the first day of the week." "Does the text say they should meet together on the first day of the week?" "No." "Does it say anything at all about any

meeting of any kind?" "No." "Does it say 'lay by him in store'?" "Yes." "Does the term 'lay by him' mean to put something into a common treasury?" "No." "Then, is there the slightest evidence here that it was the custom of the early Christians to meet for worship on the first day of the week?" "I cannot say that there is." "But the text not only says 'lay by him in store,' which means to do this at home, but 'lay by him in store as God has prospered him.' Many people in business would only know how they had been prospered through the week by an examination of their accounts. Reckon up their income and their expenses. Subtract the one from the other, and the difference would show how they had been prospered. Very good work for a secular day, but not at all in keeping with a sacred day. Paul had no idea of Sunday sacredness, or he would never have given such instructions as that." "It does look that way to me now; but I thought it was good proof until we scrutinized it more closely. I have just one more text. In Rev. 1:10, John says he was in the Spirit on the Lord's day. I have always been taught that Sunday is the Lord's day, and became such at the resurrection." "Does the Bible say so?" "No." "Did God ever bless Sunday?" "No." "Did He ever sanctify it?" "No." "Did He ever call it the Lord's day?" "No." "Did He ever apply any sacred title to it whatever?" "No." "Then why should we call it the Lord's day, and apply sacred titles to it, if the Lord never did? Did God ever bless the seventh day?" "Yes." "Did He sanctify it?" "Yes." "Did He call it the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God?" "Yes." "Did He call it 'My holy day'?" "Yes. Isa. 58:13." "Did Christ say He was its Lord?" "Yes. Matt. 12:8." "Then what day is the Lord's day?" "It looks as if it were the Sabbath." "Yes; God gave six days to man, and reserved the seventh for Himself. Consequently it is the Lord's holy Sabbath day. You have been presenting to us what you considered proof for Sunday sacredness, and we have not been able to find any sacred title applied to it, nor any command for its observance, nor any sanctification of it, nor any blessing pronounced upon it. Neither have we found a single instance in which Christ or the apostles observed it as a sacred day. We have not been able to find a single divine reason

for its observance. To keep it because Christ arose on that day, is of man, and not of God.

“Redemption is greater than creation, therefore we should keep Sunday, is declared by men, not by God. It is blessed, sanctified, and commanded by man, but not by God; while on the other hand, the seventh day is blessed, sanctified, and commanded by the God of heaven. Observed by Christ, Luke 4: 16; kept by the holy women after the resurrection, Luke 23: 56; kept by the apostles, Acts 13: 13, 14, 42, 44. It was Paul’s manner to keep the Sabbath. Acts 17: 2, 13. He persuaded both Jews and Greeks (Gentiles) every Sabbath. Acts 18: 4. John calls it Lord’s day in Rev. 1: 10, and all flesh will observe it in the new earth. Isa. 66: 22, 23. My brother, in the light of these facts, which day ought we to keep?”

The gentleman did not say he would keep the Sabbath, but he left the tent in a very different state of mind to what he came. “To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey; his servants ye are to whom ye obey.”

Two ladies at Mankato believed the truth, and both desired baptism, and both were opposed by their husbands. One husband said, “This is something new, do not be too hasty; wait three months, and if you still desire baptism, I will not object,” and he wept his grief before his wife, who finally consented to wait. When the three months were up, he opposed her desire for baptism more vehemently than ever. One yielding prepared the way for another, until she gave up living out her convictions of duty altogether, and as a consequence, her hope of eternal life fled, and her light went out in darkness.

THE OTHER LADY

was at the tent the Sunday we were receiving candidates for baptism. Her husband told her if she were baptized, he would not live with her. She wanted to know what she had better do under the circumstances. I said if she felt it her duty to God to be baptized, her husband had no right to stand between her and her God. So she decided to go forward, at which her husband was furious. They had but one child, a little boy, who wished to remain with his mother; but the father seized him by the arm and dragged the struggling, crying

child out of the tent, before all the people, giving his wife to understand the separation was final.

This Christian heroine was baptized, and her husband compelled her to walk home, a distance of six miles, he driving just ahead of her all the way, but not suffering her to get into the wagon. After reaching home, I was told, he threw all her Adventist publications into the fire, and the poor woman had a hard time of it for a while; but she continued faithful, trusting in God, and He gave her the victory. About three months afterward, as I entered the Mankato Adventist church, one Sabbath morning, I saw the gentleman and his wife, sitting side by side, as cozy as could be. I said to him: "I am very much surprised to see you here." "Well," he said, "I have decided to go with my wife." If the other lady had been equally firm, and true to her convictions, she, too, might be rejoicing, with her husband, in the blessed hope. How dost thou know, O wife, but thou mayest gain thy husband; but no wife can gain her husband by yielding her convictions of truth and duty. I held meetings the next fall at Tenhassen, Martin County, in the same schoolhouse in which, years before, I had taught school. I had quite an experience getting there. Night overtook me, and it was very dark, and I lost my way on the sparsely settled prairie. I kept driving on, sometimes in the road and sometimes out of it, not knowing whither I was going. At last I ran on to a house which proved to be Brother Wilson's. I was made welcome, and it was much more agreeable than wandering in the cold and darkness. The next morning, while running behind the buggy to get warm, my horses ran away. My trunk went bobbing up and down, turned over on its side, and I expected, every moment, to see it fly out; but it did not. Some men ahead of me, in a wagon, stopped my horses before much damage was done. When I reached the meeting, I found the brethren about ready to disperse. They had waited so long they had become discouraged, and had given up hopes of my coming. Our meetings at Tenhassen were well attended, and some were convinced of the truth, and joined the little company of believers.

One evening, after I had spoken with a good degree of freedom on the Sabbath question, a gentleman went through the

audience shaking hands and talking about his heart. He kept Sunday, and his heart did not condemn him. While I was putting on my overcoat, he came to me about his heart. I opened my Bible, and requested h'im to read Prov. 28:26, which he did, as follows: "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool; but whoso walketh wisely shall be delivered." We heard but little more from him on the heart subject that evening.

Is it not passing strange that professed followers of Christ will reject the plain testimony of His word, and follow the leadings of their own hearts? Better do as David did. He said, "Thy word, O Lord, have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119:11. Dear reader, not our heart, but "thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path" to guide us in the way to heaven. Ps. 199:105.

"The sunset burns across the sky;
Upon the air its warning cry
The curfew tolls, from tower to tower;
O children, 'tis the last, last hour!

"The work that centuries might have done
Must crowd the hour of setting sun,
And through all lands the saving name
Ye must in fervent haste proclaim.

"The fields are white to harvest. Weep,
O tardy workers, as ye reap,
For wasted hours that might have won
Rich harvests ere the set of sun,

"We hear His footsteps on the way!
O work while it is called to-day,
Constrained by love, endued with power,
O children, in this last, last hour."

CHAPTER V.

LABORS IN VARIOUS PLACES DURING THE WINTER OF 1879-80.

THE winter of 1879-80 I held meetings in a schoolhouse about four miles northwest of Blue Earth City. After my meetings closed a Free-Will Baptist minister, Hardy by name, announced to speak on the Sabbath question. I announced that after his meeting was over I would speak the same evening on the same subject. I went early, and took a chair with me. When I arrived, I could scarcely find room to place my chair, and before meeting began the house was literally packed. The people clambered upon desks and everywhere they could get. It was so packed about the door it was nearly impossible to get in or out, while others stood outside, and still others went home.

Elder Hardy went through the usual program of making light of our people and work, but brought little proof for Sunday. After his sermon, I arose, and he motioned with his hand, and said, "Sit down, sir, sit down." I said, "Brother Hardy, may I have the privilege of making an announcement?" "Oh, yes," he said. "After Brother Hardy has dismissed his meeting, I will immediately speak on the other side of this question, and extend to him a cordial invitation to remain, and all others who are not afraid to look at both sides of a subject. All who are afraid to, of course, are excused." Brother Hardy, his deacon, and a very few others left, but as they crowded out, others crowded in. My old class leader of former years started to go, but as he saw so few going he returned again. One lady who went out spoke so loudly as to seriously interrupt the services inside. I knew her voice, and cried out loud enough for her to hear: "That's a Methodist lady that is making that great racket outside." She soon left, and we had quiet.

Everybody listened with great attention until I was through. Then Mr. Wynne wanted to know how it could be that the Lord heard his prayers, if he were not right in keeping Sunday. We replied something as follows:—

“We know God heareth us ‘because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight.’ 1 John 3:22. Again, we may at one time be accepted of God, and because of the rejection of truth be rejected of Him at another time. In Hosea 4:6, we read: ‘My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge; because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee: . . . seeing thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I will also forget thy children.’ It is plain, according to this scripture, that knowledge comes to the professed CHILDREN OF GOD concerning His law, and they reject it, and are, in consequence, themselves rejected of God. We believe this scripture is being fulfilled now: First, there is a special message going to the people in regard to the commandments of God, especially the fourth precept, and many of God’s professed people are rejecting it. Second, that this scripture refers especially to the last days is shown by the connection in which it stands. The second verse reads: ‘By swearing, and lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood.’ What a faithful picture of our days! The third verse says: ‘Therefore shall the land mourn, and every one that dwelleth therein shall languish, with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven; yea, the fishes of the sea also shall be taken away.’ Have the fowls of heaven been taken away yet?—No. Have the fishes of the sea been taken away yet?—No; and will not be until the pouring out of the second plague. ‘And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea; and it became as the blood of a dead man: and every living soul [fishes] died in the sea.’ Rev. 16:3. As the rejection of knowledge in regard to God’s law was to take place in the last days, and is now being fulfilled, you see, Brother Wynne, that before knowledge comes to you that you are transgressing God’s law, your prayer might be heard and answered; while, when the light comes to you and you refuse to walk in it, both you and your prayers will be rejected of God. ‘He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be an abomination.’ Prov. 28:9.”

After meeting was dismissed, a wilder class of people I never saw. They crowded around me, and the uproar was tremendous. Really, I did not know what would happen next. All at once, in the midst of the tumult, a voice arose high and clear above all other sounds: "I tell you, Mr. Hill is a Christian." It was the wife of a French gentleman, that had spoken. In an instant every voice was hushed, and there was a great calm. The spell was broken, and we all went home. I believe it was the Lord's doing that she cried out as she did. Toward spring I began meetings near Kasota, Le Sueur County. Brother Small, of Eagle Lake, had been holding meetings there. He was joined by an Elder Sweet, who claimed to be almost persuaded to keep the Sabbath, but it turned out that he was only waiting to see which way the people of the neighborhood would turn. He soon discovered that they had no intention of keeping the Sabbath, and he immediately became a very strong Sunday advocate, and worked against Brother Small, who became a good deal discouraged. He told me he had done all he could for the people, but they seemed more and more determined to go the wrong way. He desired me to go with him to an appointment he had at the schoolhouse for the next Sunday.

We found a goodly number present, who listened attentively to the word spoken. I was so favorably impressed with the outlook that I began a course of lectures. The house was filled; evening after evening the people listened to the special truths for these last days, and a goodly number decided to obey. Sabbath school and meetings were established, which continue unto this day.

When the meetings were in full blast, Elder Sweet, who had been absent a few days, returned. He immediately began going from house to house, striving to turn the people away from the faith. When I learned what he was doing, I publicly invited him to give the people his reasons for keeping Sunday, in the schoolhouse, the next evening. A crowd was out to hear him. After he had finished, I reviewed him briefly. The next morning he went away, and was never seen in that neighborhood again. I felt sorry for him. Poor man! Nearing the end of life's journey, striving against the truth of God! He ought long ago to have learned that we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.

When we first went to Eagle Lake to hold meetings, we occupied the Christian, or Disciple, church. Three or four young men with their "best girls" made a practice of getting up in the midst of the service and tramping out, making a good deal of disturbance. We endured the annoyance patiently for a good while, hoping the nuisance would abate of itself; but they seemed delighted to repeat the offense against good order every evening, until one night as they arose and began their march to the door, the speaker cried out, "A small jug is soon filled! As soon as you get full you may pass out." It proved to be an effectual cure, as young and old remained to the close of the meeting after that. While we were holding meetings in the Disciple church, their State evangelist came along, and as it was apparent that a goodly number were about convinced that we were preaching the truth, it was decided that he should speak against the law of God, the ten commandments. He was bright, but young. After the discourse, he challenged any man to find where Paul kept the Sabbath after he was converted. The Adventist minister said, "Give me time, and I will find it." "How much time do you want?" "Five minutes." He took out his watch, and said, "Come on." The house was full, and the interest high, as the defender of truth took the stand. He answered about as follows: "Paul's declaration of faith, 'believing all things written in the law and in the prophets.' Acts 24:14. Since he believed all things written in the law; he believed that the seventh day is the Sabbath; for so it is written in the law. Did he practice what he believed?—We think so. "For three Sabbath days in succession he reasoned out of the Scriptures. Acts 17:2. On other days of the week, Sundays included, he wrought at tent making; but reasoned—preached the gospel—every Sabbath. Acts 18:1-4. Just the way any Sabbath-keeping Christian would do. He declared that he had not offended against the law of the Jews in anything at all. Acts 25:8. It would be a great offense to break the Sabbath. The only possible conclusion is that Paul was a good Sabbath keeper. He testified that he had committed nothing against the customs of his fathers. Acts 28:17. Was it a custom of his fathers to keep the Sabbath?—Yes. Did he commit anything against the customs of his

fathers?—He says no. Then was he a Sabbath keeper?—Yes. Paul taught that the law speaks to all the world. Rom. 3:19. Then the law of God speaks to my brother, to me, and to all of us, saying, The seventh day is the Sabbath. Let us all keep it.”

It was rumored around town that the young gentleman felt so badly over his conspicuous failure to overthrow the law of God, that he went to his room, and found relief in a flood of tears. He who thrusts himself against the rock of eternal truth can only get the worst of the encounter. Don't do it.

At the conclusion of the evangelist's discourse, the pastor of the church announced that on the next Sunday evening he would preach a three-hour discourse in an hour and a half, and tell us why he was not an Adventist. The house was packed, and he announced that he would speak the next evening also, and then a minister from Janesville would occupy the house.

We inquired when we could occupy the house again, and he said we had had it long enough. He finally left it to the audience, and they voted that we should have an hour to speak after he was through the next evening. As a result, a goodly number, among whom were some of the most worthy of his own church, accepted the precious truth for our day and generation, of whom some remain unto this day, and some have fallen asleep in the blessed hope. What a reunion we will have when Jesus comes!

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN MAY, 1880,

we had a memorable discussion at Eagle Lake, on the Sabbath question. Elder Kelley, of Janesville, Minn., was the opposing party. There had been a good deal said about it in the papers beforehand, and people came for miles, many expecting that the Seventh-day Sabbath would now receive its death blow. Elder Kelley depended a good deal on his wit to carry his point. He insisted on having a board of three moderators, who should decide who had presented the best argument. The board was composed of one Sabbath keeper and two Sunday keepers, one of whom was Elder Burges, a great opposer of our faith. He had sometime previously preached

what he called the funeral sermon of Seventh-day Adventism. It looked a little dubious about the decision. We had a great desire that the truth would triumph. We appointed an hour before day at which the brethren arose and sought the Lord's blessing on His own precious truth that day.

We went into the battle trusting in the almighty power of the God of truth, and he did not fail us. The elder worked hard. He even got down on his knees, and prayed to the ten commandments, but it was all of no avail. After the discussion the committee retired to consult together. In a few minutes they returned, having agreed that Elder Kelley had lost his proposition. The next issue of the Mankato *Free Press* contained a brief account of the discussion, ending with these words: "It was decided that Saturday is the right Sunday."

The next day after the discussion I was very weary, and was resting in Dr. Cordell's house. Suddenly I was impressed that I ought to go immediately to the large sixty-foot tent wherein the discussion was held. I did not wish to go, as I was very weary, but I could not shake off the impression, so I went. I found it filled with children at play. I told them to run away, and they ran in every direction; but none too soon, for the large center pole immediately fell over, taking the whole tent with it. One little fellow did not get out until the tent was upon him. He was not hurt, but was under the canvas. He was frightened nearly out of his wits, and he did his best at making a loud noise.

HAD THE POLE FALLEN

when all the children were in the tent, no doubt a number of them would have been killed, or very badly hurt. I was very thankful I had been led there just in time to prevent such a sad result. Surely "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

That same spring our people held an institute at Medford, Steele County. Brother M. H. Gregory accompanied me in my buggy. We had a profitable time at the institute, which was conducted by Elder L. B. Whitney. On our return the roads were very muddy, and wherever I could find a bit of sod I would drive on it, if possible. Brother Gregory kept saying, "You will upset the whole thing if you are not more careful."

"Oh, don't be frightened; I never upset a buggy in my life." Sure enough, as I hugged a hillside, where there was grass, a little too close, we had to jump to save ourselves, and our things fell out into the mud. "Now!" cried Brother Gregory, "never say again you never upset a buggy in your life." "O, Brother Gregory, this is hardly an upset; only a spill out, that's all."

That summer Elder Dimmick, Brother Gregory, and myself held a tent meeting at Alma City. As usual, opposition raised up against the truth. One Elder D. Morgan for six meetings affirmed that the first day of the week is the Sabbath. Before he began, he said he was not fool enough to do away with the fourth commandment; but he had not gone far before he said the whole ten were done away, which showed he was ten times more of a fool than he thought for. "The wise in heart will receive commandments: but a prating fool [one that prates or speaks against the commandments] shall fall." Prov. 10:8. When it was shown that the Methodist church authoritatively teaches that the ten commandments are the law of God, binding upon all men, Elder Morgan replied, "I'm not preaching Methodist doctrine now." "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Mark 3:25.

"Therefore as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust: because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel." Isa. 5:24. This terrible denunciation applies pointedly and unmistakably to Elder Morgan. He has cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, as far as it is possible for man to do so. He says it is dead, done away, and made void. He despises the only word God ever spoke to man with His own voice, and wrote with His own divine finger on the tables of stone. This word, so highly honored of God, he tramples in the dust, and calls it Jewish, death, bondage, etc. Thus he despises the word of the Holy One of Israel. I warn him as a friend, I exhort him, and those ministers who uphold him in this great wickedness, to repent, and do works meet for repentance, before it is too late. The law of God is all right, and will stand; but those who are found in opposition to its principles of righteousness will surely fall.

"All His commandments are sure. They stand fast forever and ever." Ps. III:7, 8.

Only a few embraced the truth at Alma City. The majority were highly pleased with the idea that God's law is abolished, and with it the Lord's Sabbath. What a sad awakening there will be, when they discover that the law they despised and rejected will be the rule by which they will be judged! Eccl. 12:13, 14; James 2:10-12.

We were now living in Eagle Lake, Blue Earth County. Diphtheria was raging through that part of the country. In the city of Mankato its ravages were terrible. As I was returning from holding a general meeting near Wells, in September, 1880, some of the neighbors met me, and told me my eldest son, Frankie, was down with the dread disease. For fifteen days and nights we watched over him, and did what we could for him; but at last it became evident that we must part with our first-born. Two or three days before he died he said, "Papa, I am going to die." Darling boy! His eye brightened as he spoke of the heavenly city. He said, "There will be no sorrow there." How thankful we were for a religion so simple, so precious, that a child ten years old could be comforted and sustained by it, even in the face of death. Even his young heart could trust in Jesus in that trying hour.

AS THE END DREW NEAR,

he wanted his papa to lie down with him, and then hold him in his arms in a chair, and then lie down with him again. The physician was present, and told me not to do so, as I might take the disease. I said his dying request should be granted, regardless of consequences. It was such a crushing blow to us. O, how our sad hearts were wounded, and how lonely our house seemed, and still the death angel was hovering over us. Our eldest little girl, Ella, was sick with the same disease, and the night after Frankie was buried she had a terrible fever. We wrung a large cloth out of cold water, and laid it on the whole length of her body. In a few minutes it would be steaming with heat, when we would repeat the process, until finally the fever subsided. The next morning as the doctor came in, he said, "That little girl will get well," which she did. It seemed we could not bear the strain of losing an-

other of our dear children at that time; but our hearts were comforted with the blessed hope that the Life Giver would soon come again and restore our loved ones to us once more. The diphtheria still raged, and in January, 1881, it came to our next-door neighbors. As our children had played with theirs, we were afraid that the diphtheria would visit us again. Our worst fears were realized. Our only remaining little boy, Gurden, five years old, and his little sister Nellie, one year and a-half old, were taken down with it.

THOSE WERE DARK DAYS.

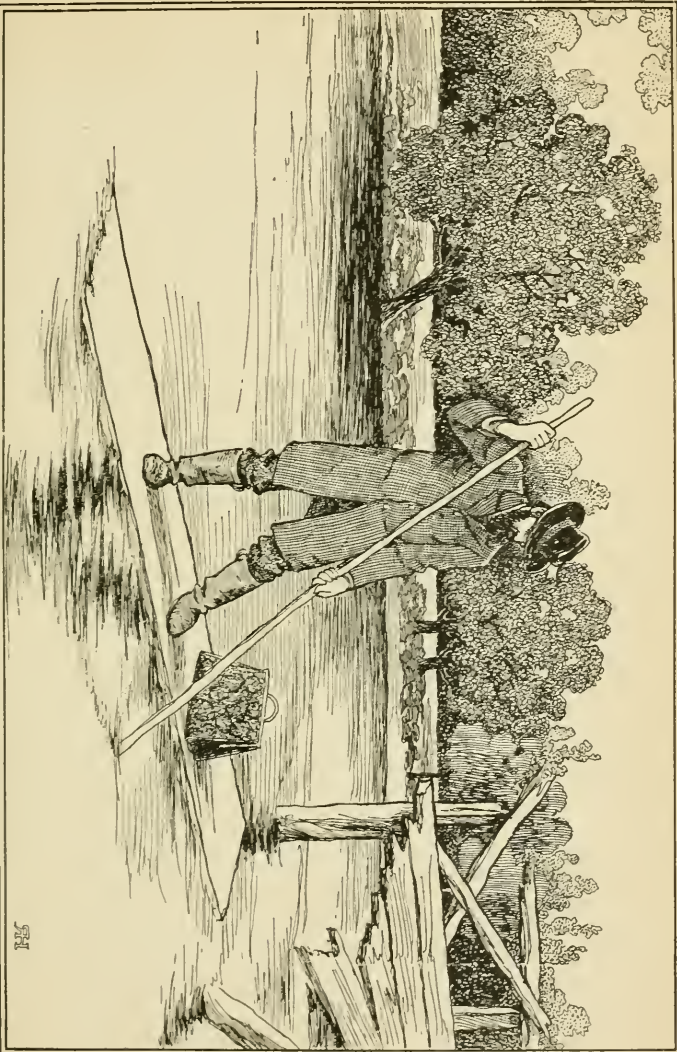
It seemed as though my head would burst as I beheld the suffering of the little ones. How it made our hearts long for the time to come when there will be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying, for the former things have passed away. The little girl was saved, and she has been sunshine to our hearts ever since, but little Gurden was laid beside his brother, until the voice of the archangel will awake the sleeping saints.

I did not enter a new field that winter, finding plenty to do in looking after the churches of Kasota, Eagle Lake, Mankato, Alden, Wells, Tenhassen, and Milford. The latter church was situated near Spirit Lake, in northwestern Iowa.

The following April, in company with Elder Ells, I visited the churches of Tenhassen and Milford. It was a time of high water. Streams were swollen, bridges and houses were swept away by the angry floods. As we got to Fairmont, Martin County, we found it was impossible to get to Brother Knowlton's, who lived four miles in the country, by the wagon road. We followed the railroad track until we crossed the outlet of the lake. Then we took across the prairie, winding around the sloughs as best we could. We eventually reached Brother Knowlton's, tired and weary, glad to find a resting place. The next morning Brother Knowlton said the water was too high and cold to drive his team to Tenhassen, eight or nine miles distant. As we had an appointment for the next evening, I told Brother Ells I would try to get through on foot. If I could not get through, I could come back again. I found I had a difficult journey to perform. The country was afloat with ice-cold water. Sloughs I could not get around I forded, and so made my way until I reached Mr. De Wolf's,

opposite Tenhassen; but between rolled rods and rods of swift-running water, and not a boat to be had. What was to be done next? So near to Tenhassen, and must we fail now? "What do you think, Brother De Wolf; can you not take me to the bridge with your team?" "Well, we might try. What do you say, Tom?" speaking to his hired man, "we were the last to venture across on the ice, suppose we be the first to try the water." "I don't care," said Tom, so we started immediately. It was a risky piece of business.

The water kept deepening until the horses began to swim. The water came into the wagon box, and we stood upon the seat. As we stood there, the water came half way to the tops of our boots. The swift current twirled one of the end boards out of the wagon box, and what would come next? It looked very much as if we would have to swim in the cold water. Just then the water became shallower, and soon the horses struck bottom, and we came out all right. When we reached the long bridge across the outlet, we found a large share of it had fallen flat upon the water, and there were rods of water between the far end of it and the dry land. I met a man on the bridge who said he had poled himself from the shore to the bridge on a flat stick of timber. I took his pole and stick of timber and was soon on terra firma. That evening a goodly number were present, and we had a good meeting, and I was happy to be able to fill my appointment, and speak an encouraging word to God's children. After a few days I was joined by Brother Ells, and we went on to Milford. The distance was about thirty miles over a vast rolling prairie. About midway between Tenhassen and Milford lived a Brother Crumb. We invariably stopped there, going and coming, for rest and refreshments. So his place was appropriately termed Crumb Station. At Estherville we found the bridge across the Des Moines River carried away, and we crossed in a small boat. There was a great hole in the mill. The water had thrust a great cake of ice clear through it. The place looked desolate enough. In the new earth there will be no such scenes of destruction. May the happy change soon come! We held a series of meetings with the Milford church, encouraged them what we could in the way of holiness unto the Lord, had a baptism in lake Okebojee, and started on foot for Ten-



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REACHING AN APPOINTMENT UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

hassen. Thus, in weariness and painfulness, was the cause built up in those early days.

The following summer Elder Ells and myself held tent meetings in St. Peter. The interest was not great; but some embraced the present truth, and were baptized. One hot, sultry day, as I was preparing to write letters, a couple of men entered the tent. I invited them to be seated, and entered into conversation, as follows: "Do you live in this vicinity?" "No, sir; we live more than fifteen hundred miles from here," "Oh, you are from the East, I presume?" "No, sir; we are from the West—from Utah. We are Mormon elders." "Is that so? I never saw a Mormon elder before. Do you believe in a plurality of wives?" "Yes, sir; we do." "Why do you believe such nonsense as that?" "That is not nonsense; that is Bible. Abraham was a good man, and he had more than one wife." "You went a long way back for an example. While you were going so far back, why did you not go back to the beginning—to Adam? God made one man, and made just one wife for him. God knew what was best for man. If two or more wives had been for his highest good, God would not have withheld them from him. One man and one woman was God's ideal of marriage, and any deviation from the perfect pattern, whether by Abraham, or Mormons, or anybody else, is a perversion of the marriage institution." "Well, I say to you, sir, we are commanded in the New Testament to have more than one wife." "You astonish me. I supposed I had read every word in the New Testament several times, but I never read anything like that." "We are told in the New Testament that we should do the works of Abraham, and he had more than one wife, so, if we do the works of Abraham, we will also have more than one wife. If we don't, we will not do the works Abraham did." "Well, let us see how that would work: Abraham married Sarah; so, to do as Abraham did, we will have to marry Sarah, too. Afterward we must marry Hagar, Sarah's maid; then trouble comes into the family; in fact, domestic infelicity reaches such a height that we will be compelled to give Hagar a loaf of bread and a bottle of water, and send her and her son away into the wilderness. So we would only have one wife at last. You see, gentlemen, you have referred to a very poor example for a plurality of wives." I

wonder if Mormons do not often feel like Abraham, very sorry they were foolish enough to enter upon a course fraught with so much domestic unhappiness. They thought we ought to let them have our tent in which to preach Mormonism; but, of course, we could not do so. I was informed that these same elders went into a house in town, and told the lady that they were Latter-day Saints, and they were made welcome; but in the course of a few minutes it was discovered that they were also called Mormons, whereupon the good wife seized the broom, and drove them from the house, declaring that saints are all right, but that she had no use for Mormons. Poor fellows! Going up and down in the earth to build up error and falsehood, supposing they are doing God service. They endure cold, hunger, and ridicule cheerfully, believing they will be rewarded in the kingdom of God.

There are, no doubt, rogues and deceivers among them, though many of them are sincere men; but, alas, sincerity does not remove their ignorance and superstition. O, the power of Satan, that holds men in such utter darkness when the true light shines all around them! How thankful we ought to be for the light.

“ Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny? ”

I worked in harvest that year for Brother Wm. Pettis, of Kasota. It was hard work for me, but I stood it pretty well. The next fall I held meetings in the Herrick schoolhouse, in northwestern Iowa. At first we had a very small attendance. Those who did attend reported excellent meetings, and soon we had a houseful.

THE LORD BLESSED THE WORK

to the salvation of some, who embraced the precious truths for the days in which we live. The winter was quite open, and there was much foggy weather. Sometimes the fog was so dense you could not see a rod before you.

Mr. Murray's family were much interested in the meetings. The gentleman was often away from home, and then it was

quite difficult for his wife and children to get to meeting, and I used to either send some one with a team for them or go myself. One evening I had Brother Herrick's team, taking them home from meeting, and the fog was so dense that we lost our way on the prairie. I felt very uneasy at the prospect of staying all night on the prairie with the mother and five children, none of whom were any too warmly clad. The larger children and I stretched out in every direction from the wagon in hopes of finding some waymark by which to determine our whereabouts. At last we ran on to an old straw-stack. The children said, "We know where we are now; this road that runs by the stack leads right up to our house." And so it proved. It was a great relief to me to see them all safe at home.

A CHAPTER OF DISASTERS.

The next spring we had baptism a mile or two from the schoolhouse where the meetings were held. A nice company of young people were baptized. How my heart swelled with gratitude to God, who had turned their young hearts from the ways of sin to love God and keep His commandments! After baptism I was going to take Sister Murray and her children home in my buggy. After they were all in the buggy there was very little room for me, so I said that Ralph, the oldest child, might drive the horses, and I would ride with some one else.

Sister Murray thought her boy could drive all right, and so they started a little in advance of the rest. All at once there was a cry raised, "Whose team is that running away?" I looked up, and lo, there was my team running, with the buggy turned upside down, with nothing left of the box but the bottom.

With fear and trembling I ran up to where the family were dumped out upon the ground in a heap. Sister Murray's shoulder was dislocated, and was very painful. One little girl's nose was bleeding profusely. As she wept, she wiped her face with her hands, the blood from her nose fell on her hands, and she was covered with blood—face, hands, everywhere. I thought she must be badly hurt, but not a scratch could be found upon her. Poor Sister Murray suffered severely.

A while after this, in my journeyings I came to Brother Quinn's, with a span of colts. One I was driving and the other was tied behind the buggy. I was going to Eagle Lake, where Sister Quinn's daughter Ella lived, and she wanted to make her a visit, and asked if she might ride with me. Of course she could, and we started. We had an immense hill to go down, and when we got to it, Sister Quinn, who was quite nervous, wanted to get out, and walk down; but I encouraged her to remain in the buggy. Sure enough, the colt got to going faster and faster in spite of all I could do to hold him, until we were winding around the bluff at a rapid rate. Sister Quinn wished she had walked down the hill, and so did I. She kept saying, "Why didn't you let me walk, Brother Hill?" and I wished I had. A huge tree lay some distance from the road, straight down the bluff. I knew the horse could not possibly get over it, so turned him straight for it. When he got there he had to stop, and Sister Quinn was glad, and so was I.

But our troubles did not end here. After we reached the foot of the hill, the colt tied behind began to pull back. One horse pulling forward and the other pulling backward made sad work of it; as a husband and wife do when they pull different ways. To remedy this difficulty, I tied the offending colt to the shaft beside the other one, and we went along very well until the naughty colt made a great jump to one side, and broke the shafts all to pieces. It took some time and a little money to rig up again; but patience and perseverance overcome all obstacles, and we eventually arrived at our destination in safety. In our journey to the better land we often meet with difficulties in the way, but with the help of God every obstacle may be surmounted, and the weary pilgrim find sweet rest in heaven at last.

The summer of 1882 I did not hold any tent meetings in new fields, being occupied in building up the work among the churches. In the autumn we held a general meeting at Eagle Lake, at which Sister Plum requested that a course of meetings be held at Good Thunder, a town situated about thirteen miles south of Mankato, on the Wells & Mankato branch of the C. & M. R. R. It was decided I should go and see what could be done. It was a German town, with comparatively

few American people in it. It was a great place for drinking beer. The Catholics and Lutherans would flock to church on Sunday morning; and after meeting, the sisters would sell their butter and eggs at the stores, while the brethren would regale themselves with beer and tobacco in the saloons, not having the remotest idea that they were not the best of Christians, fully believing that St. Peter would immediately swing wide open the pearly gate, and give them a royal welcome into the shining city as soon as they should shuffle off this mortal coil, and leave this mundane sphere. To intimate to them that their religion was not the genuine article, was to incur their hot displeasure at once. Some said, "If Brother Hill goes there, they will ride him out of town on a rail." "Very well, I will have a ride then, for I am going." The Baptist place of worship was secured in which to hold meetings, and we began one Sunday evening in November, 1882. I drove a good many miles through the cold, and arrived rather late. The house was filled, and the Lord gave freedom in preaching His word. After meeting, the Baptist brethren gathered around me, and expressed themselves highly gratified with the service, and said, "Brother Hill, as long as you preach Bible, we will stand by you." "Very well, then you will stand by me always, for I don't know how to preach anything else but Bible."

The meetings increased in interest continually until the sound of them went out into the country for miles around. People said no such meetings were ever held in Good Thunder before.

A Mrs. Graf, wife of the hardware merchant, became much interested in the meetings, but her husband did not seem inclined to attend. He excused himself by saying, "I must attend to business." But the wife prevailed upon him to go to meeting—who knows the power of a good wife—and he also became interested, and finally gave his heart to God, and is to-day (1892) proclaiming the closing message of salvation to the world.

While explaining the prophecies and the signs of the times, the interest was intense. Saint and sinner, believer and unbeliever, were full of the themes preached on in the meetings. In the post office, stores, shops, and on the street corners, the meetings were the subject of conversation and discussion.

When we reached the Sabbath question, the interest deepened. As the truth was presented on that subject, many were enabled to see that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, and a goodly number began its observance. Perhaps a sermon or two on the Sabbath question will be of interest to the reader, showing how people were led to forsake the traditions and institutions of men to keep the commandments of the Lord.

“MY FRIENDS: This evening we have come together to consider the Sabbath question. There are two days before the people, claiming to be the Sabbath of the Lord. They cannot both be genuine, for God does not require two holy Sabbaths in every week. One must be genuine, the other counterfeit. Which is genuine? which is counterfeit? Is it hard to tell? The seventh-day Sabbath came from God. ‘See, for the Lord hath given you the Sabbath.’ Ex. 16:29. Did a counterfeit or a fraud come from God?—Hardly. God rested on the seventh day; God blessed and sanctified it. Gen. 2:1-3. Not only so, but God proclaimed with His own voice, ‘The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.’ He did more. The Divine Being wrote with His own finger on the table of stone, ‘The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.’ Thus the seventh-day Sabbath bears upon it the blessing, sanctification, and superscription of Almighty God. You would be ashamed to ask for more proof of its genuineness.

“What about Sunday, the first day of the week? ‘Sunday, so called, because anciently it was dedicated to the sun, or its worship.’—*Webster*. The heathen worshiped a counterfeit god (the sun) on a counterfeit day (Sunday), while God’s people worshiped the true God on His true, holy Sabbath. Thus it is certain that anciently Sunday was a counterfeit institution, and the seventh day was the only genuine Lord’s day. Now you say the Lord has changed all this; what was once the genuine has become the counterfeit, and what was once the counterfeit has become the true Lord’s day. We all agree that at one time it was pleasing to God to keep the seventh day and displeasing to Him to keep Sunday, because it was a heathen festival instituted in honor of a false god. But now you say it is displeasing to God to keep the seventh day, and

that it is His will and pleasure that we keep Sunday holy; that is to say, what God formerly blessed He condemns now, and what He formerly condemned He blesses now. I cannot believe such a thing possible. It doesn't look just right, does it? But how did this great change come about? Did God rest on Sunday?—No one claims that He did. Did He transfer His blessing and sanctification from the seventh day to Sunday?—Not that anybody knows of. Did God ever command any one to keep it holy?—Such a commandment has never yet been found; it does not exist. Did He ever call it the Sabbath?—Never. Did he ever apply any sacred title to it whatever? Every intelligent man and woman in this audience will say, 'No, He never did.' Then do you not think Sunday sacredness rather doubtful? Or do you still think we must observe Sunday sacredly or be eternally lost? I think if Sunday had become the Lord's day, He would have told us so in His holy Word. Don't you?

"Perhaps you still hold that Sunday is the Christian Sabbath and the seventh day is the old Jewish Sabbath.

"Did you ever find the term 'Christian Sabbath' in the Bible?—Of course not. It is a fraudulent term, invented to apply to a fraudulent institution. But why call the seventh day the old Jewish Sabbath? Christ said it was made for man. Mark 2:27. M-a-n does not spell J-e-w. Since the Sabbath was made for man, and we are men, therefore the Sabbath was made for us. The only escape from this conclusion is to maintain that the Jews are the only men that ever did or ever will exist. For my part I am not prepared to admit that.

"Again, the Sabbath was made at creation. It took three things to make the Sabbath. First, God rested on the seventh day; then it was God's rest day. Secondly, God blessed the seventh day; then it was God's blessed rest day. Thirdly, God sanctified it; thus it became God's blessed, sanctified, rest or Sabbath day. Thus the Sabbath was made God's holy day in the beginning, two thousand five hundred years before there was a Jew in existence; yet people say, 'The seventh day is the old Jewish Sabbath.' My friend, are you not sincerely sorry you ever talked that way about the holy day of the Lord? The commandment itself forever overthrows the idea that the Sabbath is Jewish.

“Let us read the commandment as our friends would have it read: ‘Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the’ old Jewish Sabbath. It doesn’t read that way, does it? It does read, ‘The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.’ Then the Sabbath belongs to God, and not to the Jews. We won’t call it the old Jewish Sabbath any more, will we? It is a perversion of the truth. It is wrong and wicked to do so.

“In Isaiah 58:13 we read, ‘If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and shalt call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shall honor Him,’ etc. Here we are told to call the Sabbath a delight. Some of you say your minister called the Sabbath a yoke of bondage. Well, your minister calls the Sabbath bondage, and the Lord calls it a delight; which do you think tells the truth about it, the Lord or your minister? and which will you mind, the minister or the Lord your God? We are not only to call the Sabbath a delight, but the holy of the Lord, honorable. Did you call it the old Jewish Sabbath to honor it, or to dishonor it? No doubt you thought to cast odium upon it; but that is directly opposite to what God’s Spirit tells us to do. Since God’s Spirit directs us to call the Sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord, honorable, are we led by the Lord’s Spirit if we call it Jewish, bondage, etc., and do what we can to make the Sabbath base and contemptible in the sight of men? ‘As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.’ Rom. 8:14. If we are led by an opposite spirit, whose children are we? John 8:44. Isa. 58:13 not only tells us to call the Sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord, honorable, but that by so doing we shall honor God. So we see God’s honor is involved in this matter. My fellow Christians, you revere God; His honor is sacred in your eyes. But God plainly teaches in His Word that when we honor the Sabbath, we honor Him. Then it follows that if we dishonor the Sabbath, we dishonor God. This is a serious matter, and we will be careful not to speak slightly of the Sabbath any more. We will no longer stigmatize it as the old Jewish Sabbath, but call it the Lord’s holy, honorable day, as He has plainly taught us to do in His holy Word.

“ ‘Yes, but,’ I hear some friend say, ‘that was all right in Old Testament times; but now we live in New Testament times, and have a new Sabbath, the first day of the week.’ Well, my friends, I have a proposition to make to you this evening. If the New Testament teaches that the first day of the week is the Sabbath, I will keep it with you. On the other hand, if the New Testament teaches that the seventh day is the Sabbath, you will keep it with me and we will have no division in this community on the Sabbath question. Now, mind you, we are to settle it by the New Testament. I take you to be good, honest people; and you will in nowise dodge what the New Testament says on this important subject. We will first read Matt. 28: 1: ‘In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week,’ etc. From this it is clear to every one that the Sabbath comes just before the first day of the week. Mark bears the same testimony: ‘And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Salome, had bought sweet spices that they might come and anoint Him. And very early in the morning the first day of the week they came unto the sepulcher at the rising of the sun.’ Mark 16: 1, 2. No one can doubt that Mark calls the seventh day the Sabbath; for he says the Sabbath was past when the first day began. Thus Matthew and Mark testify to the same fact. Although the holy women arose very early in the morning on the first day of the week, they did not rise early enough to find the Sabbath; because it was past. Then when you and I arise very early in the morning on the first day of the week, where is the Sabbath? It is not there; it is past. My friends, we cannot rise early enough in the morning on the first day of the week to find the Sabbath, according to the New Testament. Remember that. Then if we call the first day of the week the Sabbath, do we tell the truth? I would not like to be found perverting New Testament truth in regard to the Sabbath, would you?

“We will now read Luke 23: 56, ‘And they [the holy women] returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment.’ Here it is expressly stated that they kept the Sabbath according to the commandment. That is the way you and I want to keep it.

In fact, if we do not keep it according to the commandment, we do not keep it at all. But which day did the holy women observe as the Sabbath, the first or the seventh day? The next verse tells us, 'Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulcher, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.' Luke 24:1. You see, my friends, that the first day of the week always comes along just after the Sabbath is past. It is always one day too late to be the Sabbath according to the New Testament. Again I ask, Does the Sabbath come just before the first day of the week, according to the New Testament? In the light of the testimony of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, which I have just read, you must answer, Yes. But what day comes always just before the first day of the week? You answer, The seventh day, of course. Then what day should you and I observe as the Sabbath according to the New Testament? You must, in conscience, answer, The seventh day. Now we will all keep it, won't we?

One point more. The holy women kept the Sabbath according to the commandment by keeping the last or seventh day of the week. It follows that when we keep the seventh day, we keep the Sabbath according to the commandment. Now, my Sunday-keeping friend, let me ask you kindly, If we keep the Sabbath according to the commandment by keeping the seventh day, do you not go contrary to the commandment when you keep Sunday? Before we close to-night, I wish to say to you, there is not the slightest shadow of evidence for Sunday keeping in the Bible. The first day of the week is only mentioned eight times in the New Testament. Now, to-morrow please take your Bibles and concordances, and look up every place where it is mentioned, and if you can find where it is once called the Sabbath, or Lord's day, or a single instance in which Christ or an apostle observed it as such, I will observe it also. You will search the Scriptures to find the truth on this important question. I would suggest that you get your ministers to help you, and to-morrow evening you shall have opportunity to present your Scripture proof for Sunday sacredness. To-morrow evening the subject will be, 'Who Changed the Sabbath?' "

“MY FRIENDS: In the good providence of God we are permitted to assemble here once more to investigate a portion of His Word. The subject before us is, ‘Who Changed the Sabbath?’ But before going farther I will inquire, How many have found where the first day is called the Sabbath or Lord’s day in the New Testament, or where Christ or the apostles observed it as such in a single instance, or any Bible proof for it whatever? All such please hold up your hands. Not a hand raised! Not one of you, with the aid of your ministers, could find a particle of Bible proof for Sunday keeping? Well, it is hard to find proof where there is none. Of course if there were any Bible proof for Sunday sacredness, you Christians, who have listened to preaching, attended Sunday school, and studied your Bibles all your lives, could certainly find it. So we all settle down on this one fact, there is no Bible proof for Sunday sacredness. Upon this point we all agree. We will now show who did not change the Sabbath.

“God says, ‘My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.’ Ps. 89:34. You may say this does not especially refer to the Sabbath. Perhaps not, but at least it states the truth that God will not alter the thing that is gone out of His lips. Did the Sabbath come out of His lips?—Yes. Will he alter it—No, for He says, ‘I will not alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.’ Christ did not change the Sabbath. He says, ‘Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill; for verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled.’ (‘Till all things are accomplished.’—*Sawyer*. ‘Till all things are ended.’—*Norton*. ‘Till all things are accomplished.’—*Revised Version*, Matt. 5:17-19.) Have heaven and earth passed away?—No. Have all things been accomplished?—No. Then has one word or letter passed away from the Sabbath commandment? You must, in all candor, answer, No. Christ taught His disciples to pray that their flight from Jerusalem, nearly forty years after His resurrection, might not be on the Sabbath day (Matt. 24:20), which does not look like abolishing or changing the Sabbath, does it?

“At first all the Christians were Jews, and they were all zealous of the law. Acts 21:20. If they were zealous of the

law, they were zealous of the Sabbath also. The first Gentile convert to the Christian faith was Cornelius, A. D. 41. Acts 10: 1-48. Be it known unto all people that until the year of our Lord 41 the many thousands of Christians were all zealous Sabbath keepers, and there was not a Sunday-keeping Christian in the whole world. The apostles were Jews, and every believer and every preacher of the gospel were all Jews for years after the resurrection. Were they all zealous of the law?—Yes. Were they all zealous observers of the seventh day?—Yes. Did one of them observe Sunday?—Not one. It is not reasonable to suppose that they observed two Sabbaths every week.

THE APOSTLES OBSERVED THE SABBATH,

and held religious meetings on that day. They met with the Jews in the synagogue on the Sabbath. Acts 13: 14. They met with the Gentiles on that day. Acts 13: 42-44. They met by the riverside. Acts 16: 13. It was the only Sabbath known to the apostles: 'For Moses of old time hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day.' Acts 15: 21. All agree that every Sabbath in which Moses was read in the synagogue was the seventh-day Sabbath. If the seventh day was every Sabbath, where could the first-day Sabbath be?—It simply could not be at all. The apostle James had no knowledge of any other weekly Sabbath than the seventh-day Sabbath. Again: 'And he [Paul] reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded both the Jews and the Greeks [Gentiles].' Acts 18: 4. Did he reason in the synagogue on the Sunday-Sabbath?—No: but he reasoned every Sabbath. Where then was the Sunday-Sabbath?—It was not born yet. Paul worked on Sunday: 'And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought: for by their occupation they were tentmakers. And he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.' Acts 18: 3, 4. What did Paul do on every Sabbath?—He reasoned in the synagogue. What did he do on other days of the week?—Worked at tentmaking. Then what did he do on Sunday? The conclusion is irresistible that Paul worked at tentmaking on Sunday. Sunday sacredness came into the church later

than Paul's day. Dr. Smith in his Bible Dictionary, article 'Sabbath,' says that the Lord's day gradually took the place of the Jewish Sabbath. Yes, it was a gradual process, this bringing Sunday observance into the Christian church, the same as all other errors were brought in.

"'People's Encyclopedia,' page 1597, says: 'There has been no period, since the time of Christ, when there were no Sabbath-keeping Christians in the church. There is no positive evidence of any form of Sunday observance by Christians previous to the middle of the second century.'

"*The Christian at Work* says: 'The selection of Sunday, thus changing the particular day designated in the fourth commandment, was brought about by the gradual concurrence of the early Christian church; and on this basis, and no other, does the Christian Sabbath, the first day of the week, rightly rest. The exact date of the substitution of the first day for the proper observance is not known.'—'*People's Encyclopedia*,' page 519.

"Thomas Scott, on Acts 20:7, says: 'The change from the seventh to the first day of the week seems to have been gradually and silently introduced by example, rather than by express precept.'

"'Chamber's Encyclopedia,' page 85, third edition, 1881, gives the following: 'At what date the Sunday, or the first day of the week, began to be generally used by Christians as a stated time for religious meetings, we have no definite information, either in the New Testament, or in the writings of the Fathers of the church.'

"Sir William Domville says: 'Centuries of the Christian era passed away before the Sunday was observed by the Christian church as a Sabbath Examination of the six texts.'

"Much more might be given to the same import, but it is not necessary. We have found that God did not change the Sabbath; that Christ did not change it, and that the apostles had no such mission or intention; that the change was gradual, and was not affected until hundreds of years after Christ.

"Who then did change the Sabbath?

"In Dan. 8:12, we read of a power that should cast down the truth to the ground. It is generally conceded that the Roman power is here referred to. Has Rome cast down

the truth to the ground?—Yes. She has perverted the truth in regard to heaven and hell, and the forgiveness of sin. She has perverted the Lord's supper into an idolatrous feast, teaching that the priest has power to make a dozen or more gods, and carry them around in his breeches pocket. We all know that there is not a truth in the Christian religion that Rome has not grossly perverted, and cast down to the ground, unless it be the Sabbath truth. Do you think the Sabbath escaped his hand, while all other truth fell under it? I think Rome has taken a turn at the Sabbath truth as well as the rest. In Dan. 7:25 we have a prophecy that relates to the papacy: 'And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and shall think to change times and laws: and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time.'

"Has the papacy spoken great words against the Most High?—Yes. The pope arrogates to himself the attributes of Deity. He calls himself Lord God, the pope. He says: 'I am like the Most High, infallible; I cannot err,' and many other such like things. Has the papacy worn out the saints of the Most High?—Yes; countless millions of the saints of God have gone down to the chambers of death under its cruel power. And he should 'think to change times and laws' of the Most High. Do you think he has fulfilled this part of the prophecy? We will let him speak for himself. On the change of the fourth commandment.

"*Ques.*—By whom was it changed? *Ans.*—By the governors of the church.—"*Abridgment of Christian Doctrine.*"

"*Ques.*—What warrant have you for keeping the Sunday preferably to the ancient Sabbath, which was the Saturday? *Ans.*—We have for it the authority of the Catholic Church and apostolic tradition.—'*Catholic Christian Instructed.*' They have not only changed the Sabbath into Sunday, but boast of it as an evidence of their great power.

"*Ques.*—How prove you that the church hath power to command feasts and holy days? *Ans.*—By the very act of changing Sabbath into Sunday.—'*Abridgment of Christian Doctrine.*'

WHY BRING SUNDAY KEEPING

into the church?—For the same reason image worship and other heathen notions were brought in. After Constantine professed Christianity, multitudes of heathen rushed into the church who knew nothing of Christianity beyond the name, and brought their heathen practices with them, among which was Sunday keeping. At first it was not kept very well. The first Sunday law extant was made by Constantine, A. D. 321, which allowed farmers full liberty to carry on their work on that day; but the Catholic Church took it up, and christened it Lord's day, and in its councils enjoined its strict observance. In the council of Laodicea, A. D. 364, Sunday was not only enjoined, but a curse was pronounced upon those who kept the seventh day. Thus the Catholic Church gradually substituted Sunday, that wild solar holiday of all pagan times, for the Sabbath of the Lord. Catholicism is only a mixture of heathenism and Christianity, and it is the most natural thing in the world that they should mix Sunday, the old heathen festival, in with the rest, and they did.

“We have shown that the Sunday institution had its origin among the heathen, and was brought into the Catholic Church by the multitudes of heathen who flocked into it at the conversion of Constantine; that it was blessed, sanctified, and commanded by emperors, councils, popes, and earthly princes and potentates, resting entirely upon the commandments of men, without a ‘Thus saith the Lord’ for its support; and in conclusion I will briefly show that the seventh day, the only weekly Sabbath or sacred day known to the Bible, will be restored, and kept by the true people of God just before the coming of Christ.

“It is said of them, ‘Here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.’ Rev. 14:12. The next event is the coming of the Son of man on the white cloud. Verse 14. To keep the commandments of God means to keep them all, every one of them; for James says, ‘For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.’ James 2:10. Is not the Sabbath a point in the law?—Yes. Then if we violate God's holy Sabbath, can we be called commandment keepers?—No, not

by any means. It follows that when God says, just before the coming of Christ, 'Here are they that keep the commandments of God,' He refers to a class of people who keep the Sabbath. How do they become Sabbath keepers?—Because of a reform on the Sabbath just prior to the second advent. Isa. 56: 1, 2 reads: 'Thus saith the Lord, keep ye justice and do judgment; for my salvation is near to come, and my righteousness to be revealed. Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and that keepeth his hand from doing any evil.' When is this to be done?—'For my salvation is near to come, and my righteousness to be revealed.' Peter says: 'Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.' 1 Peter 1: 5. It is certain the salvation will be revealed in the last time. But when that salvation is near to come, we are to lay hold of the Sabbath. We do not have hold of the Sabbath, or the Lord would not tell us to lay hold of it. It would be folly to tell me to lay hold of the Sabbath if I already had hold of it. You have hold of a counterfeit Sabbath, blessed, sanctified, and commanded of men, while God's holy Sabbath day you have disregarded and set at naught. Now He calls upon you to forsake the pagan, papal Sunday, and accept and lay hold of God's true, holy Sabbath day. He says, 'Blessed is the man that doeth this.'

"That means you, and me, and everybody. 'Blessed is the son of man that layeth hold upon it.' You are sons of men, are you not?—Yes. Then God sends this message to you—to lay hold of and keep the Sabbath; and He says He will bless you in so doing. When?—'For my salvation is near to come, and my righteousness to be revealed;' and Peter tells us the salvation will be revealed in the last time. My friends, this plain message comes to you to-night. What will you do with it? I hope you will accept it, and receive the promised blessing.

"Eze. 13: 4, 5 reads: 'O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts. Ye have not gone up into the gaps, neither made up the hedge for the house of Israel to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord.' In this scripture is brought to view the battle in the day of the Lord. Peter

says: 'The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night: in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise,' etc. 2 Peter 3:3-10. In that day there will be a great battle. 'And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.' Rev. 16:13, 14.

"It will be the greatest battle the world has even seen. It will be the last great conflict, when Gog and Magog will come up to the great battle of Armageddon, and all the nations, kings, and kingdoms of the whole world will be involved. In that time of awful peril the Lord's people will be protected by the power of God, the same as Noah was protected in the time of the flood, and the same as the Israelites were protected when the firstborn of Egypt were destroyed. But in order thus to stand, the hedge must be made up, the gap or breach in the hedge must be repaired. What is the hedge or protection for God's people in the time of trouble? We believe it is the law of God. If we keep God's commandments, He will keep us. If we despise His commandments, and defy His authority, we cannot expect the divine protection. The time of trouble is brought to view in the ninety-first psalm: 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.' Ps. 91:5-8. Thus we see God's people will stand secure, while the wicked fall by the ten thousand on every side. What will be their shield or protection? We read in the fourth verse, 'His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.' O yes; God's truth will be our hedge or protection in that day. What is emphatically God's truth? 'Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter in.' Isa. 26:2. 'Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city.'

Rev. 22:14. As they who keep the truth enter in, and those who keep the commandments enter in, we conclude that the commandments and the truth are the same. To this agree the words of the psalmist: 'Thou art near, O Lord, and all thy commandments are truth.' Ps. 119:151. Again, 'Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is the truth.' Ps. 119:142. Now, put these together. 'His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.' 'All thy commandments are truth.' 'Thy law is the truth.' Or, put it this way, 'His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thy law is the truth;' therefore, thy law shall be our shield, hedge, or defense in the time of trouble. What is the gap in the law that should be made up or repaired by the prophets (religious teachers)? We believe it is in the fourth commandment. First, All religious teachers agree that the nine commandments are all right, and should be observed as they were spoken by the voice of God. Not so with the fourth. They think it has been changed in some way, or abolished, or something, so that it is no longer necessary to keep the seventh day specified in the commandment. Second, In Eze. 22:30 we find the same work of making up the hedge brought to view: 'And I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it; but I found none.' The twenty-sixth verse of the same chapter shows exactly where the gap is: 'Her priests have violated my law, and have profaned mine holy things: they have put no difference between the holy and the profane, neither have they showed difference between the unclean and the clean, and have hid their eyes from my Sabbaths, and I am profaned among them.' Yes, there it is. 'They have hid their eyes from my Sabbaths.' Yes, the Sabbath command is as plain and emphatic as the other nine, but somehow the prophets (religious teachers) don't see it. In order for the house of Israel (God's people) to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord, this gap, or breach, in the law must be repaired. How can this be done? Take an example or two. 'Therefore He said that He would destroy them, had not Moses, His chosen, stood before Him in the breach to turn away His wrath, lest He should destroy them.' Ps. 106:23. How had the Israelites made a breach in God's law? The 19th

verse reads: 'They made a calf in Horeb, and worshiped the molten image.' They had broken the command, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image,' etc., and God was about to destroy them; but Moses stood in the breach. How did he do that? He showed the people the greatness of their sin, and caused them to turn from it. Ex. 32:30-35. One more instance: The Israelites could not stand in battle before the men of Ai. Why not?—Achan had made a breach in God's law. How?—He had stolen, and dissembled also, and they could not stand in the battle until that breach was made up. Then they could stand in battle, and triumph over their foes. Joshua, chapter 7. God would be with them, and protect them in battle, if they would sincerely obey His commandments; otherwise, not. Even so in the last days God will keep His obedient children from every danger; while of the disobedient it is said, 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee; only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked.' How important that the people be shown the sin of trampling upon the fourth precept of God's law, and of observing a man-made institution in its stead, and thus be led to repair the breach, or make up the gap in God's law.

"But that is just what the religious teachers refuse to do, and make all kinds of excuses instead. I will read some more in connection with what I have already read: 'O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts. Ye have not gone up into the gaps, neither made up the hedge for the house of Israel to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord. They have seen vanity and lying divination, saying. The Lord saith: and the Lord hath not sent them: and they have made others to hope that they would confirm the word.' Yes, my friends, when a religious teacher says the Lord commands or requires us to keep the first day of the week holy, he sees a lying divination, for the Lord has never spoken any such thing. 'And they have made others to hope that they would confirm the word.' How often when the truth on the Sabbath question is presented to the people, they look to their minister in the hope that he will confirm the word that Sunday is the Sabbath. Vain hope, for no such word can be found in the oracles of God. I will now read from the tenth verse: 'Be-

cause, even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace; and there was no peace; and one built up a wall, and lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar.' They strive to hide the gap in God's law by building up a wall before it. The first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath, is the wall; but it will not fit the gap. Let us see: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the first day is the Christian Sabbath. In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the first day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Christian Sabbath, and hallowed it, because Christ arose from the dead on that day.' Of course we all see that the Sunday-first-day-Christian Sabbath won't fit the commandment at all. It is only a wall built up to hide the breach from the people. One built it up (the Catholic Church), and another (Protestants) daubed it. The wall is daubed with mortar to make it stand. The mortar is untempered, because there is no truth in it. Let us look at some of the daubing. One says, 'Redemption is greater than creation, therefore we must keep Sunday in commemoration of redemption.' This, my friend, is a little premature; for redemption is not yet completed, and will not be until God's people are made immortal, and obtain their everlasting inheritance in the kingdom of God. Christ said, 'When these things begin to come to pass [signs of His second coming], then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.' Luke 21:28. This, friend, is not only premature, but did God say we should observe Sunday in commemoration of redemption?—No. Did God require it at his hand?—No. Did God tell him redemption was greater than creation?—No. Does he know that it is?—No. Does any man on earth know that redemption is greater than creation?—No. Then the whole thing is a mess of untempered mortar. But here comes another: 'It doesn't make any difference which day we keep, if we only keep one day in seven; only be sure to let that one day in seven be Sunday, as it is very desirable that all should keep the same day; for if every one should be permitted to keep just which day in seven

that would suit his notion or convenience, it would bring confusion, and destroy the Sabbath institution altogether. Therefore we must have a civil law compelling all men to keep holy the first day of the week; for the Sabbath was changed from the seventh to the first day of the week at the resurrection of Christ, and therefore it is a great sin not to keep Sunday holy.' Some more untempered mortar; it doesn't hang together very well.

"Another says, 'Stand aside, I have a load of mortar I wish to daub on the Sunday-Sabbath-Lord's-day wall. The world is round, and everybody knows it is impossible to keep the seventh-day Sabbath on a round world; so now we keep the first-day Sabbath instead of the seventh day.' Yes, we perceive. But, my friend, how can you keep the first day so nicely on a round world, and not the seventh day? Does the world flatten out every Sunday, or what is the matter, anyway? But here comes another: 'The seventh day was lost somehow in the Dark Ages or some other place, and we can't tell which is the seventh day; therefore we keep the first day in honor of the resurrection of Christ.' Then you know which is the first day, do you? 'Oh, yes, there is no doubt about that; for the first day has been kept as the Christian Sabbath ever since the resurrection of Christ.' The first day of the week has been kept, and the seventh day lost. That is marvelous. You know well when the first day comes, but cannot determine which is the seventh day! You remind me of the man and his oxen. He said he never could tell the off ox from the near one; but he could tell which was the near one the darkest night that ever was. Well, my friend, you have made your little speech on this question, and now you are permitted to take your seat.

"Ah, here comes Dr. No Law. Let us hear him. 'Well, gentlemen, I am in favor of Sunday sacredness; but I must say I disagree with the learned gentlemen who have preceded me. To my mind it is folly to hold that one day in seven and no day in particular is required by the commandment, when it expressly says, "The seventh day is the Sabbath, in it thou shalt not do any work." Also it is folly to teach that a particular day cannot be kept on a round world, and still insist that the first day of the week should be kept holy;

but of all foolish things, the most foolish is to teach that the seventh day is lost, and still claim that we keep the first day in honor of the resurrection of Christ; for any dunce ought to know that if we can determine the first day we can also the seventh. All such teaching is certainly untempered mortar; but I have a theory that I think is just right: the ten commandments were a yoke of bondage, and were all abolished, Sabbath and all. Now, gentlemen, you see we have the Old Jewish Sabbath abolished, and taken out of the way; and as everybody knows that we cannot get along without a weekly day of rest and religious worship, it is very easy for us to build up the Sunday institution, and call it the Lord's day.'

"Well, Dr. No Law, do you think the ten commandments are a yoke of bondage which you are not able to endure? 'Yes, sir.' Well, Doctor, will you please tell us which of the ten commandments is a yoke of bondage to you? Is it this one, 'Thou shalt not steal?' It might be burdensome and hateful to a thief, but hardly to an honest man. Perhaps this is the commandment you cannot endure, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery?' How is it, Doctor, are you such a man that this commandment is a grievous yoke to you? Please rise, and explain. 'Well, I will tell you frankly that I believe the nine commandments are moral precepts, and are all right; but it is the fourth precept that is positive, and does all the mischief.' Oh, I see, Doctor. The ten commandments are bondage, but nine of them are compatible with Christian liberty. The ten commandments were slain, but nine of them live right along; in fact, are moral precepts, and can never die. I see it is the commandment that says, 'The seventh day is the Sabbath,' that is such grievous bondage to you. But, Doctor, that is the very one the Lord tells you to call a delight. Isa. 58:13. Since the Lord says, 'Call the Sabbath a delight,' and you call it bondage, you find yourself in opposition to God. Come over, Doctor, on to the Lord's side, and then you will say with the psalmist, 'All his commandments are sure. They stand fast forever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.' Ps. 111:7, 8. You will say with Christ, 'And it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one tittle of the law to fail.' Luke 16:17.

You had better do the easier things first — extinguish sun and moon and all the shining orbs of night; in short, strike the heavens out of existence, and then it will be time enough for you to work at the divine law of God, which is as immutable as His eternal throne. When you are converted, and get rid of the carnal mind (Rom. 8:7), you will delight in the law of God after the inward man, as Paul did. Rom. 7:22. You will say with David, 'The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: . . . more to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold.' Ps. 19:8, 10. O Doctor, your untempered mortar is the worst of all. Thus the prophets (religious teachers) are like the foxes in the deserts (dodge from point to point). They have not gone up into the gaps, nor made up the hedge for the house of Israel to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord. The day of the Lord comes on apace, and some are making up the hedge. Will you join in the work, or will you make frivolous excuses, and continue to trample upon the holy commandment delivered unto you?

"This Sabbath reform is brought to view in Rev. 7:3, where the angel says: 'Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads.' Why should not the hurting immediately begin?—Because the servants of God are not sealed. Why seal the servants of God first?—Evidently that they might be preserved from the hurting when it does begin. The seal of God is found in His law. In proof I will read Isa. 8:16: 'Bind up the testimony, seal the law among my disciples.' In Rev. 7:3 the angel says, 'Seal the servants of our God.' The prophet says, 'Seal the law among my disciples.' When?—'I will wait upon the Lord that hideth His face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for Him.' Thus we see the sealing will be done when God's people are looking for the Lord. The twenty-first and twenty-second verses show that the day of wrath, when the wicked shall be driven to darkness and dimness of anguish, is at hand. What work is to be done then?—Seal the law among my disciples. Who are disciples?—Followers of Christ, or Christians. Are you disciples, my friends? You say, Yes. Then what is to be done among you just before the coming of the Lord?—Seal the

law. You are all interested now to know what the seal of the law is.

A SEAL GIVES AUTHENTICITY

to a legal document, and brings to view who the lawgiver is, the extent of his territory, and his right to rule or demand obedience. The fourth commandment is the only thing in the law of God that does this. It shows that the lawgiver is the creator of all things. It shows His territory extends throughout heaven and earth. It brings to view His right to rule over us, because He created us, and thus has the right to demand our obedience. Thus the fourth commandment performs the office of a seal to God's law. That commandment says, 'The seventh day is the Sabbath;' but God's own people do not keep it. A counterfeit Sabbath has been by deceit and fraud imposed upon them. Hence, just before the coming of the Lord, the command goes forth, 'Seal the law among my disciples.' 'Hurt not the earth nor the sea nor the trees until we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads.' That work is going on now. It has come to you. You hear the solemn warning. I sincerely hope you will be obedient to the requirement of the Great King.

"One more point is all I have time to present to-night: 'Thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.' Isa. 58:12. How shall we repair the breach? The next verse tells us: 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight,' etc. This scripture is too plain to need comment. We have had our foot on the Lord's holy Sabbath for many generations, thereby making a breach in His law. Now the Lord says to you, 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath [no longer trample it under foot], . . . and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' And so the breach or gap in the divine law will be repaired, or made up, and the

divine blessing will rest upon us. My friends, will you do so, or will you not? I hope you will heed His holy word.

“We have found that God will bless the man that will lay hold of the Sabbath when his salvation is near to come and his righteousness to be revealed, which Peter says is in the last time. We have found that just before the battle in the day of the Lord, God’s people should stand in the gaps, and make up the hedge, that they might stand in that great day. We have found that the hedge, or defense, of God’s people in that day will be His truth. His truth we found to be His law. The breach, or gap, in the law we found to be the Sabbath.

“We have found that just before the coming of the Lord we are to restore the seal of this law, which means to restore the true Sabbath. And lastly, we have found that we will repair the breach in God’s law if we turn away our foot from the Sabbath, or no longer trample it under foot; and we have only introduced a small part of the testimony on this subject, but surely this is enough. Who among us will receive and obey the truth? Will any of us think the sacrifice too great? O, think of the sacrifice heaven made for our salvation. Think of the Father giving His only begotten Son that we might be saved, because He loved us. Let us consider that the dear Saviour left the riches and glory of heaven, and took upon Himself the form of a servant, and bowed His head in death that we might be made heirs of eternal life! Look at this matter in the light of the sorrow in the garden. In the light of the purple robe and crown of thorns. Look at it in the light of the dying agony of the Son of God upon the cross; and then decide if it is too much for us to keep the Lord’s Sabbath. It is possible some friends may forsake you. It is probable your reputation and popularity will suffer. It is also possible that your business interests may suffer more or less if you keep God’s holy day, and many more things too numerous to mention; but what of it? Christ says, ‘Except a man forsake all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.’ Again Christ says, ‘If ye love me, keep my commandments.’ Do you love the name of Christ above every other name? If you do, will you hesitate to perform His clearly expressed will? I think not. ‘This is the love of God that ye keep His commandments.’” 1 John 5:3.

Of course it is impossible to put on paper the discourses as delivered personally before a large and deeply interested audience. To say the least, the interest in the meetings at Good Thunder was very great. The evening I spoke on the mark of the beast, the house was crowded. As I showed that the leopard beast of Revelation 13 was a symbol of the papacy, and that the beast with the two horns like a lamb represents the United States of America; that he is now making an image to the first or papal beast; that the mark God's people would receive is the true Sabbath, while the mark of the beast, to be received by the unbelieving world, is the counterfeit pagopapal Sabbath; and as I tried to show the awful consequences of rejecting God's institution and accepting instead the rival institution of the papacy, every individual seemed spellbound. The power of God was present in the assembly.

AFTER THE DISCOURSE

I asked all who, by the grace of God, would keep His commandments, to please arise; whereupon a goodly number arose, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Graf. The excitement was intense. After meeting was dismissed, the people were in no haste to leave the place. Every man and woman was talking in an excited manner, some standing on benches, others on the floor. It was to me a scene long to be remembered. As I stood beholding the mass of excited human beings, all at once I heard the voice of Mrs. Graf above the din, saying, "I don't understand you Christians at all. I am only a poor sinner, and you have often exhorted me to change my course of life, and I thought I ought to do it; but to-night when this man asked all who would keep God's commandments to arise, I, a poor sinner, could not keep my seat. I had to arise; but you Christians could keep your seats, as much as to say, 'We will not obey God.' I don't understand it at all." She was talking to a Mr. Dye, a young Baptist minister. He replied: "We do keep the commandments." "Do you keep the command that says the seventh day is the Sabbath?" "Yes; We work six days, and keep the seventh." Mrs Graf seemed unable to answer his sophistry, and I thought it well for me to say a word, as it was a free-for-all talk; so I said to him, "Do you keep the day of the resurrection?" He

said, "Yes, sir." "Does God call the resurrection day the seventh or first day of the week?" "He calls it the first day of the week." "Will you please tell me by what authority you call the seventh day that which God in His Word calls the first day? Now, sir, let us see if you keep the fourth commandment by keeping the first-day Sabbath. Here hangs the ten commandment chart upon the wall. Let us see if you can read your first-day Sabbath into the fourth precept and have it tell the truth." As we stood there before the law of God, the people crowded around us until some were actually climbing on to the shoulders of others.

"Now let us read: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, but the first day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, . . . for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the first day; wherefore the Lord blessed the first day, and hallowed it.' Is it true that God worked six days, and rested on the first day?—No. Is it true that God blessed the first day, and hallowed it?—No. Then is it true that the first day is the Sabbath according to the commandment?—No. Then is it true that you keep the commandment when you keep the first day?—No. Then you won't say so any more, will you? Either keep the day the commandment enjoins, or own up like a man that you do not keep it at all."

Dear reader, do not deceive yourself with the foolish notion that you can keep the commandment by keeping any day you choose. How foolish such a course will appear in the day of judgment.

That evening I went home with Mr. Getzlaff's people. They were Germans, and belonged to the United Brethren Church. Frank Coon, a young brother, went with me. We had a great talk about the truth that evening. They seemed to be very favorably impressed, although they had not as yet decided to go with us. In the morning a Mrs. Guderien came in, and asked me some questions. While we were talking, Elder Kerr, the United Brethren minister, was announced. He soon began a tirade against our people. We pressed him for some Bible evidence for Sunday keeping. He finally said he would not stay in the same house with us, and put on his arctics prepar-

atory to leaving. I said, "Brother Kerr, do not leave so abruptly," and Mr. Getzlaff said, "I have just fed your horse some oats, and you had better give him time to eat them." Before he left, I said, "Brother Kerr, you have been with us all day. You have berated our people roundly, and called us all manner of hard names, and have not given us one Bible evidence for Sunday sacredness. Do you not think it would have been more profitable to have given us a 'Thus saith the Lord' for Sunday keeping, than to spend you whole time giving our people such a scolding? These people are members of your church, and what do you suppose they will think of their minister's not being able to find a particle of scriptural evidence for Sunday sacredness in all day? They will naturally think such evidence is pretty scarce. But tell us, Elder, have you done the best you could?" He replied, "No, I have not. I keep my best thoughts for my congregation." Mrs. Getzlaff replied, "Brother Kerr, if you have any evidence for Sunday keeping, you do very wrong to withhold it, for I am just wavering whether I shall keep Sunday or the seventh day." He said, "How can I present any proof with this man here to argue it all away?" "Brother Kerr, if you have any Bible proof for Sunday keeping, I hope you will be kind enough to present it; and I promise not to say one word while you do it." Thus exhorted, he opened his Bible, and read the fourth commandment. "Ah," said Mrs. Getzlaff, "that says the seventh day. I thought you were going to show us some proof for Sunday." He began to explain about one day in seven, using some high-sounding words, when Mrs. Getzlaff said: "Brother Kerr, I don't understand your great words, but if you have some Scripture for Sunday observance, I would very much like to see it." He soon closed his Bible, and departed, never more to return.

I had an interesting experience with Brother Getzlaff and family. They would go to meeting for a while, then stop, thinking they would not go any more. As soon as I would miss them, I would visit them, and say to Brother Getzlaff: "We are to have a very interesting subject to-night, and you will be glad to hear it, I am sure." "Oh, vell; I have so many chores to do, I don't think I will go this time." "I know you have lots of stock to see to, and lots to do, and the weather is

cold; but I will help you do your work so you can go. I would not have you miss the meeting for anything, and I will feed stock, clean stables, or do anything there is to do, cheerfully and gladly." I worked a good many times with him, talking and praying with and for them, until I had the joy of seeing them firmly established in the truth.

I felt no work was too hard if I could only bring souls to rejoice in the truth as it is in Jesus. Brother Getzlaff's family are now in the State of Washington. Their eldest daughter, Mary, is a good, Christian girl, and is a worker in the cause of God in that far distant State. May God's rich blessing rest upon her all the days of her life.

Soon after, Brother and Sister Graf embraced the truth. They were visited by her two brothers, Gustavus and Emil Meilicke. Gustavus was especially glad that his sister and brother-in-law had started in the way to heaven, but very sorry they had embraced the seventh-day Sabbath, which they considered a very great error. He and Emil began immediately to turn them away from it. Brother and Sister Graf, being young in the faith, referred them to their minister. Yes, they would be very glad to talk with him about it.

"Well, you must be careful how you meet him, for a good many have met him to their own confusion." "That is because they held to Sunday. We know there is nothing for Sunday. We do not believe any Sabbath is binding. Many is the minister we have put to flight on the Sabbath question." "Yes, Brother Gustavus, we have seen them seize their hats, and leave the house in anger, when you showed there was no Bible proof for Sunday keeping; but we think you will have a different experience this time." An opportunity was not long in presenting itself, and I never saw two persons more confident of their position than they. They were sure that Sabbath keeping brought us back under the old law. "The old law is done away, and we are now living under a new law, in which no such requirement can be found." "Then you believe we have a new moral code which is better than the ten commandments?" "Yes." "Well, if you will please show me that new and better law, I will forsake the old and accept the new." "We can do that easy enough. The new law has just two commandments in it: 'Love God with all thy

heart,' and 'love thy neighbor as thyself.'" "I think you are mistaken about that being a new law. Please read Deut. 6:5, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' etc. Now read Lev. 19:18, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' These can hardly be called the new law, since they were binding in the days of Moses. In fact, as soon as an intelligent being was created, it was his duty to love God supremely; and as soon as another intelligent being was created, it was his duty to love him as himself; so you see your new law is as old as moral obligation." "Well, there was a new commandment given, and we are to go according to it." "Will you please tell me what it is, and where it may be found?" "We cannot tell just exactly what it is, or just where to find it; but we know there was one given." "This is a little remarkable, that you are to go according to the new commandment, and yet you do not know what it is, or where it is to be found. Perhaps I can help you: 'A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.' John 13:34." This commandment they did not seem to think was just what they wanted, so they fell back on the two commandments. Old or new, they would take them anyway. "What is a law for?" Emil said, "The law is a rule of action, and points out our sins." "Correct. 'Sin is the transgression of the law.' 1 John 3:4. And 'by the law is the knowledge of sin.' Rom. 7:7. As sin is known only by the law, and as it is necessary to show men that they are sinners before they will seek salvation from sin, we will suppose we start out to show the people their sins—you by the two commandments, and I by the ten. We come to a devoted Catholic, bowing down to an image of the Virgin Mary. You begin by the two commandments to show that he is a sinner: 'You ought not to bow down to that image.' 'Why not?' 'Because you should love God with all your heart.' 'Indeed, gentlemen, that is what I do; and because I do love Christ, I bow down to the image of his mother.'"

They finally concluded they could not convince him of sin by the two commandments. "Now I will try: 'My friend, you ought not to bow down to that image.' 'Why not?' 'Because God's holy law says, Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them.'

Thus he is convicted as a transgressor of the divine law, and so the ten commandments cover every sin man can commit. In fact, the ten commandments are only the two principles of love to God and love to man drawn out in ten precepts. The first four point out our duty to God; the last six our duty to our neighbor." Thus the conversation went on until late at night. As they went home with their cousin that night, Gustavus said, "It served us right, we ought to have been better posted." Before Gustavus returned home he accepted the faith he once attempted to destroy.

One day there was an appointment at Edward Guderien's for the purpose of searching the Scriptures, to see if these things were so. A German minister was expected, and a large concourse of people. The evening before Brother E. A. Curtis, a young minister helping me, and myself stayed at Brother Horace Schram's, about eleven miles from the place of meeting. It looked stormy, and I said, "We must certainly be at Guderien's to-morrow, storm or shine; so we will get up in the morning, and away before breakfast." We reached Brother Graf's, nine miles distant, before they were out of bed. We stopped, and got breakfast; but by the time we were ready to start, it was blowing a regular blizzard. Fred Meilicke had driven by with Gustavus, Emil, and others in his sleigh. Sister Graf rode with me in my cutter. We had over two miles to go. We met a team, and did not know it until the driver cried out to let us know they were there. The blizzard increased in fury. When we arrived at Guderien's, the Getzlaffs were not there. I wanted them there by all means, so I started for their place, about one mile distant. The storm was directly in my face, but the Getzlaffs must be present, storm or no storm. When I arrived, Mr. Getzlaff said: "It is too stormy; nobody will be there." "But somebody is there." "Are Fred, Emil, and Gustavus there?" "Yes, sir; and Father Guderien, and a lot more." "Then I think we will go" "Yes; I will help you get the team ready, and away we will go."

It was a stormy day without, and we had a stormy time within, but the truth triumphed over every foe. The work continued until late at night. It was storming so fiercely that the neighbors did not dare to go home that night. We were

stowed away quite thickly, but we managed to get through the night quite comfortably. I trow Brother Guderien never kept so many overnight before nor since.

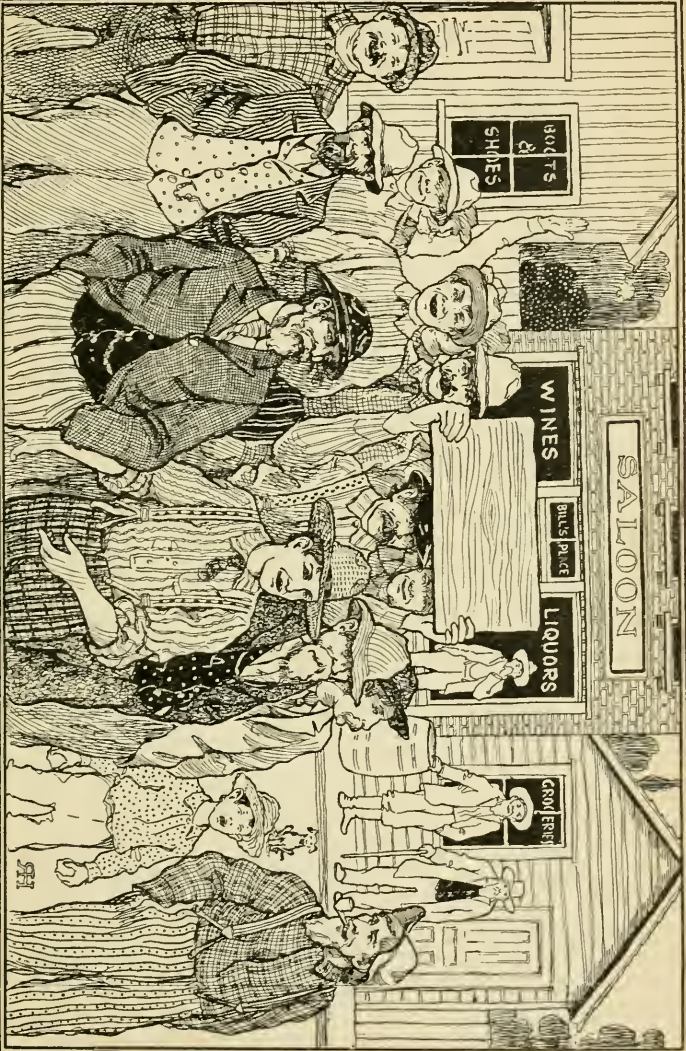
After people began to embrace the truth, great opposition developed itself. We were soon refused the use of the Baptist meeting house; whereupon the hall in Graham's hotel was rented by the interested ones, until a traveling lady was taken sick at the hotel, and could not bear the noise of meetings, so for a time we could not have the hall.

Brother and Sister Graf were subjected to a good deal of petty persecution for conscience' sake. One day, shortly after they had professed the Adventist faith, a lot of religionists, among whom were some of their dear friends, congregated in a saloon, and drank beer and talked religion until they got so full of both that they ran out into the street, in front of Brother Graf's house, shouting, yelling, and making all manner of insulting remarks. After blowing off steam in this manner, they would go inside, and fill up again, and then out again to repeat their yells and insults. They even went so far as to hold up a board to represent the table of stone, on which the Sabbath command was written by the finger of God, making all manner of fun of the law of Jehovah. Such manifestations only strengthened the faith of God's children, as it revealed most clearly what spirit was controlling the men who opposed the message of the Lord to us in our day.

What was in the law that raised the ire of these men to such a pitch?—It was the command that says, "the seventh day is the Sabbath;" that is all. Dear reader, if you object to the law of God, and will examine your own heart, you will find it is for the same reason.

About that time, Elder Davis, the M. E. minister, announced to speak on the Sabbath question. His discourse was mostly ridicule and outrageous misrepresentations of our work and people. After meeting, I tried to have a friendly talk with him about his misrepresentations, but he repulsed me with great contempt.

As there was no other place to be had, Brother Graf prepared his hardware store as best he could, and we held meetings in it. A goodly number were present to listen to a review of the elder's discourse.



A COMBINATION OF BEER AND RELIGION.



It was the darkest day I had yet seen in Good Thunder. Shut out of all proper places in which to hold meetings, ridiculed and slandered by the ministers, and hated by many church members, for a while it seemed as if the load was too much to carry. But God is good, and He did not suffer His poor, tried servant to be tempted above that which he was able to bear. As some heard the elder's discourse who did not hear the reply, I thought best to print a couple of hundred handbills, something as follows:—

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

ELDER DAVIS: It is not true that Sabbatarians set the day for the world to come to an end. It is true that Sunday keepers did so. It is not true that Sabbatarians put on ascension robes in which to go up to heaven. It is not true they climbed trees on which to meet the Lord when He should come. It is not true that some fell down, and broke their foolish necks. It is not true they went home flopping their wings like wet turkeys. It is not true there is only a corncrib full of them.

Yours in behalf of the people you have so unjustly misrepresented.
W. B. HILL.

I SCATTERED THOSE BILLS

among the people, and took good care that Elder Davis received a couple himself. He only filled his appointment a few times after that, and we saw the reverend gentleman at Good Thunder no more. As we were shut out of every place in which to hold meetings and Sabbath school, excepting Brother Graf's parlor, we began to agitate the question of building a church. Brother Quinn was afraid the undertaking was too much. Brother Grant was not in favor of such an enterprise. But I saw clearly that if the work was to be permanent, and grow, we must have a house in which to worship God. The work is the Lord's, and He will help us; so we called a meeting to consider the matter. There were present, Brethren Graf, Dettamore, Getzlaff, and Plum, Sisters Graff and Plum, and myself. I was as poor as a church mouse, but would subscribe ten dollars. How to get it I knew not. Brother Plum did not think he could do more than to work some on the church, and the rest were not very abundantly supplied with this world's goods. I do not remember just how much was subscribed, but it was but little. Never did an enterprise start out in greater apparent weakness, but we put our trust in God,

and went forward. Sisters Graf and Plum were appointed a soliciting committee, and the next day they started with Brother Plum's team, and succeeded well in getting subscriptions, which greatly encouraged the little band. We got most of our lumber at Eagle Lake, twenty miles away, because we could get it cheaper. There was one mill near Brother Quinn's in the woods where we got some. We had great times hauling the green, heavy lumber over the bad roads in the spring. One day as we were going for lumber with three teams, we found men repairing the road, who were about to tear out a bridge over a deep ravine.

They thought to have a new one in before we got back. We had disasters that day in getting stuck in the mud, breaking whiffletrees, etc., and it became dark while we were yet miles from home. As we came near the bridge that was being rebuilt, we ran over a pole stuck up in the road with writing upon it. We could not see to read a word of it, but knew that it was a notice to beware of the bridge. I felt badly, fearing we could not get over it, and we could not go around it. I was in the advance as we came up to it. I found there were just stringers laid across the ravine with poles laid on top of them, that was all. Could we get across with our heavy loads? I resolved to try, and got over all right. When brethren Getzlaff and Dettamore came up, and looked at it, they thought it was very dangerous. I said, "I got over all right, and so can you;" and through the good providence of God we all got over without accident. It was two o'clock in the morning when I got to bed, but the piles of lumber looked quite like building a church. We bought a lot for \$100, and Brother Frank Coon and myself dug the trenches in which to lay the stone. The foundation was laid, and Brother Horace Schram, a good carpenter, gave us ten days' work. The days were long, and nights short. We worked as long as we could see, and were up and at it by about sunrise in the morning. I worked so hard my wife said my muscles kept jerking all night. The work was great, and the laborers few. Brother Graf would leave his store, and work as hard as he could until called by customers to the store again. Thus the work went bravely forward. In a little while we had the church sided and painted, and it looked real neat. I well remember the first meeting we held in our new

church. It was unfinished inside, and we had planks set on blocks for temporary seats; yet it seemed to me the very gate of heaven. How happy we were to be privileged to worship God under our own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest or make us afraid. Brother E. A. Curtis and myself had the pleasure of presenting a well-organized church to the Minnesota Conference that year. Sisters Bertha Graf and Kitty Murphy attended the annual camp meeting held at Minneapolis. They had adopted the plain dress recommended by Peter and Paul (1 Peter 3:3; 1 Tim. 2:9), and professedly adopted by our people. They expected to see all the sisters plainly but neatly dressed. Imagine their surprise to find many of them aping the fashions and vanities of the world. These banged, befrizzed, and fashion-bedecked Adventists are a detriment to the truth they profess to love. It was a real hindrance to these beginners; but I trust they learned that we are not to let the pride and vanity of unconverted professors of religion hinder us in our efforts to follow in the footsteps of our Saviour.

EXPERIENCE WITH A COUPLE OF MORMON ELDERS.

One evening as I was holding meeting in our new church, at Good Thunder, I noticed two strangers. I soon learned that for days they had been staying with our brethren, talking Mormonism to them privately, and in this way were exerting quite an influence. The next evening the elders and myself were invited to lodge at Brother Graf's. As we went to his house after meeting, a good share of the congregation followed; and we had a real interesting time, until the elder that was doing most of the talking was silenced by the Scriptures, then his comrade wanted to ask a question. "Well, what is it?" I asked. "Who gave you authority to preach the gospel?" he replied. "There are two classes of preachers," I answered; "one class receive authority from the Lord, and the other class receive their credentials from Satan. We will first consider from what source you get your authority to preach. Joseph Smith taught that all of God's true people had perished from the earth, and that for a long time there was not a Christian in the world, even until the time of Joseph. Then the angel of the Lord appeared to him, and

bestowed on him the lost priesthood; and thus again the church, through him, was instituted among men; and by and through him you get authority to preach the gospel. Is it not so?" "Yes," they said, "that is correct." "If Joseph should turn out to be a false prophet, then your credentials will be of Satan?" "Yes." "Well, the Lord said, 'On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Matt. 16: 18. What did Joseph teach?—That the power of hell prevailed over the church to the uttermost, until it was entirely swept from the face of the earth. If the Lord told the truth when He declared that the gates of hell should not prevail against the church, what does Joseph tell when he teaches that the gates of hell did prevail? It is evident that Joseph prevaricated.

"Again, Christ says to His people, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' Matt. 28: 20. What did Joseph teach?—That for a long time the Lord had no people on the earth to be with. If the Lord was right that He would always be with his people on the earth, 'even unto the end of the world,' it is evident that Joseph was wrong when he said that for a long time the Lord had no people on the earth to be with. What say you, my friends? Have I not, by the word of Christ, proved that Joseph Smith is a false prophet?"

They would not say yes or no. That night it seemed that the power of Mormonism over them was much weakened, but the next morning they had returned to their chains again. As I was going out calling, I bade them good-by. On my return I found them in a great argument with Sister Graf on polygamy. She was roasting them severely, when they quoted this Scripture to her: "'And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel: only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach.' Isa. 4: 1. A woman takes a man's name when she is married to him. Now this is Bible teaching. What will you do with it?" It was something new to Sister Graf, and she did not know what to do with it. "Are you Mormons fulfilling that Scripture?" I asked. "Yes, we are," they replied. "Then you are worse and meaner than I thought you were. When we marry a wife, we propose

to treat her kindly, to provide food and clothing for her, and treat her as a wife ought to be treated; but you Mormons have your wives hustle for themselves, and provide their own food and clothing. I had not supposed you could be so mean as that." They saw they had made a great blunder in thus exposing the true inwardness of Mormonism, and their stay was not prolonged after that.

Some may query, "What does this scripture teach, if it does not teach polygamy?" Women, when used symbolically, represent churches. Seven is a number denoting completeness. They lay hold of one man — the government. When churches lose the power of God, they always seek the power of man, which is exercised through government. The churches are saying to-day to the American government, "Let us have the power of the government in enforcing our institutions, especially Sunday-keeping, upon the people. We will not ask for support, such as to build our churches, pay our preachers, and the like. We will do that ourselves; only let us be called the great American church, and have the power of the government back of us to enforce our decrees, and thus take away our reproach." No church ever did that until it had lost the power of God.

The summer of 1883 I did not enter new fields, finding plenty to do among the churches already raised up.

“HOW READEST THOU?”

It is one thing to read the Bible through,
Another thing to read to learn and do.
Some read it with design to learn to read,
But to the subject pay but little heed.
Some read it as their duty once a week,
But no instruction from the Bible seek;
While others read it with but little care,
With no regard to how they read, nor where.
Some read it as a history, to know
How people lived three thousand years ago.
Some read to bring themselves into repute,
By showing others how they can dispute;
While others read because their neighbors do,
To see how long 't will take to read it through.
Some read it for the wonders that are there,—
How David killed a lion and a bear;
While others read it with uncommon care,
Hoping to find some contradiction there!
Some read as though it did not speak to them,
But to the people at Jerusalem.
One reads it as a book of mysteries,
And won't believe the very thing he sees.
One reads with father's specs upon his head,
And sees the thing just as his father said.
Some read to prove a pre-adopted creed,
Hence understand but little that they read;
For every passage in the book they bend
To make it suit that all-important end!
Some people read, as I have often thought,
To teach the book instead of being taught.
And some there are who read it out of spite —
I fear there are but few who read it right.
So many people in these latter days
Have read the Bible in so many ways
That few can tell which system is the best,
For every party contradicts the rest.
But read it prayerfully, and you will see,
Although men contradict, God's words agree.
For what the early Bible prophets wrote,
We find that Christ and his apostles quote;
So trust no creed that trembles to recall
What has been panned by one and verified by all.

— *Selected.*

CHAPTER VI.

EXPOSURE, SICKNESS—BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM.

IN February, 1884, I attended a general meeting at Hutchinson. I was feeling poorly. The exposure and incessant labor were telling upon my naturally feeble constitution. I met some friends there from Dassel. They were very desirous that I should visit their church, and I finally consented to go. We started for Dassel, fourteen miles away, about sundown. As we got about half way, we crossed a lake on the ice. The sun had softened the snow some, and the horses sunk down in it. I immediately jumped out to lighten the load. Between the snow and the ice there was much water. My feet were as wet as if I had jumped into a river. We went to a house near by, put on a pair of dry socks, and started on again. It was not ten minutes before my boots were frozen as hard as rocks.

I was forced to run behind the sleigh to keep my feet from freezing, and consequently took a severe cold. I found the brethren were holding meetings in an old log hut about two miles out of town. It was entirely unfit for the purpose. I said to the brethren, "Why don't you build a church?" They said, "We are not able." I replied, "You have trees that will make lumber, and there is a sawmill near by, and you have strong hands. What is to hinder having a church?" The idea took immediately. One said, "I will furnish a lot." Another would furnish lumber, another work, etc.; and they all agreed that if I would stay and help them through, they would go at it. I was suffering from a severe cold, and was weary and worn; but I was anxious to see the people enjoying the blessings of a good house of worship, so I said, "Yes, brethren, I am with you." I thought, "Strike now, when the iron is hot." I went into the woods to cut saw logs. The snow was up to my knees, and melting, and I kept adding to my cold all the time. It was marvelous how quickly we had a church inclosed. Those not of our faith helped us with work

and money. One day, as I was lifting on a heavy stick of timber, I hurt my back. I felt so bad that I soon went home.

I kept getting worse until I was laid on a sick bed. My back pained me so I could get but little rest, night or day. I got a little better, and was called upon to preach Alva Presnall's funeral sermon. Although very weak, I could not refuse. The church was damp, and I took cold, and had a relapse. As I got a little better again, I was sent to visit Stella Moon, a young sister in the last stages of heart disease. She was in great distress, and wanted I should visit and pray with her. She lived three miles down the railroad track. The section boss said he would take me there on the hand car in a few minutes. So, feeble as I was, I went. We had only got nicely started on our way when it began to rain, and I took more cold, after which I was worse than before. My back pained me so intensely that if any one approached the bed, Mrs. Hill said I would turn white to my ears, for fear some one would touch me or jar me in some way. The only way I could get relief was to wring cloths out of hot water, and put them on my back. In this way my flesh was scalded, but the pain was so great I realized it not. I determined, if ever I got able, to go to the Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich. I got some better; and in May I was carried to the train, and started for what I thought was the only earthly hope.

I fell in with some people on the train going from Dakota to Michigan. We soon became acquainted, told one another something of our past history, and so helped to while away the weary hours. At a station in Wisconsin, a German family boarded the train. They could speak no English, and when we reached Chicago, they were asked for their baggage checks by a man with a great number of checks on his arm. He could speak no German, and they no English, and were having quite a hard time of it. I tried to explain to them in German what was wanted, and it did them a world of good to find some one who could speak a little German.

While waiting in the depot at Chicago, a lady learned that I was on my way to the Sanitarium, and she said to me, "They will feed you on bran bread there." "How do you know that?" I asked. "I had a sister who was there a while, and that is what they gave her to eat." "Did she get well?" "Oh, yes;

she has enjoyed most excellent health ever since." "Well, I am willing to eat bran bread or any other kind of bread that will make me well again." I found, however, that the Sanitarium bill of fare embraced a great variety of fruits, grains, and vegetables, and was most excellent.

From Chicago I took the Michigan Central for Battle Creek, and was soon flying over the iron rails for the Sanitarium. The car I occupied was filled with Baptist ministers on their way to Detroit to attend a Baptist association. The conversation turned upon religion in politics. They became so interested in the subject that they stood up in the middle of the car so they could hear one another speak. I was an attentive listener. They thought the only way to save the nation from ruin was for the religious people to attend the primaries, and do all they could to control legislation. I asked one of them, a D. D., if all the religious people should unite upon any one point in politics if he thought they could carry it. He said, "With the aid of those non-church members who would vote with us, we can." Thus the idea is rapidly gaining ground that the religious people must rule in politics, which means an image to the beast in the near future.

About 2:30 P. M. we arrived at the Sanitarium. I found W. H. Hall, of Minnesota, one of my children in the faith, acting as steward of the institution. The Sanitarium was an immense affair, and they were building on an addition costing \$50,000. The institution is under the charge of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, who fills the office of medical superintendent. He is assisted by an able corps of doctors, nurses, bath hands, etc. The first thing they did for me was to give me a warm bath, which was refreshing in the highest degree. The next day they gave me a cold bath. It seemed as if my breath would forsake me, never more to return, as I got into the cold water. My attendant gave me a vigorous rubbing, quickly took me out, and dried me with a sheet, then spatted me all over with his hands until I was in a warm glow. I took the cold bath once a week, and in a little while could take it with comfort. The next treatment was a salt glow. I stood on a stool, and with my hands took hold of iron hooks in the wall above my head, while my attendant took handfuls of salt, mixed with water until it was like mush, and rubbed me with it from head

to foot until there was a redness all over me. It was quite a severe process, as the sharp salt crystals would almost cut through the skin. After my attendant was through rubbing me, my whole body was covered with salt. I was then taken to a water faucet, which poured at first a stream of warm water upon me as I turned round, and soon the salt was all washed away; but the water gradually became cooler until I could scarcely endure it. After the salt glow came the massage, in which the patient was laid on a couch, and anointed with oil, and every muscle rubbed and kneaded in the most thorough manner. It was a very agreeable experience to me. One felt like a new person after such treatment. The electric bath was what I enjoyed most of all. The patient lay at full length in tepid water with folded arms. Then the electricity was applied to the chest and upper part of the body. After a while the electric current was changed to the extremities. It seemed to me that I was being rejuvenated while in the bath. They used electricity in various ways, and it helped me very much in my run-down condition. There was the gymnasium, in which was every kind of appliance for exercising the muscles. Then there were calisthenics and Indian clubs, with marching to and fro to the sound of music. There was also a Swedish movement room, in which a patient's nerves and muscles were rubbed, kneaded, thumped, strapped, vibrated, and frictionized into activity by machinery.

One evening the doctor examined my nostrils, and said, "I see some abnormal growths that will have to be removed." He removed four large hypertrophies, two from each nostril. He fastened a wire loop over the lumps of flesh in my nostrils, the two ends of which ran down a little tube, and were fastened to a screw at the end; as the doctor turned the screw, it pulled the wire down the tube, making the loop smaller and smaller, until the lumps were cut off. It was a good deal worse than pulling teeth. All the abnormal growths could not be removed in this way, and the doctor continued to burn them out with a red-hot iron once a week for six months, or as long as I continued at the institution. Mrs. Hill's health was also poor, and after I had been there two months she also came with two of the children. We remained in Battle Creek until after General Conference. It was the first General Conference

we ever had the privilege of attending. It was very interesting to hear reports from all parts of the field throughout the whole world. It is wonderful to see how the rays of light from heaven are penetrating the dark corners of the earth. Every morning before daylight we held meetings for seeking the Lord, and never did I see such earnestness before.

At the Sanitarium I met people from all parts of the country, among whom were all classes and conditions of men, — judges, lawyers, doctors, ministers, college professors, senators, congressmen, and literary people. They flock to the Sanitarium for the recuperation of lost vitality. I made the acquaintance of C. F. Bradley, of Evanston, Ill., an eminent Methodist minister and educator. He was very sorry that I had left the Methodist church, and joined the Adventists, and often tried to show me it is all right to keep Sunday; but his Scripture proof was very slim. One day he said to me, "Brother Hill, will nothing do you but a 'Thus saith the Lord' for Sunday keeping? Will not church history suffice?" "Well, Brother Bradley, I think nothing equals a 'Thus saith the Lord.' I prefer the commandment of God to all the teachings of men." I considered such a question as an acknowledgment on his part that he could find no "Thus saith the Lord" for Sunday sacredness, and if C. F. Bradley cannot find it, who can?

One evening, as I was leaving the Sanitarium for the cottage where my wife and I roomed, he called to me just as I reached the door. He desired to speak with me a moment. "Yes, Brother Bradley; what is it?" "I wish to speak with you about the Sabbath." We stood side by side, with our shoulders against the wall near the door, and a patient sat near by in a chair. He began by saying, "Your people are committing a great wrong in keeping the seventh-day Sabbath." "How so, Brother Bradley?" "The Christian people of this land are having a great struggle with saloon keepers, infidels, and wicked people generally, to maintain the Christian Sabbath, and sometimes it looks as if the forces of evil would prevail in spite of all that we can do; and you, a Christian people, weaken the hands of God's servants, and strengthen the hands of the wicked by saying, 'Sunday is not the Sabbath of the Lord at all.' Yes, I think you people com-

mit a great wrong in so doing. I think it is displeasing to God." He certainly made out a plausible case, in his own eyes, at least. I replied, "Brother Bradley, if I do wrong, and displease the Lord by keeping the seventh day, I commit sin, do I not?" "Certainly." "And if I commit sin I must answer for it on the day of judgment." "Yes, that is so." "Very well, suppose the day of final reckoning has come, and I stand before the Judge of all the earth, and he demands of me why I kept the seventh day, what reply could I make? Could I not say, 'The great God came down from heaven, and stood upon the trembling mount, amid smoke and flame, and with awe-inspiring majesty proclaimed with His own divine voice, "The seventh day is the Sabbath; in it thou shalt not do any work?" Not only so, but the divine finger traced the same words upon the imperishable stone, and in that world of sin and rebellion against God, amid scorn and ridicule, at the loss of reputation, friends, and worldly preferment, I kept the seventh-day Sabbath because I loved the Lord, and trembled at His word. I kept it because I sincerely desired above everything else to honor God and keep His commandments.' Brother Bradley, what will the great God do with me?" He thought a moment, and said: "O, Brother Hill, you will be saved."

The next morning I met the patient who sat listening to our conversation, and he said to me, "Elder, you made the strongest point last evening I ever heard made in all my life." There was only one answer that could be given, for it is inconceivable that God would condemn a man for keeping the divine precepts spoken and written by God Himself. "Then you think it is perfectly safe to keep the commandments of God." "Yes, sir; I do." Is it equally safe to despise them, and trample them in the dust? Look at it from the other side. If a Sunday keeper were asked in the judgment, "Why did you keep Sunday?" could he point to any divine command for its observance?—No. Any divine blessing or sanctification of it?—No. All he could point to would be the commandments and traditions of men, and Christ said, "In vain do ye worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Matt. 15:9. Those are solemn words, and I hope the kind reader will ponder them well.

At the Sanitarium some things happen that impress the

memory. One morning the welkin rang with shouts and yells from the bathroom. What could be the matter? We soon discovered that an eminent Episcopal clergyman of Milwaukee was being put through the cold bath exercise for the first time.

On another occasion the Sanitarium resounded with whoops and yells and very unbecoming words, and short sentences delivered with all the energy and power of a Boanerges. A rebel general from Georgia was taking a steam bath, and the attendant had turned on the steam hotter than he ought to, and had departed for a moment to attend to some one else. Hence the terrific yells and bad language.

My experience at the Sanitarium was a benefit to me in more ways than one. I had the privilege of mingling with more refined people than ever before. Although a rustic from the frontier, some of the foremost people took an interest in me. After I had been at the Sanitarium a while, I became chaplain of the institution. It was my duty to preach in the parlor every Sunday evening, to hold family worship every morning, to hold Bible readings and prayer meetings with the helpers, and to visit, read, and pray with, and give consolation to, those patients who especially needed and desired it. Plenty to keep a well man busy. I was growing better every day, and almost daily I was greeted with, "Elder, you are looking better." I thought if I could only continue to improve I would eventually become good looking, which would be a transformation indeed. I was invited to preach in the Tabernacle. On Sabbath morning before meeting, my wife and I were surprised to receive a call from a lady from Ohio. She said: "I hear the people say you are not capable of preaching in the Tabernacle. I know you are, and I have come to request you to do the best you can;" and the tears ran down her cheeks like rain. She would not stop a minute, but delivered her message, and went her way. The Lord gave freedom in speaking, and the hearty amens from the old veterans of the cause showed that the discourse had struck a responsive chord.

My health being greatly improved, we must return to Minnesota, and re-enter the gospel field. We arrived at Eagle Lake, Minn., about 2 A. M. We went to my father's house, intending to stay until daylight, but we found a stranger's foot had crossed the sill. Father had traded his town property for a

farm. We then went to Brother Elwin Merrill's, where we received a hearty welcome.

The winter of 1884-85 was severe. I labored, with Elder D. P. Curtis, at Wells, Rogers School House, and Good Thunder. We labored very hard, with some success, especially at Good Thunder, where thirteen were brought to acknowledge the truth. I exposed myself so much during the winter that during the following summer and winter I could do but little in the cause.

A BAPTISMAL EXPERIENCE.

Elder Grant and myself attended meeting at Tenhassen, Martin County. A Mrs. Snow had come to that meeting from Fairmount, to be baptized. Her husband strenuously objected. He had no valid reason, only he would not allow it. His objections made quite a stir. Elder Grant thought that under the circumstances she should be advised to postpone her baptism, but I did not feel clear to do so. So we called a number of responsible brethren to one side, and asked them if they were acquainted with the parties; and they said they were. "Is Mrs. Snow a good woman?" "Yes." "Is her husband a good man?" "We cannot say that he is." Then it was decided to go forward with the baptism.

We had to go three miles to the water, and when we got there, it was discovered that the husband had purloined her baptismal clothing, and now what was to be done. I said to her, "Go to that house over there, and borrow some clothing." She went, and soon returned, attired in an old German lady's costume. It did not fit very well, but it answered the purpose. As we were going to the water, Brother Knowlton said to me, "Brother Hill, have a care what you do; for this is a very bad man. I know him well; he very nearly killed a man with a hoe once, and it would not surprise me in the least if it turns out that he has a revolver in his pocket now." "Very well, Brother Knowlton I am doing the Lord's work in baptizing his believing children, and I will trust in Him while doing His work."

There were a number of candidates for baptism, and I said to Sister Snow, "You wait until the last, and then you step right forward; and if he undertakes to hinder you by force,

“THE WICKED FLEE WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH.”



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we will not have a fight with him. We will consider we have gone as far as consistent, and let it go for this time." We gathered at the water's edge (I will never forget the scene), and all kneeled down, while Elder Grant prayed. I never heard him pray with such fervency of spirit before. It seemed as if the Lord was speaking to us through his servant. After prayer and song, the baptizing began. Mr. Snow stood between his wife and the water, with defiant attitude; but as I was leading out the last candidate, he suddenly ran up the bank and out of sight, while his wife was joyfully baptized in the name of the Lord. The Spirit of the Lord was present in such power he could not stand it, and so ran away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The winter of 1885-86 I taught school at Eagle Lake. Brother David Alway was principal of the school that winter. He was an excellent teacher, and tried to rule the school by love and kindness; but on some of the youngsters his kindness was bestowed in vain. It was like casting pearls before swine. One evening he told some of the youngsters, whom he had retained after school because of misconduct, that he would rather be whipped than to whip them; whereupon one of the young scapegraces took the rod, and proceeded to lay it on the teacher's back in the most approved fashion. I must confess that I did not possess the required humility and meekness to run my department on that line. I kept the rod in my own hand, and wherever incorrigible meanness showed its head, I struck at it, and I found it had a most excellent effect. While some natures will respond to kindness, it is still true that the rod is for the fool's back.

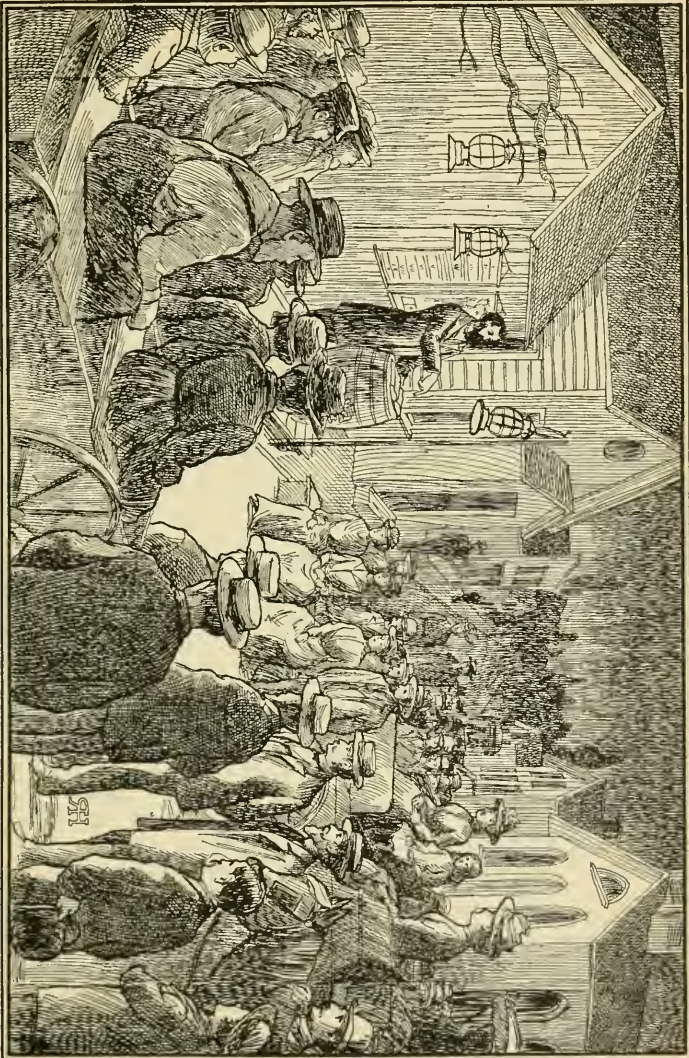
In March, 1886, we had a Sabbath-school convention at Good Thunder. It was the most interesting and profitable I ever had the pleasure of attending. At that convention a Baptist minister accepted the truth, and the next summer I had the pleasure of baptizing him and his good wife in the Blue Earth River. I am sorry to say that afterward he met with trials, and became discouraged.

TRUTH CAST OUT.

In the spring, before camp meeting, Brother John Hopkins invited me to hold meetings in his neighborhood. A church

was secured, meetings were well attended, and everything was favorable, until we reached the Sabbath question on Sunday evening. The audience was large, and the interest good. At the close of the sermon I was informed that I could have the church no longer. I thanked the church people for the use of the church so far, and as the audience desired to hear further on this question, I would take the liberty to appoint one meeting in an empty schoolhouse that stood across the street. In the morning I found that the same parties that controlled the church, controlled the schoolhouse also, and they refused it for even one evening. Now, what was to be done? The announcement was made, and some would come for miles to the meeting, and they must not be disappointed. We decided to preach God's message in the street. Some interested ones fixed some seats with planks placed upon blocks, made a platform out of boards, and a pulpit out of a barrel. I hung my charts on the end of the schoolhouse woodshed, which stood adjacent to the street, lanterns were hung up, and thus we prepared for the meeting. The people came; some sat in their buggies and wagons, and some on the seats prepared for them. It was a strange sight to see God's messenger proclaiming the gospel of the kingdom in the highway, with an empty schoolhouse on one side of him and an empty church on the other. "Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at His word. Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified; but He shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." Isa. 66:5. Gentle reader, please ponder this scripture well. The Lord will appear to the joy of some people; but they will be a people that tremble at the word of the Lord. They will be hated and cast out by their brethren. Are you one of them?

During the summer I held tent meetings in Dodge Center, Dodge County, in connection with A. H. Vankirk and Frank Coon. One Sunday evening, as Marshall Vankirk and W. A. Alway were sleeping in the tent, some thieves entered, and appropriated their clothing,—fine shirts, caps, coats and vests, shoes and stockings. About break of day there came a rapping on my bedroom window. I looked out, and there stood Marshall without hat, coat, shoes, or stockings, with only an undershirt and an old pair of pants on. He made an urgent plea



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for clothing for himself and Brother Alway, which was immediately responded to. I relate this incident to show some of the experiences of holders of tent meetings. If all would keep the commandments of God, such experiences would be unknown.

The meetings at Dodge Center were well attended. The church was revived, a few were added by baptism, and in the autumn a neat church was built, in which the little flock could worship God.

The summer of 1887, Brother A. H. Vankirk and myself held tent meetings at Mapleton, Blue Earth County. The interest was small, and we saw but little fruit of our labor. We were preparing to open meetings in Winnebago City, when I was called upon to go to Winona, Minn. Elder Shultz, of Nebraska, was conducting a series of German meetings there in a tent with a good interest, which stirred up the enemy of all right to oppose; and he stirred up his children, of whom there were a great number in the city, to tear the tent down, and so stop the work. So on one Sunday evening, when the tent was full of people, a great crowd of half-drunk followers of the beast (papacy) assaulted the tent, and tore it down on the heads of the assembled multitude. The yells of the mob and the screams of the women and children were terrific. If pandemonium had raised up bodily, the uproar could scarcely be exceeded. A board fence that ran by the tent was stripped of its boards in a twinkling, by men attending the meeting, and used as weapons of warfare against the rioters. One man made a rush for Elder Shultz, when a stout German, John Lamprecht by name, struck him with his fist, under the ear, and sent him sprawling on the ground. Brother Shultz said he lay there and quivered, as if he was about to give up his life.

AT THIS JUNCTURE OF AFFAIRS

Brother Shultz received a telegram that his son had been hurt with a mowing machine, and that he should immediately return home. As there was no minister in the conference that could speak any German but myself, I was sent to do what I could to care for the German interest at Winona. When I arrived at Winona, I found everything in a discouraging condition; but with Brother Wm. Rahn, we went to work holding Bible readings from house to house, rented a hall for meetings

and Sabbath school, and soon the skies began to brighten. Brother Rahn soon went home to Hutchinson, but I removed my family to Winona, and Sister Amelia Meilicke stayed with us, and helped in the work. Also Brother and Sister Kœnig helped some, although they were all learners. We used to have Bible study in German daily, which we all enjoyed very much. As the weather became colder, our hall became too uncomfortable to hold meetings in, and I rented a house, the parlor of which we converted into a chapel. Our Sabbath school increased in interest and numbers, until we had sixty or more members. Sometimes the Sabbath school would occupy parlor, dining room, and kitchen. When Elder Grant visited the school, he was very much surprised at the interest, and said he would not have believed it, had he not seen it.

My life in Winona was a very busy one, holding Bible study with the German students, visiting and holding Bible readings from house to house, baptizing converts, and preaching in both English and German. As I was visiting a German family, Borman by name, the lady informed me that they were visited by another minister, and they told him of the Adventists and of their belief that the second coming of Christ was nigh, and he replied, "Mein Herr kommt noch lange nicht" (My Lord delayeth His coming). I said, "Please read Matt. 24: 48," and she read: "So aber jener, der böeser knecht, wird in Seinem hertzen sagen; Mein Herr kommt noch lange nicht" (And if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My Lord delayeth His coming). I asked her, "What was the evil servant to say?" She said, "Mein Herr kommt noch lange nicht." "What did the minister say?" He said: "Mein Herr kommt noch lange nicht." "Then what kind of a servant is the minister?" "Er ist ein böeser knecht (He is an evil servant). He said he would like to read the Scriptures with you." "He can have that privilege any time." It was arranged that we should meet at the Borman home, and search the Scriptures together; but before the appointed evening came, it was evident the house would not hold the people that would come; so the minister invited us into his church, and we searched the Scriptures together for two evenings; the result of which was that the Borman family accepted the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

The work grew, until the spring of 1888 saw the Adventist people of Winona in possession of a neat church, and a house that answered well for a parsonage. Thus grew the word of the Lord and prospered. Since then the little company of believers have been called to pass through trials, and some have removed to other parts, while others have gone to rest a little season until the Lifegiver shall come. I hope and pray that others may be raised up to go with the little company to the kingdom of God. We remained in Winona until the spring of 1889, when we removed to Whitewater Valley, the place where I found my wife, twenty years before. We passed by the old house in which we were married, and the schoolhouse wherein I had taught school. A flood of old memories came thronging into our minds by these reminders of the olden time. The summer of 1889, Brother Hultreich Graf and I ran tent meetings at Stockton and Lewiston, but with indifferent success.

At Lewiston the saloon keepers were the main pillars of the churches, and we could do but little with such a class of people. The walls of the saloons were decorated with pictures of Bible scenes, and drinking and getting drunk were no hindrance to church membership and church privileges. The first evening we were there, we heard women screaming in the street, a little way out of town. I ran down to see what the matter was. I found a poor man with his face beaten to a jelly. I never saw a worse looking face on a human being. It looked so shocking that women screamed when they saw it. A saloon keeper, one of the pillars in the church, had pounded him in such a shameful manner. One Sunday afternoon I saw a man with a great stick in his hand, chasing his wife. I stepped in front of the animal, and called a halt in his sanguinary proceedings. That is the only instance I ever saw in all my travels anything in the shape of a man chasing his wife with a club.

No wonder we could not accomplish much in such a place. We soon left for more inviting fields. Brother Graf moved to Winona, and we went to Minnesota City, six miles farther up the Mississippi.

In the fall of 1889 I had quite an experience getting subscriptions to petitions to Congress against religious legislation. Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, had introduced two reli-

gious bills into the United States Senate. One was entitled, "A bill to secure to the people the enjoyment of the first day of the week, commonly known as the Lord's day, as a day of rest, and to promote its observance as a day of worship." In Section 2, of his educational bill, we find these words:—

"Each State in this Union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools, adequate for the education of all the children living therein, between the ages of six and sixteen years inclusive, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, and the principles of the Christian religion."

Thousands of religious zealots were working with all their might to commit Congress to the above religious legislation, and we thought it was time Congress, and the people generally, should have their attention called to the terrible effects of religious legislation. In my efforts to secure subscriptions to those petitions, I met with all kinds of people with all kinds of views. I came to a gentleman's house in Whitewater Valley, who readily signed the petition; but his wife thought religious instruction should be given in the public schools. She said, "Here is Mr. Y's family, who do not attend religious meetings, and they receive no such instruction at home; and if they do not receive it in school, they will not receive it at all." "If religion must be taught in the public school," I replied, "what religion shall it be? Suppose you should secure a Catholic teacher for your school, and she should be required by law to teach religion, she would certainly teach her own faith, as she would consider that the truest and best. How would you like to have your little children taught to pray to the Virgin Mary, and adore her image? that they must confess their sins to the priest, and get his absolution or be lost? to be taught to believe in purgatory, and to pay the priest to say mass for the repose of the souls of the dead? to be taught that the pope is the infallible vicar of Christ? that all Protestants are damned, and outside of the Catholic Church there is no salvation, and much more, equally abominable?" "I would not like it at all," she replied emphatically.

"But would you not love to have your children taught the Catholic religion just as well as the Catholic would love to have his children taught your religion? And would not the

Catholic have just as much right to teach your children his religion as you have to teach the Catholic children the Protestant religion? Again, there are thousands of infidels who do not want their children taught any religion. Would the Christians have any more right to teach the children of infidel parents the Christian religion in the public schools than the infidels would have to teach the children of Christian parents infidelity? And would not a law requiring the principles of the Christian religion to be taught in the public schools, ultimately lead to defining, by act of Congress, just what religion should be taught in the public schools? Then would not we have our religion ready-made for us by the government of the United States? It must certainly come to that; for if teachers must teach religion, they must be examined in that branch of education. In order to do so, there must be a standard by which to test their fitness to teach religion, and that standard must be established by law; and if Congress establishes a standard of religion, and we should not accept it, would we not be criminals in the eye of the law, and liable to prosecution as such? Teaching religion by the state is a serious thing, and few people reflect on its direful consequences.

“Again, if Congress defines the religion to be taught in the public schools, religion will enter into every Congressional election, which will stir up bitterness and wrath, such as our country has never known. No finite mind can comprehend the animosity and hate such a religio-political contest would evoke. If a majority of Congress were Catholics, then Congress would legislate in favor of the Catholic religion, and would they work for it?—Yes, with all their power. They would have as many Catholics in Congress as possible. So with Methodists, Presbyterians, etc. Church members, ministers, and priests would all be ardent politicians and political wire-pullers, and the baneful effects on religion and the state would be incalculable. How infinitely better to keep church and state forever separate. Civil government was never intended to teach religion, or preach the gospel, or define a man’s duty to his God. If religion cannot be taught in the home and in the church, it cannot be taught anywhere.”

THE LADY SIGNED MY PETITION,

and I went on my way rejoicing. A granger gave me a ride in his wagon. He also was in favor of teaching religion in the public schools. "Suppose the teacher were an unbeliever, would you have him teach what he did not believe? Would not that be hypocrisy?" "Well, I would have the teacher pray in the school, anyhow." "But, my friend, what kind of prayers would an unconverted teacher offer to God? Are not the prayers of the wicked an abomination to Him? Do you think such prayers would be beneficial to the school? Would it not be far better off without them?" "Well, sir; I would not allow unconverted persons to teach school." "Then you would have the state ask every teacher if he is converted, and make the state the judge of his spiritual condition before God. If the teacher desires the school very much, would he not be tempted to say, 'Yes, I am converted,' when he was not? And would not this teaching religion in the public schools have a tendency to make a first-class liar and hypocrite of him?"

"When a lad, I attended school where the teacher prayed according to law. His prayers were printed on the cover of his daily register. When prayer time came, he would say, 'Let us pray,' and flop onto his knees, and we all had to follow suit; and the old gentleman would read his prayers as fast as his tongue could fly. He seemed to look upon it as a disagreeable job, and to be glad when he got through, and I am sure we all were. He was praying because the state paid him for it, and thousands of teachers would pray in the same way, for what money there is in it; but may our free schools of America long be delivered from such hypocrisy as that. It makes one sad to see how many good people are clamoring for the state to teach religion in the public schools, not knowing that when such a thing comes to pass, the sun of religious liberty shall have gone down in darkness forever."

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.

Another man, an old acquaintance, and a resident of the Whitewater Valley, was in favor of Sunday laws. Sign a petition against religious legislation! Not he. "We want laws protecting us against being disturbed in our religious meetings on

Sunday." "I believe there is already a law that severely punishes those who disturb religious meetings, or any other kind of meetings, on Sunday or any other day. I supposed our rights were already strictly guarded on these points. But I do not think the man who observes some other day of the week should be fined and imprisoned for quietly following his occupation on Sunday. Also, the man who does not believe in keeping any day has the same right to work as you or I have to refrain from working. Don't you think so yourself?" He thought that Sunday breaking ought to be punished the same as stealing and other crimes. "Then if I observe the seventh day conscientiously unto the Lord, and quietly work on my own premises on Sunday, you would class me with thieves and murderers?"

I left him, thinking religious bigotry not yet dead. Gentle reader, the above sentiments were uttered by a professed Christian, in Whitewater Valley, in October, 1889; and he is not an isolated case, either; thousands are equally selfish and intolerant. If all would live according to the Golden Rule, there would be no clamor for Sunday laws. Kind reader, are you a Sunday keeper, and do you wish to enforce Sunday rest on all men, whether they wish it or not? Would you like it if the seventh-day keepers, having the majority, should force you to rest on that day?—Of course not. Then when you compel them by law to rest on Sunday, do you do unto them as you would that they should do unto you?—Of course not. Then are you an observer of the Golden Rule?—Not at all. Then are you a Christian?—Impossible; for a Christian observes the teachings of Christ.

Take another case: There are many thousands who do not believe in keeping any day. How would you like it if they should happen to gain control of legislation, and force you to labor on Sunday? Would you not think your natural rights had been fearfully infringed upon? Certainly you would. But have you any more right to compel them to conform to your notions of Sunday keeping than they have to compel you to conform to their notions of non-Sunday keeping? Don't you think it would be more Christlike to let every man keep Sunday or not, as he sees fit, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others? or do you think that you,

as a Sunday keeper, have more rights under the government than you are willing to accord to other people? If so, you have not yet learned the first principles of Christianity.

Again, if Congress has a right to define and enforce one religious institution, it has the right to enforce any and all religious institutions. It has just as much right to enforce Christian baptism as it has to enforce the Christian Sabbath. If not, why not?

THIS RELIGIOUS LEGISLATION

is dangerous business, and should not be meddled with. I know it is said that it is not a religious but a civil Sunday our ministers and doctors of divinity are seeking to have enforced by law upon the people, because they do not otherwise take rest enough for their health. It is the health of the dear people that stirs up the zeal of our dear brethren in the ministry to labor so ardently to enforce the great American civil Sunday upon everybody; but Dr. Franklin, the great American philosopher, said, "Laziness kills more people than hard work." Thousands already take altogether too much rest. What will our philanthropic D. D.'s do with them? Will they devise a course of healthful Sunday exercise for them, or will they make them rest on Sunday also for the good of their health? Be not deceived. The Sunday Sabbath is a religious institution, and that only. Take religion away from it, and the Sunday Sabbath would vanish in the twinkling of an eye. It is only because of the religious regard that men have for Sunday that they clamor for civil laws to guard its sacredness. None know this better than those who are working for such laws.

"This day (Sunday) is set apart for divine worship and preparation of another life. It is the test of all religion."—*Dr. W. W. Everts, of Chicago*. Then if Congress should enforce Sunday observance, it will enforce the test of all religion.

"The experience of centuries shows that you will in vain endeavor to preserve Sunday as a day of rest, unless you preserve it as a day of worship."—*Joseph Cook, in Boston lectures, 1887*. So Joseph Cook wants Sunday preserved as a day of worship. How?—By having Congress enforce it by law upon the people.

“If you take the religion out of the day, you take the rest out.”—*Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, in the Washington National Sunday Convention, Dec. 11-13, 1888.* O, yes; those reverend gentlemen know what they want—a religious Sunday enforced upon all by law; but they sugar-coat it with the word *civil*, so that it may the more easily slip down the popular throat.

THERE ARE TWO SPECIAL OBJECTS

that incur the wrath of the Sunday reform divines,—the Sunday newspaper and Sunday excursion trains. Why so? We will let them tell:—

“The laboring classes are apt to rise late on Sunday morning, read the Sunday papers, and allow the hour of worship to go by unheeded.”—*Dr Everts, in Elgin convention.* Yes, yes. The people are more interested in reading the Sunday papers than in listening to the dry sermons of the prosy preachers. And what are our reverend gentlemen going to do about it? Put more life and power into their sermons, and so attract the people to the gospel feast? O, no, not at all; but they will get a law to stop the naughty editors from thus hindering the people hearing their diluted sermons.

Let us hear another: “They read the paper; the time comes to go to church, but it is said, ‘Here is something interesting, I will read it, and not go to church to-day.’”—*Dr. Herrick Johnson, Farwell Hall, Chicago, Nov. 20, 21, 1888.* Kind reader, you can see the point that pricks our brethren in the ministry so sharply. The Sunday newspaper keeps people from church; therefore it must go.

SO WITH THE SUNDAY TRAIN.

“They cannot afford to run a Sunday train unless they get a great many passengers, and so break up a great many congregations. The Sunday trains are hurrying their passengers fast on to perdition.”—*Dr. Everts, in Elgin convention.* Query. Would the Sunday train hurry a man to perdition or any other place if he did not ride on it? But, don’t you see, the people prefer the Sunday excursion train to the sanctuary, therefore the ministers call on the law makers to help them fill the churches. But who ride on the Sunday train? Rev. M. A. Gault says: “The ministers complain that their members go

on these excursions." Poor ministers! Their own church members forsake them, and go off on a Sunday frolic, and they are powerless to prevent it. So they say to the government, "Stop that Sunday train; for our church members are on it, and leave us to empty pews; besides, that train is hurrying all on board to perdition. So we demand of the United States government a law enforcing a civil Sabbath, merely as a sanitary regulation to preserve the health of the dear people; and so stop the Sunday train to save us ministers from empty pews, and to save our church members from going to perdition." But if the government is to save people from going to perdition, pray what are the ministers for?

At the Elgin Sunday convention the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved, That we look with shame and sorrow on the non-observance of the Sabbath by many Christian people, in that the custom prevails with them of purchasing Sabbath newspapers, engaging in and patronizing Sabbath business and travel, and in many instances giving themselves over to pleasure and self-indulgence, setting aside by neglect and indifference the great duties and privileges which God's day brings to them."

A sad case, truly. But have those shamed and sorrowing ministers enough spiritual power to stem the tide? Do they propose to cry to God for His converting power to come upon those pleasure-loving, Sabbath-breaking church members, until they will cease to don the livery of heaven, to serve the devil in? Do they propose to preach the gospel with such burning zeal that the church will be too hot to hold such arrant hypocrites?— Not at all. They turn from the power of God to an arm of flesh—to the politicians, as is painfully evident from the next resolution:—

Resolved, That we give our votes and support to those candidates or political officers who will pledge themselves to vote for the enactment and enforcing of statutes in favor of the civil Sabbath."

What a spectacle to angels and to men! The ministers in convention assembled, calling upon the politicians to trounce their refractory church members into a decent observance of the Sabbath! If the church members had any true religion, they would not need it. If the ministers had any power with

God, they would seek help of Him, and not appeal to corrupt politicians. Surely no other evidence is needed to show the fallen condition of the churches. Surely Babylon is fallen, is fallen. Come out of her, my people.

Will the ministers eventually gain control of the government? — Yes; they are getting the politicians rapidly into line. In the session of 1828–29, Congress was petitioned to not permit the mails to be carried on Sunday; but refused to grant the petition. The committee to whom the matter was referred reported adversely. An extract or two from that report is here presented:—

“It should, however, be kept in mind that the proper object of government is to protect all persons in the enjoyment of their religious as well as civil rights, and not to determine for any, whether they shall esteem one day above another, or esteem all days alike holy.”

After showing that some good citizens esteem Saturday holy, and other good citizens observe Sunday, the committee says:—

“With these different religious views, the committee are of the opinion that Congress cannot interfere. It is not the legitimate province of the legislature to determine what religion is true, or what false. While the mail is transported on Saturday, the Jew and the Sabbatarian may abstain from any agency in carrying it, on conscientious scruples. While it is transported on Sunday, another class may abstain from the same religious scruples. The obligation of government is the same on both these classes; and the committee can discover no principle on which the claims of one should be more respected than those of the other, unless it be admitted that the consciences of the minority are less sacred than those of the majority.”

It seems that the above principle need only be stated to be recognized and accepted by every fair-minded person, and Congress at that time summarily disposed of the petition. But how stands the case to-day?

CONGRESS HAS BOWED TO THE BEHESTS OF THE CLERGY.

The session of Congress that has just closed (1892). has decreed that the World's Fair at Chicago must be closed on

Sunday, or receive no financial aid from the United States treasury. I quote again from the Congressional committee: "Extensive religious combinations to effect a political object, are, in the opinion of the committee, always dangerous."

Was there an extensive religious combination to induce Congress to add the Sunday-closing clause to the World's Fair appropriation bill?—Yes. The National Reform Association, the American Sabbath Union, the W. C. T. U., Catholic and Protestant, priest and preacher, united in one grand raid upon Congress with entreaties, petitions, and threats, to secure the much-coveted Sunday legislation. Then have we reached the danger line?—Yes, we have.

Let us hear the Congressional committee once more: "All religious despotism begins by combination and influence, and when that influence begins to operate upon the political institutions of a country, the civil power soon bends under it; and the catastrophe of other nations furnishes an awful warning of the consequence." Have the influence of religious combinations begun to operate upon the political institutions of our country?—Yes. Has the civil power begun to bend under it?—Yes. Congress has so far yielded to its demands as to go beyond its constitutional prerogative, and to legislate in favor of Sunday, a religious institution, in the face of the declaration of the Constitution that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." What next?—The awful catastrophe of other nations before us who yielded to the power of the priesthood. Just as soon as corrupt politicians discover that there is power in this religio-political movement, they will join hands with the scheming, ambitious preachers, jump on to the band wagon, and go with the crowd; as witness Senator Quay, the man who introduced the Sunday-closing amendment in the Senate, the malodor of whose reputation has scented the whole country, and smelled even to the world beyond the sea; a man who has been charged by reputable papers with almost every crime which circles around "Thou shalt not steal," yet who has never dared to compel these papers to prove their allegations by libel suit against them. Yes, that is the man who rushed to the aid of the preachers, thinking: "If I pat your back, you will pat mine." Yes, he needed the aroma of the holy

clergy to counteract the bad smell of his unsavory reputation, and they needed his political influence to gain control of the government. So the spouse of Christ yielded herself to the arms of the political corruptionists for the sake of the political loaves and fishes. What kind of a child will such an unholy union bring forth? It will be —

AN IMAGE TO THE BEAST,

and the enforcing of his mark. The mark of the beast is to be universally enforced: "And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand or in their foreheads." Rev. 13:16. The Sunday is also to be universally enforced. "Let a man be what he may, Jew, seventh-day observer of some other denomination, or those who do not believe in the Christian Sabbath; let the law apply to every one, that there shall be no public desecration of the first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath, the day of rest for the nation. They may hold any other day of the week as sacred, and observe it; but that day, which is the one day in seven for the nation at large, let not that be publicly desecrated by any one, by officer in the government, or by private citizen, high or low, rich or poor."—*Dr. McAllister*. Who are to receive the mark?—All, both great and small, rich and poor, free and bond. Who are to receive the Sunday institution?—Every one—officer in the government (the great) or private citizen (the small), high or low, rich or poor. Are enforced Sunday keeping and the mark of the beast the same?—Yes. The issue is before us. The commandments of God on one side and the commandments of the beast (the papacy) on the other. On which side of the controversy will you stand? "To whomsoever ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are." Rom. 6:16. I venture to say now, in the year of our Lord 1892, that only a short time will elapse before the decree shall go forth, that those who will not keep Sunday will not be allowed to buy or sell.

STEP by step, O Saviour, lead us,
Onward, upward, nearer thee,
Step by step our every weakness
In the light of God to see.
Every sin spot, every plague spot,
Every idol of our heart,
Sinful pride, unholy passions,
Help us bid them all depart.

Closer, sharper, though the testing
Give us grace for each and all,
Lest, defeated in the conflict,
From our steadfastness we fall.
Step by step, O blessed Jesus,
Help us walk close by thy side;
Step by step, O Holy Spirit,
Be thou evermore our Guide.

Thou wilt surely prove thy people,
Every heart by thee is seen.
Wash us, cleanse us from defilement
Till at last, all pure and clean,
Thou wilt own us at thy coming,
'Mong the sanctified and blest,
Hear thy voice of welcome saying,
"Soul, enjoy thy long-sought rest."

— *John Hopkins.*

CHAPTER VII.

LABORS IN SOUTHWESTERN MINNESOTA.

I MUST now go back to 1889. In November of that year I was sent as a missionary to the Lake Shetek country, in Murray County, Minn. It was the scene of a great massacre of the whites during the Indian outbreak of 1862.

The gentleman to whom I was directed proved to be very peculiar. He claimed to have had a very remarkable conversion the winter previous. When he discovered I was a minister, he was very much elated; said he had been praying the Lord to send one, and he was certain I was the one the Lord had sent. He interested himself greatly in opening the way for meetings. "When will you begin?" "To-night." "But you are tired, and had better rest an evening or two." "Yes, I am tired; but there is a great work to be done, and but little time in which to do it. So the meetings begin to-night." The neighborhood was soon apprised of the meetings, and the first one was held at Mr. Dan Greenman's. A goodly number was present, and good attention was paid to the word spoken. After meeting we determined to hold the rest of the meetings in the schoolhouse. I was led to that conclusion for two reasons: First, people feel more free to go to a schoolhouse than to a private dwelling; and lastly, I noticed that while the older ones were attentively listening to the minister in one room, some children were having a little war in an adjoining room, and some of the parents had to go in and settle them. Not enjoying such little side attractions, I preferred the schoolhouse. The schoolhouse was a poor affair, with no stove in it. The good people got a coal stove, and neatly lined the inside of the house with building paper, so it was fairly comfortable.

The people manifested a good degree of interest in the meetings, especially our peculiar friend, to whom I had been directed when I first entered the neighborhood. He thought the meet-

ings were just right until I inadvertently incurred his displeasure. I will mention some of his peculiarities. He had an idea that, as a son of God, he had no need to work; that his heavenly Father would supply all his wants. He also claimed to be able to live without eating, and to go barefoot through the snow without injury; but I noticed he did ample justice to the food set before him, and that his feet were warmly clad. He thought he had the power of the gospel in his right hand. He could just lay his right hand on a sinner, and convert him without any further trouble. He said to me that he was Christ, and could feel his hands and feet burn where the nails had been driven through them. But what alarmed me the most was his confidential statement that the neighborhood would never be right until somebody's blood was shed. I perceived that he was a religious fanatic of the first magnitude. I was afraid that he would some time be seized with a determination to save the people by the shedding of blood. I remembered that a religious fanatic cut his brother's head off in the time of the great reformation. I thought of the Pocasset tragedy, where, a few years ago, Charles Freeman, under the influence of religious fanaticism, took the life of his own darling child. And what this man might do, I did not know.

In a discourse, one evening, I dwelt on the danger of religious fanaticism; also I expressed my belief to some of his friends that he was mentally unbalanced, and should be cared for. This raised his ire to such a height he went to town to have me arrested, but returned, saying his lawyer told him he had no case. The Methodist minister attended a meeting or two, and expressed himself pleased with the doctrine preached. But when I came to speak on the Sabbath question, he opposed with all his might. He cried out, "No man knows which is the seventh day. I don't know. Brother Hill doesn't know. No man knows; for we have all forgotten the day of the week." I very briefly replied, "If Brother Lewis has forgotten the Sabbath, he has broken the law of God; for God said, 'Remember the Sabbath day;' but Brother Lewis says he does not remember the Sabbath at all, but has entirely forgotten it. God said, 'Remember.' Brother Lewis says, 'I forgot.' Surely he ought not to forget what God told him to remember."

THE NEXT EVENING

I spoke on "Who Changed the Sabbath?" Brother Lewis was on hand to oppose again. I proposed to him that if he had opposing views to present, that he take a whole evening, and not have a jangle at the close of the sermon; but he persisted in speaking. In the course of his remarks, he said I ought to go where there were no other ministers of the gospel, and preach my peculiar views to the unconverted, and not to Christians. A gentleman in the audience inquired if it were peculiar to preach the commandments of God? The minister replied, "It is peculiar to preach the seventh, seventh, seventh day." "Well," replied Mr. Carpenter, "I have a very poor opinion of a man's piety that will pretend to keep the ten commandments, and yet try to get around one of them." The minister sat down as if he had been struck by lightning. He had not another word to say. After meeting, Mr. Carpenter invited me to lodge with him that night. As we were walking home, he said, "Elder Lewis stops with us to-night, too. He took supper with us, and left his horse in my stable, and is ahead of us with Mrs. Carpenter and the boys." Sure enough, I found the elder at the house, as pleasant as though nothing unusual had occurred. Mr. Carpenter made a little apology for speaking out in meeting, and everything went along merrily as a marriage bell. The two elders occupied the same bed that night without the slightest discord until morning, when Brother Lewis abruptly asked me, "Brother Hill, how many people do you expect to convert in this neighborhood?" "Well, Brother Lewis, what is it to be converted?" "To be converted is to be turned from sin to righteousness." "Right. To turn men from sin to holiness is true conversion. Now, what is sin?" "Sin is the transgression of the law." "Right again, Brother Lewis, and we hope by the grace of God to turn a goodly number from sin — transgression of the law — to keep the commandments of God." "O, I suppose you mean to turn them to keep the Sabbath." "We hope, Brother Lewis, to see them keep the Lord's Sabbath with the rest of the commandments; for James says, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all.' James 2:10. The Sabbath is a point in the law, and we must keep it or be law breakers in the

sight of God." Brother Lewis made no reply to this, and we arose, took breakfast, and each went his way for that time.

MY FRIEND WHO WAS SO CERTAIN

the Lord had sent me at first, in answer to his prayers, had now turned to be my enemy, and was just as certain I had been sent of the devil, to distract the peace of the neighborhood. He not only declared he would never enter another Adventist meeting, but that he would make war on us to the end. He joined Brother Lewis in opposition meetings in an adjoining schoolhouse, but all to no purpose. Although he manifested the greatest zeal (he ran, he said, a thousand miles or more, to get ministers to preach, and people to attend the meetings), it was all in vain. The people would attend the Adventist meetings in spite of everything, and the work went forward. A nice Sabbath school was established, and a company of believers was raised up to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. Brother Lewis made one more attempt to bring the people back to the observance of the venerable day of the sun. He got so excited, and shouted so loudly that a child was so frightened its father had to take it out of the schoolhouse, and remain outside until the discourse was over. He labored so hard that he panted for breath, yet failed to find a "Thus saith the Lord" for Sunday keeping, and seemed determined to make up in noise what he lacked in truth. He complained bitterly that he found it necessary to preach on the Sabbath question at all. He would in nowise do so, only for the divisions brought in by the seventh-day folks. O, what troublers they are. I thought of the cry raised against the apostles anciently: "These men being Jews, do EXCEEDINGLY trouble our city." Acts 16:20. These men preaching that the seventh day is the Sabbath do exceedingly trouble the ministers. Why?—Because it is the truth, and they cannot successfully deny it. If there was any Bible authority for Sunday keeping, they would not feel so badly. If such scripture could be found, their bitter mourning would be turned into joy immediately, their wails of sorrow would be turned into songs of rejoicing. They would sing,—

"This is the way we long have sought,
And mourned because we found it not."

But, alas! they are like Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not. Even so the ministers are mourning for a "Thus saith the Lord" for Sunday keeping, and refusing to be comforted, because it is not. No such divine authority can be found. As God has never commanded Sunday, the clergy are stirring up the corrupt politicians to supply the lack, by enacting human laws instead, and when they get the laws they ask for, what will become of the troublers of their Zion? Rev. Mr. Trefren, of Napa, Cal., speaking of Adventist ministers, said, "What we want is law in this matter, and we will get it, too, and then we will show these men what their end will be. The ministers are fast gaining control of the government, and we will soon see how they will use those men who will dare to differ with them."

During the winter I was joined by Brother Frank Johnson, an earnest, faithful worker in the cause, and we held meetings at Currie, about six miles from Shetek. Mr. Neil Currie furnished us a good hall free of charge, and the good people furnished coal and light. We boarded at the Padgitt hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Padgitt were very kind to us, and she, with Mrs. Swartwood and some others, embraced the truth, and a Sabbath school was organized, and Sabbath meetings established. We worked hard, walking many miles over the bleak prairies, visiting and holding meetings, and were rewarded by seeing some fruit of our labor.

AT THE CAMP MEETING OF 1890

it was decided that J. W. Collie, W. A. Alway, and myself should hold a course of tent meetings at Worthington, a beautiful town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, situated near the southwestern corner of the State. We went by way of Shetek and Currie. Brother Collie, while on his way over the prairie to visit Mr. Sam Greenman, fell in with our friend who claimed to have the power of the gospel in his right hand, etc. The gentleman invited him to a scriptural conference, to which he readily assented. So they sat down by the side of the fence to investigate a few doctrinal points our peculiar friend wished to explain. Presently he proposed a season of prayer, to which Brother Collie also assented. During his prayer, our peculiar friend began to grapple onto Brother Collie with his hands. He

became so demonstrative that Brother Collie, being a youngster, became frightened, and wished himself somewhere else. Suddenly remembering he had an engagement at Sam Greenman's to dinner, he excused himself, and went on his way, wondering what kind of a man he had met with.

We arrived at Worthington in the latter part of June. We found Mr. DeWolf there, who had years before given me a ride in his wagon through the raging waters, when I was on my way to Tenhassen. He kindly helped us to secure a good location for our tent. It was late one summer afternoon when three quiet strangers entered the town, which was soon to be stirred as it never was before by the truths which they bore to the people. In the dusk of the evening we pitched our family tent, and made a bed of the preaching tent and some blankets.

It was rather a hard bed for tired limbs, and the discomfort was much increased by clouds of hungry mosquitoes. In the morning there came a rapping on the tent pole. It was Mr. DeWolf, who had come to invite us to breakfast. He and his good wife were very kind to us, especially to me. They kindly gave me a home all the ten weeks I was there, for which kindness I hope and pray they may not lose their reward. The meetings were sometimes well attended, and sometimes not. When the interest would lag, we would get out handbills, announcing special subjects, and so draw the people. What helped our cause the most of anything, was holding Bible readings in private houses. Some of the best people in the town attended the readings. The Methodist minister, Elder Harrington, lived near the tent. He had a great desire to hear, but would not enter the tent. He was in the habit of clandestinely standing on the outside to listen. We thought to cure him of such unseemly behavior, so the next time he was discovered eavesdropping, the speaker was informed of it, and he said, "I understand Brother Harrington is standing on the outside of the tent. There is plenty of room within. Please come in, Brother Harrington, and be seated." He refused to come in, but went away for that time. Even after that he was discovered standing outside in the rain, listening to the preaching. He would not be seen in the congregation, for fear of setting a bad example to his church members, so he listened on the sly.

A NICE SABBATH SCHOOL WAS ORGANIZED,

and some began to obey the truth, when I determined to leave the boys, and go home for a while, as I had not been home for about twelve weeks. No sooner had I gone than Elder Harrington began to preach on the Sabbath question. Brother Collie answered him with such effect that some more (Brother and Sisters Griffin) took their stand for the truth. The elder said he had intended to preach a number of times upon the subject, but after he heard the reply, he concluded that once was enough.

In February, 1891, I was sent again to Worthington by the Conference Committee, to meet Elder J. M. Vankirk, of Ruthven, Iowa, who was confident he could exorcise the doctrines of Adventism from the town of Worthington. Our people tried to avoid a discussion, but nothing else would satisfy Elder Vankirk and the Sunday keepers. I was sick, and in no condition to perform labor of any kind, much less bear the burden of a twelve-nights' discussion.

The propositions for discussion were: First, Ought Christians to sacredly observe the seventh-day Sabbath? Second, Is the law of which the Sabbath was a part abolished? Ought Christians to sacredly observe the first day of the week? I affirmed the first and he the last two propositions. He was smooth, oily, slippery, and worked hard; but went away leaving more Adventists in Worthington than when he came. The little company there are still firm in the faith, and rejoicing in the blessed hope. May the Lord prosper them alway, even unto the end.

IN APRIL, 1891, WE REMOVED

to West Union, Minn., and lived in Brother C. McDonald's house, he having gone with the family to the State of Washington. Brother John Budd desired me to take his wife over to his father's one day, as she wished to go, and he had not time to take her himself. I wanted to see the old folks, and concluded to go. As we were returning, the front wheel of the carriage ran off in descending quite a steep hill, which frightened the horse, and he began to run and kick with all his might. Sister Budd was afraid her little boy, who was with us, would be killed,

and, womanlike, screamed, and caught hold of the lines, which only made a bad matter worse. In a very short time the carriage top was in one place and a badly used-up carriage in another, and the horse and harness had disappeared over the prairie, leaving three badly shaken-up persons to get home as best they could. Sister Budd said she did not believe she would ride with the minister again.

The State camp meeting of 1891 was held at Minneapolis. A meeting, called a workers' meeting, was held about a week before the general camp meeting began. At this meeting there were hours set apart to prepare the ground and pitch tents, and other hours were set apart for devotion and the study of God's word. One day I thought Brother — took rather strong ground in regard to faith. He said all Abraham did was to believe. All he could do was to believe. All you can do is to believe. All anybody can do is to believe. I asked, if that were so, why is it that we are exhorted everywhere to watch and pray, to strive, wrestle, run, fight, and even to add to our faith, if only to believe were all we had to do? Brother Porter, president of our conference, said, "Brother Hill will have five minutes in which to answer his own question at our next meeting:" which I did as follows: "We are told all we can do is to believe, or have faith, and that is not of ourselves; it is the gift of God; then why do not all men have faith? It is replied, because some men will not accept the gift. Very well, then the difference is in the men. Some men will, and other men will not. Again, here are two men who both have faith; the one goes on increasing in faith, while the other makes shipwreck of faith. How is this? Both had faith. One grew strong in faith and the other weaker, until he lost what faith he had. These opposite results were reached by the opposite course taken by the two men. The one thought he was required to improve upon the talent of faith God gave him, while the other thought he had nothing to do but believe.

WE ARE TOLD

that as faith is the gift of God, all we have to do is to take it. Well, here is a gift of God — a loaf of bread. Supposing we should all act upon the principle that bread is the gift of God, therefore all we have to do is to take it. Would we not all

soon get very hungry? If faith is a gift of God, we should ask for it. 'Ask and ye shall receive;' and the disciples prayed, 'Lord, increase our faith.' If a man has only a little faith, he should live out the faith he already has, and his faith will be strengthened and perfected. James, speaking of Abraham, said, 'Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect?' James 2:22. How was Abraham's faith perfected?—By works. How will your faith be perfected?—By works. In order to be strong in faith we must act out the faith we already possess. We are told all anybody can do is to believe. Suppose I steal Brother Curtis's knife. How can I be forgiven? Will it do for me just to believe I am forgiven without confession and restoration? Will it benefit me in the least to believe I am forgiven so long as I retain that knife in my possession?—No. But I go to Brother Curtis, and say, 'I stole your knife. I am truly sorry I did so, and here I give you the knife again.' Now I can come to God with the assurance that God will forgive me, because I have complied with the conditions of forgiveness. God will not repent for us, nor believe for us, nor watch and pray for us, nor improve our talents for us; but He will help us do all these things, and without Him we can do nothing. Yes, God's wisdom and power will be given unto every one who seeks for it, and he will be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

At that camp meeting our good president, Elder R. C. Porter, took leave of us. Never did we part with a president so reluctantly before. He had endeared himself to all the brethren in Minnesota. After camp meeting, Brethren W. A. Alway, A. Parker, and myself pitched our tents in a grove on the shore of Osakis Lake, Douglas County. Never did we pitch tent in a more pleasant location. We began meetings on July 2, with a fair attendance. The interest increased until oftentimes our tent was filled to overflowing, and some decided to obey the truth. Brother Satterlee, the M. E. minister, felt called upon to oppose our work. He started out on the warpath, tomahawk in hand, evidently determined to take our scalps at the first onset. Of course we went to hear him, and he gave us a roasting, sure enough. According to Brother Satterlee, we were the most ignorant, hypocritical hypocrites that could be found.

He said we preached damnation to the people, and that we were a curse, and only a curse. The reverend gentleman's rage seemed to know no bounds. As we listened to him, we thought, "What spirit impels a man to thus abuse his fellow man? Is it the Spirit of Christ?—O, no. Then what spirit is it?—It must be an evil spirit."

Why is it that ministers almost always abuse Sabbath keepers when they preach upon the Sunday-Sabbath question? Is it because they cannot find any Bible authority for Sunday sacredness that they get so cross? He started out to give the reasons why the Sunday should be observed, and in a long discourse he gave us only three:—

1. We keep Sunday because Christ arose from the dead on that day. Did God tell us to keep Sunday holy because Christ arose from the dead on that day?—No; not at all. Who does?—Brother Satterlee. Would God have told us to keep Sunday holy if He thought it was best for us to do so?—Yes, certainly. God did not tell us to do so; and why not?—Evidently because He did not think it was best for us to do so. What God has not commanded or required, Brother Satterlee ought not to command or require.

2. We keep Sunday the same as we keep the Fourth of July. Yes, certainly. The Fourth of July rests solely upon the commandments of men; so does Sunday. But Christ says, "In vain do ye worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

3. We keep Sunday because all the world keeps it. Yes; Brother Satterlee keeps Sunday to be in harmony with the world; but "the whole world lieth in wickedness." 1 John 5:19. It is not good for a Christian to love the world; for "if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1 John 2:15. To be in harmony with the world is to be in harmony with the beast, as it is written, "All the world wondered after the beast." Rev. 13:3. Brother Satterlee places himself among the beast-worshipping world. To be in harmony with the world is to be against Christ; for Christ said, "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

Here we are taught, First, Christians are not of the world;

but Brother Satterlee goes with the world. Yes, there are altogether too many worldly ministers professing to be ministers of Christ. Secondly, we learn that the world hates Christ and Christians. Perhaps that is the reason why he hates Adventists so heartily. He not only hates Sabbath keepers, but the Sabbath and the law that enforces the Sabbath. He said the law was under his feet, and the man who follows the law ignores Christ.

Wesley, the founder of Methodism, said, "The law is God's faithful witness in heaven." What a contrast! Brother Wesley has the law high up in heaven; Brother Satterlee has it low down under his feet. Queer place for God's holy law! God says, "I will put my laws in their minds, and in their hearts will I write them." We suggest to Brother Satterlee, and all others who are trampling the precepts of Jehovah in the dust, that the heart is a much more appropriate place for God's law than under their feet. If to follow the law ignores Christ, why does Brother Satterlee, every time he sprinkles a baby, require its parents to promise to teach it the ten commandments? Does he intend to teach the child to ignore Christ, and be lost? Is not such contradiction and confusion the result of rejecting the truth of God? "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Since Brother Satterlee is divided against himself, how can he stand? But really, does the man who keeps the commandments ignore Christ? If so, it follows that to honor Christ we must break the commandments of God. Could Satan devise a more wicked teaching? Christ said to the Father, "Yea, thy law is within my heart" (Ps. 40:6), and "I have kept my father's commandments" (John 15:10); and he has joined the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus together: "Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." Rev. 14:12. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Were we offended because a brother minister railed on us so?—Not at all. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." (Sermon on the mount.) Many of the elder's own people did not approve of his bitter spirit, and he soon left for

another field of labor. He remarked to a gentleman before going that his people urged him to speak against the Adventists, but as it resulted differently from what was expected, they turned against him. Yes, fighting the truth results differently from what is expected. We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth. His successor takes a different course, and says nothing publicly against the Sabbath. The ministers are learning that whoever publicly opposes the Lord's Sabbath burns his own fingers. If they would only go a step farther, and embrace the whole truth, how much better it would be for them and their people, both now and hereafter. In Osakis, where we had no cause at all about a year ago, we have now a neat little church, of which P. Hogan was the master builder, with Sabbath school and meetings established. And although unpopular truth makes slow progress here, yet God's true people will eventually hear His voice, and follow Him. In September, 1891, we removed to Osakis, where we still reside, and can say we have received many kindnesses from the people of this place and vicinity, for which favors we are thankful.

In the winter of 1891-92, I was assigned fifteen churches to visit in the northwestern part of the State, one of which was Round Prairie. As I was walking from the depot with a gentleman, he showed me the old tent pole that we used in our tent meetings, sixteen years before. There it lay on the prairie, broken in two near the top. As I stood there, and looked at the old pole, what a flood of recollections came rushing into my mind. I could see the tent standing there, as of old, and the people coming on foot and in wagons and buggies. I could see them seated in the cotton meetinghouse, and imagine myself speaking to them once more. Where are this multitude of people now? — Some have moved away; some to one place and some to another, and some have folded their arms across their bosom in their last long sleep, their work all done, and their life's record all made up, closed up, and sealed unto the judgment of the great day. In a little while that scattered congregation and I will meet again. They to give an account as to how they heard and obeyed the message of truth, and I to give an account of how I proclaimed it to them. Shall I be able in that great day, in the presence of God and the holy angels, to look each one in the eye, and say, "I did my whole duty;

I am free from the blood of all these men?" I felt to renew my consecration to God and His work, and to pray, "O, Lord, help me to be a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion."

At Verndale I found two protracted meetings in progress; as a consequence our meetings were slimly attended by those not of our faith. What to do to get them to come I did not know. At last I got a lot of posters struck off announcing, "The Adventist Heaven will be the subject of discourse at the Adventist church to-night." I posted them up all over the village, and sure enough, a goodly number of outsiders were present, among whom was a Methodist minister. I invited him to open the meeting with prayer, which he did. Several times during his prayer he prayed the Lord, "If it be possible, bless this meeting." Evidently, he was in doubt whether the Lord could possibly bless the Adventist meeting or not, into which his bump of curiosity had beguiled him.

After the opening exercises, the minister took out his note book and pencil, and prepared to take notes. I began by explaining that the Adventists did not believe in a separate and distinct heaven for them, or that they should have a corner of heaven all by themselves. All of God's people shall share alike in that beautiful home; but Adventists have peculiar views as to how it shall be, where it shall be, and how and when it shall be obtained. Those views I endeavored to present, and the reasons therefor. I noticed at first that the minister took a few notes; but, as the subject was unfolded, he forgot about his notes, and sat with intense interest until the last word was spoken. The Lord helped in speaking, and the believers and unbelievers testified it was good to be there.

I left Verndale, in company with Brother Grant, for Eunice. The weather was intensely cold, and I felt peculiar pains traveling through my system almost continually. While holding meetings at Eunice, I was forced to give up to the power of la grippe. Brother and Sister Shields took me home, and gave me steam baths, which helped; but I took a relapse, and was worse than ever. It looked to me as if my work was done, and that I probably would never see my loved ones again in this life. I found it was a precious thing to have a hope in Christ at such a time as that. O, the blessed hope, that is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and entereth into that

within the veil. Who would for an hour be deprived of its rich comfort?

After a while, although very sick, I started for home. I was taken in a sleigh to Detroit, intending to take the cars; but I found I was too sick to go farther for two or three days, and I stayed at young Robert Schram's, who were very kind to me. I stayed during my sickness at Brethren Shield's, and Van Allen's, and at Mr. Schram's, all of whom showed me no little kindness. When I arrived at home, I was so weak I could scarcely walk; but soon got better, and assisted Brother Alway what I could, who was at that time holding meetings in the McKindley schoolhouse, situated in the timber about six miles from town. We used often to go across the lake on the ice. One day, as I was walking across, I came to a piece of ice that seemed to be detached from the main body. I was about to step on to it, when I thought, "Better try that first;" so I pushed it with my foot, and it sank quickly under the water. Had I stepped upon it, I would certainly have gone down with it. My time had not yet come to go down into the chambers of death.

WHAT WAS SOMEWHAT REMARKABLE,

Mrs. Hill had a presentiment that I was in danger, and could not rest that night. Surely, "the angel of the Lord encampeth round-about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." At the McKindley schoolhouse there was quite a good interest to hear, and a goodly number actually took a stand to obey the commandments of God, but most of them soon tired of the self-denying way. I was informed that one man said, "I would be keeping the Sabbath now only for some of my neighbors;" and that another said, "I know it is the truth, but my wife is so opposed that I can have no peace if I obey it." Thus they all, with one accord, began to make excuse, and of course the Lord will excuse them. Such excuses will hardly stand in the judgment. "My neighbors hindered me" will hardly shield the man from the penalty of the transgression of the divine law. "My wife opposed me, therefore I rejected the commandments of the great King," will hardly pass in the court of heaven. Such excuses will only put the poor people to shame that make them. Notwithstanding all discouragements, a little Sabbath

school was organized there, but whether it will continue to hold out against the opposition, time will tell. Elder Knott is now teaching the people there that the ten commandments are abolished, Sabbath and all the rest. I dropped into his Bible study one evening, in which he was explaining the first chapter of Galatians, which says that "if an angel from heaven should preach any other gospel than that is preached, let him be accursed." I wondered on which the curse rested, the Methodist church for teaching that the ten commandments are the law of God and binding on all men, or on Elder Knott for teaching that the ten commandments are dead and binding on nobody. It must most surely rest on one or the other, for they preach directly opposite the one to the other.

One Sabbath day, as I was on my way to meeting, I met a gentleman from that neighborhood hauling a load of wood to town. I said to him, "Brother, it hurts my feelings to see you breaking the Lord's Sabbath." On my return I met him again, when the following discourse ensued: "I have been thinking about what you said to me about breaking the Sabbath. I don't know about its hurting your feelings to see me work on the Sabbath; maybe it is only a hobby you have. Brother Knott is teaching us that all the old commandments are done away, and we have nothing to do with them any more." "Is that so? I supposed the Bible taught that we should observe the old commandments as well as the new." "Yes; but you find that in the Old Testament." "Let us see about that," and I read 1 John 2:7: "'Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning.' This is in the writings of John, in the New Testament. John here plainly teaches that we should observe the old commandment, which is even from the beginning; but Brother Knott teaches that all the old commandments are done away. Which do you think is right, the holy apostle or Brother Knott?" "Well, in Paul's writings we find the law is done away." "So you think the apostle Paul contradicts the apostle John?" "I think they agree." "Let us hear Paul: 'Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid; yea, we establish the law.' Rom. 3:31. Here Paul says the law is established, the very opposite of abolished or done away." "Well, I know Paul says, 'We are not under the

law, but under grace.'” “I know that very well, too; but, Brother —, who is under grace, the man who breaks the commandments, or the man who keeps them? Do you think the man who lies, steals, commits murder, and the like, is under grace?” “O no, the man who is a Christian will keep the commandments.” “Now, Brother —, you are on the right track, and I will bid you good-by.”

IT IS CERTAIN THE MAN WHO IS A CHRISTIAN

will keep the commandments of God. “For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous.” 1 John 5:3.

Kind reader, if a man who is a Christian will keep God's commandments, what kind of a man is it who tries to evade them, and teaches they are dead and abolished? And if it is love that leads a man to keep the commandments of God, what is it that impels him to disregard them? All true obedience springs from love, all other obedience is vain. May God's love rule in your heart and mine, and then we will be God's obedient children, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless in His sight.

THE SPRING OF 1892

was very cold and wet, and I took a heavy cold, which brought the la grippe back on me with great power. My friends watched in fear, lest I should not recover. Brother and Sister Bidgood and Brother and Sister Briggs were especially kind to us during this illness. Through the loving kindness of our Father in heaven I once more recovered so as to do a little in the cause I love.

I was too feeble to attend the State camp meeting at Minneapolis in May, 1892. My two daughters, Ella and Nellie, attended it, and it was the best one ever held in the State. The brethren came home greatly refreshed and encouraged. They could see clearly that the long-looked-for triumph of God's faithful children is at hand.

The power of God was present, not only to heal the soul, but the body as well. Sister Haak, of Winona, with whom I am well acquainted, had been an invalid for years, and a great sufferer; she attended the meeting, and was instantly healed in

answer to prayer, and returned to her home a well woman. Thus we see the Lord is gracious, and willing to do great things for His people. The Bible study, conducted by Elder A. T. Jones, was a great blessing to the dear brothers and sisters. Their eyes fairly shone with their new hope and joy. May the good and blessed work go on until the joy of every believer shall be full.

A WHILE AFTER CAMP MEETING

I had the pleasure of visiting Long Prairie, Stewartville, Eagle Lake, Good Thunder, and Kasota. It was a privilege to meet the dear old veterans in the cause, and speak to them once more of the blessed hope. We realized more than ever that we are standing on the very verge of the eternal world; events startling in their nature are transpiring before our eyes, and the next thing in order is the time of trouble, and then the glorious appearing of the Son of God on the white cloud, and the gathering of the saints unto Him. At Eagle Lake I had the pleasure of meeting my aged father. He is in his eighty-third year, and quite feeble; but his hope is strong in the holy one of Israel, the One that is mighty and able to save. At Kasota, where my sister Sarah, and brother-in-law, John Pettis, live, I could only stay one evening, which I improved by holding meeting with the brethren. My mind was carried back to the time, about thirteen years ago, when I first held meetings there. I asked the brethren if they remembered that at that time I told them that the churches would gain control of the civil power in this country, and so make an image to the beast, or papacy? "Are the churches uniting to gain that control?— Yes. Are they succeeding?— Yes. Both houses of Congress have yielded to the demands of the churches in regard to the Sunday closing of the World's Fair. Did I tell you that the time would come when this country would be stirred from one end to the other on the Sunday-Sabbath question?— Yes. Was it the truth?— Yes. Witness the universal agitation on this question caused by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the American Sabbath Union, the Sunday Rest leagues, and National reformers. Their literature, meetings, conventions, and petitions are everywhere. *Ninety-one* churches met in Chicago the other day to boom the Sunday movement. What other

religious question creates such interest and enthusiasm?—None whatever. Did I tell you the time would come when Congress would, at the behest of the churches, make Sunday laws?—Yes. Has Congress already begun to make Sunday laws to please the churches?—Yes. Did I tell you that the time would come when Sabbath keepers would be fined and imprisoned in this country for working on Sunday?—Yes. Has it come to pass?—Yes; four as good, honest Christian, people as can be found, are in a dungeon to-day, in free America, one of whom we are well acquainted with, for quietly working on their own premises, on Sunday, after having kept the Sabbath day according to the commandment of the Lord. Thirteen years ago I declared to you, on the authority of God's Word, that these things would come to pass, every one of which is in the process of fulfillment before your eyes to-day. Does not this prove to a demonstration that our people have the correct interpretation of the prophecies relating to the days in which we live?—Yes, it most surely does. Will this persecution of commandment keepers become general?—Yes. The Sunday crusade is here, and is moving with mighty power, and will not stop until all over this broad land those who will not bow down to the image or receive the mark, will experience and know what it is to suffer for Christ's sake. They will experience the wrath of the dragon. But who will gain the victory in this last conflict, the beast and his image, or the suffering people of God? Let us read Rev. 15: 2: 'And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God.'

WHO STAND ON THE SEA OF GLASS?

Those who on this earth gained the victory over the beast and his image. Who are now warning the world against the beast and his image, and the reception of his mark?—Seventh-day Adventists. Anybody else on this earth doing so?—No. Then who only will obtain the victory over the beast and his image?—Seventh-day Adventists. Then who only will stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire before the throne?—Seventh-day Adventists. Do not misunderstand me; I do not say none

but Adventists will be saved; but I do say, and every Bible-believer must believe with me, that only those who contend with the beast and his image will stand on the sea of glass, and Seventh-day Adventists are the only ones in this world that are scripturally doing that. Ask any other class of people if they have any special burden to oppose the beast and his image, and they will tell you, no; that they do not know if there be any beast and his image or not. How is it with you, kind reader? Are you in ignorance of these things? How can you expect to stand with that glad company of overcomers on the sea of glass? Is it not high time that you were becoming intelligent in regard to these solemn truths?

IT IS OBJECTED THAT

it cannot be that the little unpopular people of Seventh-day Adventists can be the only ones who have the truth for our time. When was the present truth popular in this wicked world? Not in the days of Noah, neither in the days of Abraham, or Elijah, or Christ, or at any other time. Neither will it be in the last days; for in the latter times some shall depart from the faith. 1 Tim. 4:1. In the last days perilous times shall come. 2 Tim. 3:1. And the remnant or last of God's people, who keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ, will suffer the wrath of the dragon. Rev. 12:17. A popular church is never persecuted; therefore the remnant people of God, upon whom the dragon shall make war, will be a small, unpopular people, proclaiming unpopular truth to the world. Are the Seventh-day Adventists just such a people as that?—Yes. Are they already suffering fines and imprisonment for conscience' sake?—Yes. And it will be more and more so as the days roll round. Many say the age in which we live is too enlightened to persecute anybody. But the spirit of intolerance and persecution is not dead by any means, as witness the fines and imprisonment of Sabbath-keepers in Arkansas, for working quietly on their own premises on Sunday. Also the celebrated King case: A man who was fined for plowing corn on Sunday; who was dragged from court to court, and finally died under a thousand-dollar bond to appear before the Supreme Court of the United States; and

for what crime?—For plowing corn on Sunday after having kept the Sabbath of the Lord according to the commandment. Was he a good man and a Christian?—Yes, even those who prosecuted him admitted that. Who are responsible for his being persecuted to the day of his death?—The popular churches. What does Christ say about such things? “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.” How will such popular professors of religion answer for their persecution of Christ’s little ones when they stand before Him in the great day? I would rather be the persecuted than the persecutors, would not you? Take the more recent case of the Adventists imprisoned in Paris jail, Henry County, Tennessee.

The following is a dialogue between an Adventist and a Methodist shortly before the persecution began: *Methodist*—“You people are doing a good deal of harm in this country.” *Adventist*—“Why, how is that? We are a quiet, inoffensive people.” *Methodist*—“Yes, but were it not for your church we would have regular meetings here at Springville, and all the young people who now go to your meetings would be working members of the Methodist Church.” *Adventist*—“Well, show us our error, and we will all be Methodists.” *Methodist*—“That’s just what we are going to do; we are going to prosecute every one of you.”

Kind reader, I call that the spirit of religious bigotry and intolerance. What do you call it? Did they prosecute them?—Yes. Five Christian men, two of them personally known to the writer, were indicted as criminals, and appeared before the court without a lawyer, and personally pleaded for liberty to worship God according to His own word—to work six days and rest the seventh, as God had commanded them. Was it denied them?—Yes. Although not a man could be found to testify he had been disturbed by their Sunday work, yet four of these Christian men were fined and imprisoned as criminals in the common prison. Was the spirit of persecution satisfied with their imprisonment?—No, sir. But even ministers went to Paris, the county seat of Henry County, Tennessee, to see if by some means these suffering men could not be made to work in the chain gang on the public roads, and they were compelled even to endure that infamy.

In the light of these facts, who will say the spirit of persecution is dead? Here is something more I find in the *Review and Herald*, dated Aug. 9, 1892: "We learn that Brethren E. E. Franke and C. L. Taylor are having an exciting time in their tent work at Ford's Store, Maryland. Methodist ministers have come in from all parts of the county, and stirred up a mob, who, wearing masks and armed with clubs and other weapons, have undertaken to tear down their tents, and drive them from the place, and would have done so, had not the tent been watched nights by its friends to the number of thirty or forty, armed for all emergencies. Who will say that the spirit of religious intolerance is dead? Who are suffering from this persecuting spirit?—Seventh-day Adventists." But this is not all. Judge Hammond, a judge of the United States District Court, in his decision in the King case, holds that the majority have the legal right to persecute the minority in this land (see "Due Process of Law and the Divine Right of Dissent," page 21),

THUS PLACING PERSECUTION

on a legal basis in this land of boasted freedom. Yet more: The Supreme Court of the United States rendered a decision on the 29th day of February, 1892, that this is a Christian nation. Thus laws supporting Christian institutions are constitutional. Yet more: Congress has legislated in favor of Sunday, a religious institution. How long before the whole power of the government will be fully under ecclesiastical control, when the ministers will not stir up masked mobs to tear down tents and drive people away; but will say to officers of the law, "Take care of these men," and they will do it. And while popular professors of religion will be enjoying their church fairs, festivals, and ice cream suppers, the victims of their bigotry and intolerance will be languishing in dungeons and laboring in the chain gang.

The crisis is before us, reader. On which side will you be? Will you join the popular professors of religion in oppressing the humble children of God? If so, will not the judge say to you and to them in that day: "Wherefore did ye fine and imprison me and persecute me?" And when you will ask, "When did we such a wicked thing?" will not the Judge

say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Matt. 18: 1. God will not forsake His people in the time of trouble. He says, "When thou passeth through the fire, the flame shall not kindle upon thee; and when thou passeth through the waters, they shall not overflow thee. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them." Ps. 34: 7.

DID THE ANGEL OF THE LORD

deliver the three worthies from the burning flame in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, the king? — Yes, he did. Did the angel of the Lord deliver Daniel from the power of the lions? — Yes, he did. Did the angel of the Lord deliver Peter from prison? — Yes; the Lord delivered His faithful servants in ages past, and He will shield them by His mighty power in the last great struggle with the powers of darkness. God will have mighty men of faith in his army, in the last days, and His light and truth will shine forth until the whole earth will be lightened with the glory of God. Rev. 18: 1. Dear reader, are you in the army of the Lord? If not, you have no time to lose. He is now calling for volunteers, and whosoever will, may come.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A LIVING PRESENT.

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or
 blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Backward look across the ages, and the beacon moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea,
Not an ear in court or market for the low, foreboding cry
Of those crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff
 must fly;

Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside.
Doubting, in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

— James Russell Lowell. in "The Present Crisis."

CHAPTER VIII.

LABORS IN NORTH DAKOTA.

IN the autumn of 1892 I went to Pembina County, North Dakota. My book, "Experiences of a Pioneer Minister of Minnesota," was sent to a Mr. Schram, and by its instrumentality, himself, wife, and married daughter, a Mrs. Baker, began the observance of the Sabbath of the Lord, and it was thought advisable by the conference president for me to go and hold some meetings in that new field.

I arrived at Niche in December. The weather was clear and cold. North Dakota is a great wheat-producing country. I saw great rows of wheat sacks corded up like cordwood along the streets because there was no room for them in the elevators. It was perfectly safe from harm, because of the dryness of the atmosphere. After arriving at Niche, I found I had sixteen miles to go into the country. By inquiry, I found that Mr. Baker, Mr. Schram's son-in-law, with whom the old gentleman lived, was in town, but I had great difficulty in locating him. At last I met a man on the street, and I was so strongly impressed that he was Mr. Baker, that I turned round and followed him into a stable, and sure enough, he was the man I was seeking. I introduced myself to him, and requested a ride with him, which I saw was reluctantly granted. After we had started on our journey, he informed me that he was much opposed to my religion, and he was very sorry that it had ever found its way into his house, and he assured me that he would not allow it to be talked in his family. I might visit with the old folks, but for me to talk my religion to them in his house would not be permitted. "Well, Mr. Baker," said I, "I am thankful that I may have the privilege of visiting with them; and will you permit me to read the Bible with them?" "O, yes, as much as you please," he said. As my religion was nothing but the plain word of God, I was all right. I could let the Bible talk my religion for me, and

we had a blessed time reading God's holy Word with the old people. The next morning I started out to spread abroad among the people a knowledge of the present truth, which I did chiefly by visiting and holding Bible readings from house to house.

On Christmas day I had an appointment at the schoolhouse. The thermometer registered fifty-two degrees below zero. Only one man attended, and he was bundled up with two overcoats. We studied the Bible with a hot stove between us, with overcoats on, and were none too warm then. I held meetings for a while in Mr. Van Norman's house, at Elm Point, and several decided to obey; and then I held some meetings in Coburn's schoolhouse, which were well attended, and a goodly number believed, and some (a Mr. Carscallon and his family) obeyed the form of sound words. One of his sons,—a noble young man,—is at college, preparing to go out into the gospel field, and help sound the last message to poor sinners in need of salvation. How glad I was to see him when he came to see me at College View! How glad God's faithful servants will be to meet in heaven with those whom they have rescued from sin and death, by pointing them to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126:6. The winter was exceptionally severe. It was nothing uncommon to meet a man with a frozen nose, all unconscious that anything was wrong with this prominent organ of his face, but he would realize it all on coming to the fire. One very cold morning I drove several miles to Elder Scott's—Presbyterian. On arriving, Mrs. Scott exclaimed, "Brother Hill, your nose is frozen." I rubbed it vigorously with snow for a while, after which Mrs. Scott applied kerosene oil. Although for several days my nose had a queer feeling in it, that was all the inconvenience I experienced from the nip I received from Jack Frost. I went into a house one bitter cold day, and found several men inside having a social chat. They soon found who and what I was, and they began:—

"We don't know what to believe. Here we have the Catholics, and they claim to be the only true church; and

we have Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists, and they all claim to be in the right; and lately the Christian Scientists have come among us, and they are certain sure that all others are wrong, and that they, and they only, have the true light; and now come the Adventists, and they are sure they are right, and we cannot tell which or what is right."

"I perceive, gentlemen, that you are in confusion and uncertainty in regard to Christian doctrine."

"Yes, that is it exactly."

"Well, the Lord tells you to come out of Babylon, or confusion. Rev. 18:4. You see, gentlemen, you are in the place that the Lord tells you to come out of. He doesn't want you to be in such a sad condition. I think you had better get out of it right off."

"Yes, but how are we to get out? That's the thing."

"It depends upon how badly you want to get out whether you succeed or not. 'If any man will do His will, he will know of the doctrine.' John 7:17. You see, the way is clear; only do the will of God, and your uncertainty will be gone, and you will know of the doctrine."

"O, yes, but what is the will of God?"

"Here is a part, at least, of God's will: 'I will, therefore, that men pray everywhere.' 1 Tim. 2:8. Do you pray? No. Then you have not even begun to do God's will. Is it any wonder that you are in darkness? As fast as God's will is made known to you, walk in obedience to it; and your path will be as the path of the just, that shineth more and more even unto the perfect day." Prov. 4:18.

One man of them, at least, walked in the path of obedience, and is now rejoicing in the Lord's marvelous light. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. One evening after meeting I told Brother Schram that I would call on him the next day. He said, "I would much like to have you come; but I am afraid that Mr. Baker, the man I live with, will use you roughly, as he is very angry." "Well, I think I will come." The next morning when I called, Mr. Baker was not at home, and we had a profitable visit. About noon he returned, and began to scold his wife because I was in his house again. We heard him in the old folks' room where I was. I thought, It is too bad that a little

woman must bear my scolding, I guess I had better take it myself. So I opened the door, and went in expecting that like as not he would help me out into the road. As I entered, I extended my hand, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Baker." He shook hands. The storm subsided, and immediately there was a great calm.

It is my experience that a man that will domineer over his wife is a coward among men. A true husband will never stand between his wife and her duty to God. A man that does so is only a little pope on a small scale. Gentle reader, if you have ever tried to force the conscience of your wife, repent before God, ask her forgiveness, and do so no more.

Christian Science had gained quite a foothold in that country, and some of its followers had very queer notions. One gentleman, I was told, thought that he had climbed the ladder of life high enough to live without eating. He tried it awhile, but finally concluded that he must climb a little higher before he could make a complete success of it.

One lady, a leader among them, claimed that she was as powerful as Christ. I thought, What next? Here is a frail mortal claiming to be as powerful as the Lord himself. I said, "Christ could make worlds. (Heb. 1:2.) Have you power to make a world? If so, please make one." It is needless to say that the new world made by the Christian Scientist is not yet made manifest. You may say that she was some weak-minded person. On the contrary, she was a bright, intelligent lady, but she was bewildered and bewitched with the vagaries of Christian Science; and the only safeguard for you and me, that we do not believe a lie, is a love of the truth as revealed in the Word of God. See 2 Thess. 2:10-12.

There was lots of snow that winter, and when the wind blew, the air would be so full of it that you could hardly see at all. One day as I was out in such a storm, wading in the deep snow, I would walk a little way, and then kneel down and commend myself to my Father in heaven, and ask Him to help me to lead precious, blood-bought souls to Him. He brought me safely through to a place of shelter, and He will bring me through every storm to the haven of eternal rest in His own good time.

I had to build my own fires in the schoolhouse, and a great

snow bank covered the wood pile clear out of sight. It was a hard, cold job to dig into the wood pile, and it had to be repeated every evening, for the great hole I digged one evening would be filled again by the next evening. I felt a joy in doing it, for I was doing it for His name's sake, and I had respect unto the recompense of reward. Heb. 11:24-26. On my way home I stopped at Brother Sage's, in Grand Forks. He said, "You look years older, Brother Hill, than you did last fall, when you went North." It was a hard, trying winter's labor, but I was happy, because a light had been lighted in that country that will shed its bright beams across the darkness until Jesus comes. What a high privilege to be permitted to have a humble part in God's great plan of saving men! I returned before camp meeting to encourage the little flock, and met Elder Hapenny, a Methodist minister, who was very friendly, and thought, as we were both engaged in the Lord's work, we ought to help each other all we could, which I was willing to do; accordingly the next Sunday I attended his meeting, and helped all I could, for which he was much pleased, and thanked me for the aid I had given him. The next evening I began meetings in the Best schoolhouse, and Brother Hapenny happened along. I told him how glad I was of his company and help. "Well, Brother Hill, I don't think I can stay, I am going to stay overnight with my cousin, who lives several miles from here, and, besides, we differ so widely in belief that I think it is best for me not to stay anyway." "Well, Brother Hapenny, if you think attending my meeting will injure you or your cause, by all means don't stay," and he departed.

After meeting, all the congregation left, and none invited the stranger to share his hospitality with him. I saw a light in a house near by, and I thought to get lodgings there. I was very gruffly informed that I could not stay. It looked as if my lodging would be the schoolhouse. I thought the Lord whom I serve is able to get me a comfortable place to lodge in, and He will if it is for the best. It is cold, but I will neither murmur nor complain. Thank the Lord, "all things work together for good to them who love God." As I returned to the schoolhouse, I saw another light farther up the road. There I found a welcome, comfortable lodging, a good break-

fast, and the kind people would not take any pay. "The Lord is good, and His mercy endureth forever."

I found some of the people in the Best neighborhood very much prejudiced. I called on a gentleman one morning, and invited him to my meeting. He said, "I want nothing to do with you or your meetings." "I am sorry you will not attend my meetings. Perhaps, though, as I am tired, you will be kind enough to let me sit down and rest a while." "What made you tired?" "Walking. I have been walking over the prairie for a day or two, and am tired; but not so much so but that I can go on if you refuse me the privilege of resting." He finally consented, saying, "I do not want to recognize you as a Christian minister; neither do I want anything said about the Sabbath." "Very well, we will talk about something else." And we visited together until his prejudice wore somewhat away, and he became quite friendly, and invited me to dinner. He even apologized for his rudeness. The next house I entered, I was received kindly, I was scarcely seated when a very important-appearing young gentleman entered. He was introduced to me as Mr. Gough. I inquired if he were a relative of John B. Gough, the famous temperance orator. He very curtly informed me that he was not. Suddenly he said to me, "Mr. Hill, what do you believe will be the punishment of the wicked?" I knew in an instant that he was in for a theological discussion. Wishing to avoid controversy, I answered, "I believe the wicked will be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of God and the glory of His power" (2 Thess. 1:9), hoping he would be satisfied with such a scriptural answer. He thought a moment, and said, "Mr. Hill, do you believe in a hell?" "Yes, certainly." He was not satisfied yet, and asked a third time, "Mr. Hill, do you believe the wicked will ever have an end?" "Yes, I believe the Scriptures teach that the wicked will have an end." He handed me his Bible, and said, excitedly, "Read it, read it." I thought, "Young man, if you only knew what you are getting into, you would go slow, instead of fast." I opened my Bible, and read, "What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" 1 Peter 4:17. "It seems from this that the wicked will surely have an end." "Oh yes, but end there means destiny." "Well, here is

another text that throws more light as to the destiny of the wicked, 'Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.' Mal. 4:1. This seems quite clear that the wicked will be burned up root and branch." "Mr. Hill, that refers only to a part of the wicked, those who will be alive on the earth when Christ comes." "Maybe I did not read aright. Let us see. It does say, 'All the proud and all that do wickedly.' It does take them all in, does it not?" "Well, but that refers only to their bodies." "My friend, I believe I understand you now. When God says, 'the wicked shall be burned up root and branch, that means only their bodies; for the soul is immortal, and cannot die.'" "Yes, sir, Mr. Hill, that is what I believe." "This is quite interesting; we will read again, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' Eze. 18:4. How is this, Brother Gough? The Lord says the soul that sinneth shall die, and you say the soul is immortal and cannot die." "That means all that is bad of a man shall die, that's all." "How much of a bad man is bad? Is he all bad?" "Yes, sir." "If he is all bad, and all that is bad of him dies, how much of him is left?" "I say, Mr. Hill, that is another kind of a death." "Perhaps you mean that the soul that sinneth will die the death that never dies." "Yes, sir, that's it exactly." "My friend, what kind of a life would it be that never lives? Would not a death that never dies be about equal to a life that never lives? The death that never dies is a theological invention; such a curious kind of a death is unknown to the Bible." "Mr. Hill, It is never said in the Bible that the righteous are dead. The wicked are said to be dead, but the righteous are said to be asleep, not dead." "Is that so? We will have to read again: 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.' Rev. 14:13. Does this scripture refer to the righteous?" "Yes, sir." "Are they dead?" "Yes, sir." "Were you mistaken when you said that the righteous were never represented as being dead in the Bible?" With crimson face, he replied, "Yes, sir." Not discouraged entirely, he made another effort. "The wicked are

never said to be asleep, they are always represented as being dead." "My brother, let us read again, 'And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.' Dan. 12:2. Are those who awake to shame and everlasting contempt wicked?" "Yes, sir." "Are they represented as being asleep?" "Yes, sir." "Mistaken again." "I cannot stay longer, I must be going." "Please don't be in such a hurry. What will become of the wicked is a very interesting study, let us pursue it farther. In Ps. 37:10 we read, 'Yet a little while and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.' When this scripture is fulfilled, where will the wicked be?—He simply will not be at all. Let us read again, 'But the wicked shall perish, the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs; they shall consume, into smoke shall they consume away.' Ps. 37:20. Do you believe this testimony concerning the wicked?" "Yes, sir." "So do I; so we now believe alike on this important subject." "Mr. Hill, I will not stay any longer." "Why be in such haste, my brother. We have only just begun to examine the many texts of scripture in regard to the destiny of the wicked, and surely it is an interesting, profitable study." "I tell you, Mr. Hill, I have not time to stay longer." "Since your time is so limited, I will only call your attention to one more text that teaches that the wicked shall be as though they had not been. Obadiah 1:16. Do you accept this word of God as the truth?" Of course he had to say yes. "Then you and I believe alike that the time will come when the wicked shall be as though they had not been." I ask the gentle reader to stop and think where he would be if he never had been at all, and then remember that that is where God says the wicked will be sometime.

After we had closed our Bible study, he said, "Mr. Hill, I believe that a man who doesn't believe in an eternal burning hell, is plumb on his way for that place himself." "My young brother, you have sent me to a very bad place, but I am not going. In the first place, you have no authority to send me there; and in the second place, I am going the other way. Now let me give you a little good advice. As you wish to do good in the world, do not be too hasty in sending people

to perdition; for after you get them there you never can do them good any more, so please keep them out of hell as long as you can. Now, Brother Gough, as we have studied God's Word together, shall we as Christians have a season of prayer together before you go?" "No, sir." "At least, let us shake hands, and part as friends." "No, sir." And he made a rush for the door, and I have never seen him since. I do not know what the people thought of the conduct of their pastor; for such he turned out to be. I hope he will treat the next stranger he meets with more respectful consideration. If the reader cares to investigate the destiny of the wicked farther, he can send to Review & Herald Publishing Company, Battle Creek, Mich., for a book entitled "Here and Hereafter," in which he will find every text bearing on the subject clearly elucidated; price, one dollar. Soon after leaving this house, I met a man in the road, who accosted me as follows: "Are you the man that is around here teaching the people to work on the holy Sabbath?" "No, sir, I am teaching the people to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." "Is your name Hill?" "Yes, sir, that is my name. What is your name, please?" "None of your business. You get out of this neighborhood. You are not wanted here at all." "Well, my friend, to tell you the truth, I am thinking a good deal that way myself. From present indications, it does not look as if I can do the people much good by prolonging my stay at this time, and I have about concluded to leave shortly." He likened me to the devil, and declared I ought to be ridden on a rail, and his eyes glared like the eyes of a maniac. I stepped up close to him, and looked him steadily in the eye, and said to him, "Are you a Christian?" It seemed to have a wonderful effect on him. He stepped back, and never answered a word. He knew he was manifesting the spirit of the dragon, and not the meek, gentle spirit of Christ. I bade him good day, and went on my way. The last I heard from him, he was crying after me, "Around teaching the people to work on the holy Sabbath." The next Sunday I attended a meeting of one Rev. Mr. Patterson, in which the good people got so excited that they were going to cast me out of the schoolhouse. One elder of the church cried, "Throw him out!" I told them not to be quite so hasty as that, and

the uproar subsided. It made me think of the uproar at Ephesus. I thought, What have I done that church people who claim to love the same dear Saviour I do, hate me so? I have only taught the people to love God and keep his commandments." Perhaps a comparison of Matt. 5:11, 12 and Isa. 66:5 will throw some light on the subject.

The next Monday morning I started for the Minneapolis, (Minn.) camp meeting, and have never had the pleasure of laboring in North Dakota since; but I have the rich joy of knowing that the light kindled in that region is still shining, and extending its bright rays continually. One brother, Car-scallon, has gone from there to England, to engage in the good work. "O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." Ps. 34:3.

The next summer I went with two young brethren, J. F. Pogue and C. Parker, to Pine City, county seat of Pine County, situated between St. Paul and Duluth, on the St. Paul & Duluth R. R., to hold a course of tent meetings. There were a good many Catholics and unbelievers in the town and vicinity. One of the leading men of the place, Mr. J. F. Stone, was a very pronounced skeptic. He attended our meetings quite regularly, and was very friendly to us. He invited me to come to his hotel at any time, night or day, and receive entertainment free of charge. He said to some ministers, one day, "Do you know what I would do if I were a minister? I would go to the Adventist tent, hear some good preaching, and be converted." One night I was awakened by brother Parker crying out excitedly, "Brother Hill, they have torn down the preaching tent, I heard the center pole fall." "Well, Brother Parker, lie down and take your rest until morning, and then we will fix it up again." In the morning some gentlemen came over to see what had happened, as they could not see our gospel tent any more. We said, some evil disposed persons have cut the ropes and let it fall to the ground. After breakfast we will put it up again. "O, don't wait, but let us put it up right off. It is a disgrace to the town to leave it down." With the help of these kind friends all damages were quickly repaired, and our cotton meeting house was again ready for divine service. Among these kind friends were Mr. Stone and another skeptic by the name of E. L.

George. I hoped to see them give up their skepticism, and rejoice in the hope set before them in the gospel. They were very kind to us, helped to build a little church for our people, but did not decide to go with us to the promised land. One bitter cold evening as Mr. George and I were out together, I said to him, "Mr. George, if you were out in a bitter cold night, and the storm was fiercely beating upon you, and your strength and hope were almost gone, and you should discover a light shining in your father's window, and a little farther effort would bring you there, would it not bring good cheer and joy to you?" He replied, "Why, yes, of course." "Well, that is what my religion does for me. In this cold world of storm and trouble I see a glorious light shining from my Father's house in heaven, and soon the weary pilgrim will be there, and it is a wellspring of comfort and joy to me every day of my life. What do you think of it, Mr. George?" "O," said he, "I think it is a good thing." "Sure enough, the blessed hope in Christ is a good thing."

Kind reader do you rejoice in it? One year after we held our tent meeting at Pine City, Hinckley, the next town north, was swept by a storm of fire from the woods, and nearly every house and many of the inhabitants were burned. Mr. George was one who went to gather up the dead. He told me of a drayman who had three barrels of water on his dray when the fire struck the town. He drove with his family into the green woods, thinking there he would be safe; but the tempest of fire and flame followed them even there, and the only way he could keep himself and family alive was to keep drenching them with water. Many of his neighbors came running after him with clothing on fire, and calling for the Lord's sake to pour water on them. Some died with their hands on the wagon wheels, and Mr. George told me that he helped to gather more than a hundred dead near where that wagon stood. Not only Hinckley, but a large region of surrounding country, was swept by the flame of devouring fire, and many were the terrible experiences of that terrible day. See Isa. 29:6, and then, kind reader, judge of yourself whether God's word is being fulfilled in the earth to-day or not.

The next winter was spent in holding meetings on the prairie and in the timber. Our experiences were often quite

interesting. Brother and Sister Worline and some others in the timber accepted the hope of the gospel, and meetings were established, and a nice Sabbath school was organized. The Free Methodist brethren held meetings in the same schoolhouse we did. They seemed to be, for the most part, a very earnest people, and I had a good regard for them, and sincerely desired to be a help to them. One dear old brother, Uncle Johnnie Bond, declared that he could listen for three hours or more at a time to our preaching. After a while a change came over them. They were not at all pleased with the Sabbath question, and they began to look upon me as a disturber of their Zion. One evening, with a sleighload of friends, I attended their protracted meeting, which was in full blast. The minister, Elder Parks, thrust himself against the Law of God, the ten commandments, with all his power, declaring they were bondage and death, and done away, and those who were keeping them were on their way to destruction. After he was through, another minister arose, and very excitedly began scoring my people, and at length he directed his remarks to me. The thought flashed into my mind that when a lad in school, I was always called out on to the floor to take my whipping; so I stepped out on the floor close to the speaker, folded my arms, and quietly listened to what the brother had to say. His gesticulations, if not graceful, were at least dramatic. I could feel the floor jar as he came down on his heels; but I noticed that my standing so near to him had a very depressing effect on his oratory, and he soon subsided. I shook hands with him and Brother Parks, and asked if I might say a few words. After assuring them that I would speak kindly, liberty was granted, and I began by saying that I loved the Free Methodist brethren. Some began to say "I don't believe it." "Yes, I do. The only thing I said about my Free Methodist brethren last evening was to thank them for the kind Christian spirit they manifested in permitting me to have the use of the house." Voices began to say, "That's so;" then they kept silent while I spoke as follows: "I am sorry to hear this good people say such hard things against God's holy commandments which He spoke with His own voice, and wrote with His own finger on the tables of stone. For, like their author, they are holy, heavenly, perfect. The

apostle Paul says in Rom. 7:12, that the law is holy, the commandment is holy, just, and good. It is passing strange that a holy people would oppose and make warfare on a holy, just, and good law. There must be some mistake about it somehow; for I believe my Free Methodist brethren have a love for the law, after all. Take the first command: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' Do not you believe in keeping this one?" They agreed that it was all right, and should be kept. So with the second and third. The fourth commandment says: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' You and I may differ as to which day is the Sabbath. Still you honor the day you think is the Sabbath, and think it ought to be kept. Yes, that is so. Is it not so? The fifth commandment says: 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' I will ask Brother Parks if he does not think that Free Methodists and all people ought to keep this divine precept?" I could not prevail on him to say yes or no. To say yes would spoil his no-law sermon that he had just delivered with so much energy, and to say no would be so at variance with reason and common sense that it would destroy his influence with the people, so he said nothing. But Sister Ayres, a prominent worker among them, cheerfully acknowledged that to honor father and mother was a good thing, and everybody ought to do so; and so we went through with all of the ten, and they acknowledged them all. It followed that if keeping the law of the Lord is bondage and death, our Free Methodist brethren are as badly in it as anybody. Speaking a good word for the law of the Lord threw a wet blanket on the meeting; but after a while they got started again as high as ever. One old gentleman, by the name of Counselman, got to praying for me, crying out with white face, "O, Lord, if it be possible, save Brother Hill." I was pleased that the kind friends took such an interest in my eternal welfare; but as it had been reported that the gentleman had stolen Brother Bidgood's hay, and had two living wives, I could not help thinking that perhaps his prayers were not ascending very high. Another man, Zach. Stokes by name, who was taking a high hand in the meeting, was soon after lying in Long Prairie jail because he proved to be the father of his daughter's child. As the meeting progressed, the excitement arose higher and higher

until they were having just a glorious time. One elderly gentleman, by the name of Brown, arose by my side to give in his testimony, and in his remarks he said he wished Brother Hill enjoyed religion. I arose, and took him by the hand, and said, "Brother Brown, Brother Hill does enjoy religion. He enjoys the religion that gives freedom from sin, and sin is the transgression of the law." He said, "Brother Hill, look up, and don't be looking at the Bible all the time." I said, "The Bible is the light by which I look up. 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.' Ps. 119:105. You see, Brother Brown, if we walk in the light of the Bible, we will walk right into heaven." "Well," he said, "don't be looking through it and through it." While holding his hand with my right, with my left hand I held the Bible high as I could reach, and cried out above the din, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." The excitement was intense, and the hubbub baffles my descriptive powers. A Miss Wickwire arose in the excitement to give in her testimony, and ended by very gracefully dancing a polka. As the house was crowded, she had a very narrow space in which to promenade, and as she passed me several times, she struck her limbs against mine. As she tore down the aisle again, I tried to shove the end of the seat out of the way. The brethren, perceiving what I was trying to do, cried out, "She'll not hurt you, she'll not hurt you." "I presume not, yet I would like to give the sister a little more room." One sister spoke in an excited manner until she ran out of anything to say, when she piped out, "My name is Ida Gadbaugh," and sat down. This noise and excitement was kept up until after 1 A. M., and you may be sure the half has not been told. Why speak of these things? — Because these excitements are on the increase all over the land, and will increase in number and power until the end of time, because they are a part of the strong delusions that shall precede the coming of Christ and the great day of the Lord. 2 Thess. 2:8-12. As the great day draws nearer, Satan, through magnetism and hypnotism, will bewitch those who reject the truth of God; and will make them believe that these manifestations of satanic power are the workings of the Holy Spirit. Take heed to yourselves, is the admonition of the Lord.

On Feb. 10, 1894, while returning from Sebeca, on the Great Northern Railroad, near the little town of Clarissa, occurred my first railroad wreck. As we were going at a high rate of speed, a rail broke, and we ran on the ties for forty rods, and then tumbled over the bank. My sensations while whirling over in the air were of the most agreeable kind. A feeling of pleasant exhilaration is all that I can remember. While taking that rough ride for forty rods, it seemed to me that I was assured that I would come out all right, and I escaped with some slight cuts and bruises. Thank the Lord. Although some were badly hurt none were killed. Wrecked cars and bleeding and bruised people were a sad sight. I hope I may never see the like again. It was interesting to note how eager some people were for damages. One fellow with only the slightest scar was in for large damages; another strong man made up his mind to get something out of the company, although he could not show a scratch. He claimed to have in some way stretched his arms, so they did not feel just right. His motto seemed to be: Any way to turn an *honest* penny. After this experience, the brethren said, "When Brother Hill goes through a cyclone, he will then have passed through about everything."

On the fifth of July I landed at Sebeca, from Menahga, and found the little burg full of excitement. Mr. Detwiler's little girl wandered away from home the day before, and the people were organizing a searching party, which I immediately joined. We went to Mr. Detwiler's house, and found about seventy-five men assembled for the child hunt. A council was held, captains were chosen, then we were drawn up in line about a rod apart, facing the east, and began a march of one and a half miles to a big swamp, carefully searching every foot of the way. Sometimes when the men got out of line, the captains would shout, "Halt! Line up men, line up," and then we would all get into line, and go on again. We reached the swamp without finding any trace of the child. Now what is to be done next? At last the order came, "Swing round, men! march north, and search the swamp!" It had been a tamarack swamp, but in a dry time the fire had got in, and killed the trees, and then there had come a great wind and had blown the trees about in every direction, after which

the wild grass had grown up about waist high, and it was a snarl and a tangle all combined. We had to look very closely; for we might pass within a few feet of the child, and not see her at all. The sun was hot, and my legs began to get very weary, and were it not for the great interest I had in the child and the almost distracted parents, I would have fagged out. We kept on until we were nearly out of the swamp, when bang went a gun. How we all ran, for that was the signal that the child was found. The little one was found sitting on a little hummock in the tall grass. What a time of rejoicing we had! Her uncle took her in his arms, on the back of a large, grey horse, and started for home. I thought I would see how the mother would act when the lost child was restored to her. It made me think of the words of Christ, "I say unto you likewise, joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." Luke 15:7. She took it in her arms, hugged it and kissed it, and said, "Du kleine theure kind kin,"—"You dear little child, you dear little child." Her mother heart just bubbled over with joy. Why?—Because the lost was found. This faintly shadows forth the joy in heaven over the return of one wandering child to his Father's house.

In April I had a severe wrestle with the quinsy. It was cold and rainy, and I was exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and had taken a severe cold, and it seemed to be augmented continually by unfavorable circumstances. My throat began to pain me, but I thought it would soon be better, and so kept on holding meetings and going out in the damp weather. One night I stayed at a house where, to get up stairs, it was necessary to go out doors, climb a ladder to the top of the kitchen, and from the roof of the kitchen climb into the chamber. That was all very well in fair weather, but this particular night it was raining at bed time, which made getting up to the guest chamber rather damp on the weary, sick evangelist. The next day my throat was worse. The next evening I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. J. D. Wilcox. Mrs. Wilcox prescribed a large bowlful of hot Cayenne pepper tea. The result was a more inflamed throat. The next night I was at Sunrise, near which place I held meetings. My throat was now in a terrible shape, but I went on to Minneapolis the next

day, where our people were to hold a general meeting. There hot lemonade was prescribed as a good remedy for sore throat, but do what I could, I could get no relief night or day. After two or three days of terrible suffering a doctor was called, who pronounced my trouble a case of quinsy. "Well, doctor, for several nights now I have been unable to sleep, I hope you will fix me so I can get some sleep to-night." "Not to-night," said he, "but I will see what I can do for you in the morning." Another weary night of pain. O how such experiences make one long for the time to come when there will be no more pain. In the morning the doctor decided that it was best not to lance my throat, but let the disease run its course. After weary waiting the quinsy broke, and the pain was transferred from my throat to my stomach. O, the pain! I could not lie still, so I sat up on the bed and soon fainted, and fell over on to the floor. When I regained consciousness, I saw the president of our conference, N. W. Allee, coming through the door, his eyes looking much larger than I had ever seen them before. They supposed Brother Hill was gone, but the Lord whom I serve saw fit to prolong my life once more. Almost the first thing that came flashing into my mind was, Where was my immortal soul during the time in which I knew nothing at all; had my immortal, never-dying soul fainted and become unconscious also? If when I was almost dead I knew nothing at all, how much shall I know when I am entirely dead? And this scripture came to my mind with considerable force, "The dead know not anything." Eccl. 9:5. The next time I had the quinsy the doctor kept lancing my throat at short intervals. I got quite tired of it, and said to him, "Doctor, I have only one throat, and if you lance that all away I don't know what I shall do for another one."

MY PARTNER.

WHEN the crops are snugly gethered,
 An' the seedin' time is past,
 An' the hoarhound brown an' feathered,
 Rattles in the autumn blast;
 When the russet leaves a-flyin'
 Make a fort o' dreary moan,

An' the lonesome woods 're sighin'
 In a dismal monotone;
 When the chestnuts are a beck'nin'
 Fer Jack Frost, the sassy elf,
 Then I like to hold a reck'nin'
 'Twixt my Maker an' myself.

We 'ave worked along together
 All the fruitful season through;
 He has furnished all the weather —
 Sent the sunshine, rain, an' dew;
 I have used my brain an' labor.
 He has found the seed an' land,
 Been my kindest, nearest neighbor.
 Alluz lent a helpin' hand.
 Now that harvest time is ended,
 An' the workin' days 're o'er,
 Of the crops that we 'ave tended,
 Have I got my shear — er more?

I've divided up the chattels,
 Took the oats, an' corn, an' wheat
 Kep' the fodder for my cattle —
 Left him stubble, chaff, and *cheat*;
 When it come to the dividin'
 Of potatoes an' such crops,
 W'y, I wasn't long decidin'
 That I'd give 'im *all the tops*;
 But with punkins, beans, an' hay, an'
 Truck what grows above the ground,
 I jest thought I'd use fair play, an'
 So I *turned the thing around!*

So there ain't no use denyin'
 That I've got my honest due,
 An' I kind o' feel like tryin'
 It another year or two.
 Course I sometimes feel like sayin'
 That he's prodigal o' rain.—
 That's espheshly when I'm hayin',—
 But the sun'll shine again,
 An' I'll feel 'most like confessin'
 That I'm ruther weak an' small,
 An' without his help an' blessin',
I could hardly farm at all!

— Selected.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM MINNESOTA TO NEBRASKA.

IN the summer of 1897 Brethren G. A. Wright, G. Budd, and myself held meetings in a schoolhouse, four miles from Long Prairie, county seat of Todd County. We had quite a time getting there. It was necessary to walk part of the way, and the day was excessively hot. The horses we rode after for a little way sweat so that the drops fell from their bellies to the ground. After separating from the team we took our valises, filled with clothing and books, suspended them on a pole, and so trudged along. I never came so near giving out in all my long experience.

At last we reached Brother Charles Morrison's, where we stayed all night. And such a night! so sultry and hot, and the mosquitoes in hungry swarms! The next morning it was rainy, and the roads were muddy, and in places swimming with water. Notwithstanding all difficulties, we reached the schoolhouse before noon, had the teacher announce our meeting for the next evening, and so we began. The interest to hear was encouraging from the start.

The first Saturday evening I was surprised by a visit from Jerry Peet, of Osakis. He said, "About eighteen miles from here, Brethren Ingison and Emmerson are holding a tent meeting, and to-morrow a Disciple minister is to preach in the tent an opposition sermon, and I want you to be there to answer him in the evening. It will only keep you from your own meeting two evenings, and Brethren Wright and Budd can hold the interest that long." He was so earnest and persistent in his solicitations that I yielded, and went. The mosquitoes were numerous and bloodthirsty, and Brother Peet had provided himself with a long stick, with leafy branches on the far end of it with which he could reach out, and switch the mosquitoes from the ears of his horses. About midnight we arrived at

the tent, and found the sleeping tent full to overflowing with visitors; but they made room for us, and the next morning found us refreshed and ready for work. Brother Ingison preached a very affecting discourse in the morning, and in the afternoon our opposer came, an Elder Polly, whom I had met near the same place in the beginning of my ministry about twenty-four years before. He attended my first meeting at that time, and at its close he challenged me for a discussion. I told him I thought he had better wait and hear me through, and perhaps he would discover that a discussion would be unnecessary. A few days afterward he said publicly that he had waited long enough; that he believed in having an even race, and I was getting altogether too much of a start. I said in reply that I hoped Brother Polly would have patience, and let us even up the race a little before we began. He had been teaching the people there his views for years, and he certainly ought to let me present mine for a few weeks. He consented to wait a little longer; but one Sunday he arose in my meeting, and stated that he was full, and must be delivered, and would wait no longer, and appointed a meeting for the next evening in the same schoolhouse that I was occupying. I maintained the truth of the gospel as well as I could at that time, and now after twenty-four years or separation we met again. For two and a half hours he inveighed against the ten commandments in general, and the fourth in particular. But the commands of God are sure and stand fast forever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness. Psalms 111. The apostle Paul declares that the law is holy, just, and good (Rom. 7:12); that it is established by faith (Rom. 3:31); and the spirit of Christ declares through the prophet that all His commandments are righteousness (Ps. 119:172); that His law is the truth (Ps. 119:142); and Christ declares that it is easier for heaven and earth to pass than for one tittle of the law to fail. Luke 16:17.

Then what does a man do that thrusts himself against the law of the Lord? — He hurls his puny self against that which is holy, just, and good, and is established by faith, and is righteousness and truth, and that which is sure, and stands fast forever and ever, and the only result of such an encounter is for the poor man to get decidedly the worst of it. And so it

was in this instance. As usual, during the reply, he could not keep still, and we gave him opportunity to stand up and explain; and he explained that the word "fulfill" in Matt. 5: 17 means "to abolish, or do away with." We could not agree with the brother in this; for Christ at His baptism said, "Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." Matt. 3: 15. If our brother is correct, that "fulfill" means "to abolish," then Christ at His baptism fulfilled, or abolished, righteousness, and there has been no righteousness since that time. Again we are told to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. Gal. 6: 2. We will now read the text with Brother Polly's definition of fulfill, and mark the result: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so abolish the law of Christ." The dear old brother could not stand his own definition any better than he could fire in his bosom. It is evident that to fulfill a law is to be obedient to its requirements. Of course, his effort against God's law was a failure. Since Christ declares that it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one tittle of the law to fail, would it not be a good idea for the opposers of God's law to do the easier things first, abolish the heavens and the earth? It would save them much trouble trying to do the harder things,—proving that the law has failed or passed away. On our return we met a lot of our Free Methodist brethren going to the circus. I am sure they did not like it at all that we should meet them going on such an excursion. They were great opposers of the divine command to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy, and made very high profession of holiness. They often got the power, shouted, and fell over in meeting, and had wonderful manifestations of what they called the power of God, and now to meet the Adventist minister while on their way to the circus, was humiliating to a degree, leaving the pure, sparkling water of Lebanon to slake their thirst at the muddy pool of worldly pleasure. Leaving the joys of the Holy Spirit to delight themselves in the antics of men and women in tights. How had the mighty fallen! They were a people that depended much on their feelings. When they in their excitement had pleasurable emotions, their religion was at high tide. When their happy flight of feeling went, so went their religion also. This is the love of God,

that we keep His commandments. 1 John 5:3. I believe it is better to have our faith built on the unchangeable word of God, rather than on our changeable feelings.

Our meetings at the schoolhouse were very successful. Many accepted the message of salvation, and were baptized, and a Sabbath school was established, of over forty members. This was my last summer's work in Minnesota as I removed the next autumn to College View, Neb., where our people have a College and Sanitarium. I felt that our children ought to enjoy the advantages of these institutions, and for this reason we left the good State and dear friends of Minnesota. The last meeting we held in the schoolhouse, people came for miles, and filled the house to overflowing. Brethren Ingison and Emmerson were present, and assisted in ordaining an elder and deacon for the little flock. It was a meeting I shall long remember. Many of the dear ones there I have not seen since, and perhaps will not until we meet before the great white throne in heaven. May the Lord keep us all faithful unto that great day. While the meetings were in progress, notices appeared from time to time in the papers, telling of the great interest. One lawyer, Vandyke by name, considered a man mighty in the Scriptures, lived at the county seat, and it was whispered around that he was coming some evening to ask hard questions, and silence the Adventist ministers. Sure enough, he and his wife came, and the people were on tiptoe of expectation. We spoke that evening on the disappointment of God's people in 1844, when they expected the Lord to come and He did not come.

The Lord gave mighty power to His word, as it was pointed out clearly in prophecy that just such a disappointment was to be, and that the Lord would not come until His people had passed through such an experience. The lawyer paid close attention to the word spoken, and after the discourse, he had not one word to say. Those who were looking for a display of his wisdom were sadly disappointed.

One Mr. Zuberbier was very kind to us, and made us welcome at his home until his wife accepted the truth preached at the schoolhouse, which seemed to offend him very much. I called on him one Sunday evening, just before meeting, and he gave me a great scolding. I did my best to allay his excite-

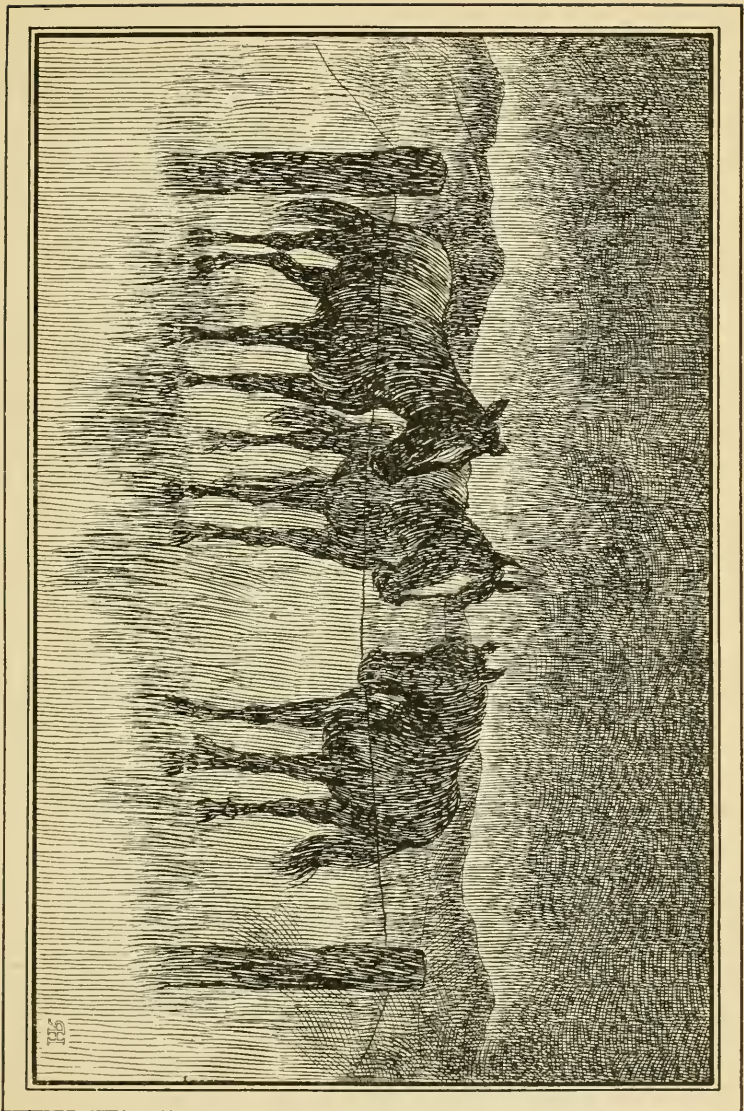
ment and calm his ruffled feelings, and, by the help of the Lord, succeeded so far that he consented to attend meeting that night. The subject of discourse was "The Marriage Supper of the Lamb," the third and last sail now going forth. We had a solemn meeting, and the truth made a deep impression on the minds of the people. The next Tuesday as I was at home, I saw two nice rigs drive up to the door. Mr. Zuberbier and his wife were in one, and his father-in-law, Mr. Van Blaricom, and his wife occupied the other. We soon discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Zuberbier desired baptism. There were others in the vicinity who also wished to be baptized. We sent for them, and after finding that the candidates were soundly converted, and had turned from sin to walk in a new life, we went to Lake Osakis, a few rods from the door, and they followed their Lord in baptism, and like the eunuch in days of old, went on their way rejoicing and I was happy, too. It was the power of God that changed the heart of this man, and made him rejoice in the love of the gospel. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

We were now preparing to start for Lincoln, Neb., and we began our long journey Sept. 26, 1897. We had a covered wagon and a one-horse carriage. We remained over Sabbath with the brethren at Grove Lake, the place where I began my ministry, so many years before. The people that came to my farewell meeting could not all get into the house. Some of those who embraced the truth had moved away, and some had been laid to rest to await the sounding of the last trump. Some of the old veterans still remained, and new members had come in to fill the places of those who had gone. It was good to meet them once more.

If our meeting here below
 In Jesus be so sweet,
 What heights of rapture we shall know
 When round His throne we meet.

The brethren, of their own free will, made up a little purse. One old friend, David Stephenson, gave us four silver dollars. May the rich blessing of the Lord rest upon the dear brethren for all the kindness they bestowed upon His servant. It was quite grand for the children, of which there were seven; four

THE RUNAWAYS CORRALLED BY THE SINGLE WIRE.



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boys and three girls, to take our meals in the grove by the wayside, and camp out at night. The first day we made about forty miles, and camped in a deserted house. After we got settled for the night, our little baby girl, Beulah, began to cry. To the question, "What is the matter, little one?" she said, "Let us go back home, I don't like Lincoln." She supposed she had arrived at her new home, and was quite disappointed in her expectations. The next morning I got up long before daylight, and loosed the horses that they might feed upon the nice grass which grew upon the roadside. I watched them until I thought it was time to awaken the boys, who slept in the covered wagon. I had not reached the wagon before all three horses started on the run for home. I could just see their forms like shadows fleeing in the darkness. They did not follow the road, but took a bee line across the prairie. It flashed upon me in an instant what a sad plight I was in — wagon, carriage, and family on the prairie, and no horses. There is no use to run after them, for horses can run faster than this old man. What shall I do? I remembered the Lord, He that numbers the hairs of our heads; sees me in the darkness, and knows all about my trouble, and He has millions of angels, and He can send one of them and stop my horses as well as not, if He so wills. And I remembered His promise, and lifted my heart to Him, and asked Him to help His old servant in this his time of need. Believing and trusting in Him, I followed the runaways for about a quarter or half mile, when I saw them with their heads toward home standing perfectly still. As I came up, I found that there had at one time been a wire fence there, but the posts had rotted and fallen down excepting two, which were still standing with one wire stretched between them. Had they turned a few feet to the right or to the left, they would have met no obstruction, and would have been gone. I asked the Lord to stop the horses, and in a remarkable manner they were stopped. I believed the Lord in fulfillment of His promise, had sent His angel and delivered us out of our trouble, and I thanked Him for His great kindness to us.

We had many experiences on our way. We called at Kasote, where my sister Sarah Pettis lives, and held meetings with the brethren. At Eagle Lake, where my brothers live,

we made a stop of a few days, and held meetings, and took sweet counsel with the old servants of the Lord with whom we had stood shoulder to shoulder in the battle for truth and right, in the days gone by. At Mankato we found our old and tried fellow soldier, Brother Quinn, and his good wife. It made my heart burn to talk over the old times and seasons with them, and also with Brother and Sister William Pettis, the Bockhertzes, and others. It was refreshing to meet with children in the faith who were still faithful and true to Christ and His word, and whose hearts were aglow with the blessed hope. The next stopping place was the old battlefield of Good Thunder. While the Getzlaffs and others were gone, the Grafs, Dettamores, Guderriens, Justs, and others were still there. We here again looked into the faces of dear old friends, and we saw the little church we struggled so hard to build, and the other and larger church that was built after the brethren had increased in numbers and wealth. Old and familiar scenes we met with continually. On October 20 we reached my brother John's, near Blue Earth City. We had a splendid visit, and went on to Tenhassen and held meetings in the old schoolhouse where I taught school twenty-seven years before. What a change had taken place! Some were dead, some had gone to other parts, the children were grown and married; of the middle aged a few now grown old and feeble, were left. Shall we meet in the land where there will be no old and feeble ones, where all shall bear the impress of immortal vigor and youth? Bless God we may, if we will; for the Lord hath said, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Luke 12:32. Gentle reader, have you a title clear to a home in the heavenly land?

In the morning, on Oct. 22, 1897, we crossed the Iowa line, and bade farewell to dear old Minnesota. The land where I had wooed and won my bride, and where our children were born, where the precious light of the third angel's message had shone into my soul, where I had spent the best of my manhood's days, the land that contained my kindred and friends, and the many children in the faith of the gospel. Tears come to my eyes as I write about it now. We were on our way to new and untried fields. What will the outcome be? We

were poor in this world's store, but we were rich in faith, trusting our Father's kindly care, and bless His name, He never failed us. We know from blessed experience that God is good, and His love and tender care fail not.

Over the next Sabbath and Sunday we were royally entertained at my brother-in-law's, Frank Sherman, in Esterville, Iowa. On Sabbath I spoke to the brethren of like precious faith, and on Sunday I spoke by request in the Free Baptist church. On Monday the four older children and I went on with wagon and carriage, while my wife and three younger children went by rail the rest of the journey. We still had a long journey over valley and hill to Lincoln, Neb., the most interesting incident of which was the crossing of the bridge over the Missouri River, connecting Omaha, Neb., with Council Bluffs, Iowa. The street-car line and wagon track ran side by side, and when our four-year-old Hambletonian colt met the electric car, the first he had ever met in his life, he was frantic with fear, and came near backing the carriage over the railing into the river, broke the shafts and harness, and made shipwreck of things generally. It took time and money to repair damages, and the old pioneer minister went on his way with a depleted pocketbook, and an enlarged experience. On the morning of November 3, the three great buildings, North Hall, South Hall, with the College between, came into view. We were glad, indeed, for although the beginning of the journey was as a picnic to us, it had long since lost its novelty. We soon got settled in our new home, and the children entered upon school life in College View, Neb. We had left Minnesota without asking dismissal from Minnesota Conference, or asking admission into the Nebraska Conference, although Elder F. W. Flaiz, president of their conference, gave me a strong recommendation as a successful laborer in the cause of the third angel's message. There had been several years of drought in Nebraska, and consequently great financial depression, and the conference was in debt, and the officers did not see their way clear, under the circumstances, to receive me as a laborer. I trusted that the Lord would in His own good time open the way, and He did. One day I got a message to meet the conference committee. They explained to me that at Lane the Latter-day Saints had challenged our people to hold a dis-

discussion with them, and that although they did not favor discussions in general, they thought that the circumstances there demanded that our Latter-day friends should be met in a friendly way, and if I would consent to it, they would appoint me to represent our people in the discussion. I told them that discussions are unpleasant, yet if they thought a discussion was necessary, I would do the best I could. I met with one Elder W. E. Peak, of Netawaukie, Kan. We held two discussions, one at Lane and one at College View, a condensed report of which was published. Any person wishing a copy can obtain one by writing to Miss Mary Beatty, 1505 E St., Lincoln, Neb.; 20 cents per copy. I will here insert a few reasons why we cannot accept the founder of their church, Joseph Smith, as a prophet of God:—

First. Christ said, "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Matt. 16: 18. Joseph Smith taught that the powers of darkness did prevail, that the true church was completely overthrown, and that not a vestige of it was left upon the earth, and he restored it.

Second. Christ said to His people, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 20. Joseph Smith taught that God's people were all cut off from the earth, and consequently, for a long time, even until the advent of Joseph, the Lord had not a people on the earth to be with. A prophet who thus contradicts the Lord cannot be true.

Christ said, "My kingdom is not of this world." John 18: 36. When the people would make Him a king or a political ruler, He withdrew Himself. John 6: 15. Not so with Joseph. To be an earthly ruler suited him very well, and so he set himself up as a candidate for president of the United States, and issued his address Jan. 7, 1844, bidding for the votes of the people. Quite a contrast between Joseph and the Master in this respect.

Fourth. Christ taught His followers to be humble, and take the lowest seat. Luke 14: 7-11. Here again Joseph was not obedient to the divine Teacher, but, like the Pharisees of old, he desired the uppermost seat. He coveted the very highest seat of all. He even longed to sit in the presidential chair.

Fifth. Christ died for His enemies, and prayed for them, saying, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they

do." (Luke 23:34); and He taught us to love our enemies, and do good to them that hate us. Luke 6:27, 28. Joseph hated his enemies, and tried with rifle and cannon to put them to death. See history of Illinois.

Sixth. Christ said, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Matt. 26:52. Joseph took the sword, raised an army, styled himself general, and as the Lord had said, perished with the sword. In taking the sword he resembles Mahomet more than the gentle Saviour, the Good Shepherd of the sheep.

Seventh. He contradicts the law of God, which declares that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. Ex. 20:8-11. According to Elder Peak, Joseph teaches that the first day of the week is the Sabbath. (Book of Doctrines and Covenants.) "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Isa. 8:20. Joseph speaks not according to the law; therefore, it is certain that the light of truth is not in him.

Eighth. He received his revelations from Moroni, the disembodied spirit or ghost of a dead man. We do not believe in ghosts. Joseph's "Book of Mormon" is nothing more nor less than a ghost story. We are commanded not to regard them that have familiar spirits, or wizards. Lev. 19:31.

Those wizards held pretended communication with the dead. Saul said to the woman that had a familiar spirit, "Bring me up Samuel." 1 Sam. 28:11. Now Samuel was dead. 1 Sam. 28:3. What did this witch claim to do?—Hold communication with the dead. What did Joseph claim to do?—To hold communication with the dead, the very same thing. If consulting with the dead constituted the woman a witch, consulting with the dead constitutes Joseph a wizard, and God declares that all such are an abomination unto the Lord. Deut. 18:11, 12. Joseph was on forbidden ground, consulting with the dead.

Ninth. "The dead know not anything." Eccl. 9:5. They "go down into silence." Ps. 115:17. They are asleep. Acts 13:36. Consequently all communication with the dead is a deception of the devil. "They joined themselves also unto Baal-peor, and ate the sacrifices of the dead." Ps. 106:28. The things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice unto devils.

1 Cor. 10:20. Thus, when the heathen thought they were sacrificing to or worshipping the dead, they in reality were worshipping the devil; and so when Joseph thought he was communicating with the angel Moroni, the spirit of a dead man, he was in reality communicating with the devil. How can this be? "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." 2 Cor. 11:14. He makes men believe that their dead friends are alive, and have become angels, and then he communicates with them as the spirit or angel of a dead man, and so deceives them to their ruin. Evidently, that was the kind of an angel that appeared unto Joseph.

Tenth. "Ye shall know them by their fruits." Matt. 7:16. The corrupt fruit of polygamy grew out of the movement of Joseph Smith. The great majority of elders, priests, high priests, and bishops ordained by Joseph, upon whom he claimed to lay holy hands of consecration and endow with the gift of the Holy Ghost, and many of his followers, believed in, taught, and practiced that abomination.

The Josephites deny that Joseph ever preached or practiced spiritual wifery, but they admitted it when the facts were fresh and too plain to be denied.

In the first number of the official organ of the *Reorganized*, on pages 8 and 9, it is admitted that Joseph died a violent death, because of his connection with polygamy, although they say he repented of it before his death. The above is the official testimony of the Latter-day Saints concerning their prophet, and we suppose they told the truth.

A prophet that Satan could lead into the awful depths of polygamy is not led of the Holy Spirit.

Eleventh. "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world." 1 John 4:1. We can only try the spirits by the Word of God, but Joseph changed the standard itself by changing the Bible to fit his doctrine. He added nine verses to the twenty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, in which he introduces evidence to sustain his finding the "Book of Mormon," and his showing it to three witnesses. Only the spirit of the old deceiver could lead Joseph into such a terrible sin.

Twelfth. According to Latter-day Saint testimony, every one of Joseph's three witnesses, whose testimony we must believe

or be eternally lost, turned out to be egregious liars and rascals; Joseph himself denounces them as such. Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery, and David Whitman, the three witnesses to the "Book of Mormon," are charged with theft, lying, counterfeiting, and defamation of Smith's character, and were cut off from the Mormon Church in 1838. If these were good men, honest and true, Joseph used them cruelly unjust when he treated them so. If they were rascals, thieves, and liars, as charged by Smith, it proves that he relied on the testimony of rascals, to prove that he received revelations from the Lord. A true prophet of the Lord would not be guilty of either. Therefore, we conclude that Joseph was not a true prophet of God. We were informed by Elder Peak that Joseph wrought miracles. It may be so, but what were the false prophets to do in the latter days?—Work miracles and do great signs and wonders, insomuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect. Matt. 24:24; Rev. 13:13, 14. Prophets are not to be tested by signs or wonders, for false prophets are to do them; but by the unerring word of God. "What saith the Scripture?" Rom. 4:3. "To the law and to the testimony" (Isa. 8:20), is the only test. It is the love of the truth that shields us from the strong delusions of the latter times. 2 Thess. 2:9-13.

DEATH OF WILLIE.

Our second son, when quite small, had la grippe, and it left him with an ear that for years would be very painful at times; but he seemed to have outgrown it, and for a long time had not been troubled with it. But after we had been at College View a short time, it began to be painful again. We got the Nebraska Sanitarium doctor and an ear specialist from Lincoln to attend him. They pronounced his trouble cerebral meningitis. He kept growing worse in spite of all we could do for him, and after a long and painful illness, he yielded up his young life to the last enemy. 1 Cor. 15:26. We were astonished at the fortitude he displayed. It was truly wonderful. O, those days and nights of anxious watching and solicitude, as we witnessed his sufferings, and saw him wasting away under the cruel power of disease and death. It makes the breaking heart cry out, How long, O Lord, how long before the time will come when there will be no more death, neither sor-

row nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. Rev. 21: 1-4. Many were the kind attentions we received during our severe affliction. We laid our dear boy to rest in College View cemetery, hoping to see his smiling face as he comes up in the first resurrection. Rev. 20: 6.

After laboring a little while I was duly accepted as a conference laborer in Nebraska.

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.

I SHALL not pass this way again!
 The thought is full of sorrow;
 The good I ought to do to-day
 I may not do to-morrow.
 If I this moment shall withhold
 The help I might be giving,
 Some soul may die, and I shall lose
 The sweetest joy of living.

Only the present hour is mine —
 I may not have another
 In which to speak a kindly word,
 Or help a fallen brother.
 The path of life leads straight ahead;
 I can retrace it never;
 The daily record which I make
 Will stand unchanged forever.

To cheer and comfort other souls,
 And make their pathways brighter;
 To lift the load from other hearts,
 And make their burdens lighter,—
 This is the work we have to do —
 It must not be neglected.
 That we improve each passing hour,
 Is of us all expected.

I shall not pass this way again!
 O! then with high endeavor
 May I my life and service give
 To Him who reigns forever.
 Then will the failures of the past
 No longer bring me sadness,
 And His approving smile will fill
 My heart with joy and gladness.

— *Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

CHAPTER X.

LABORS IN SOUTHEASTERN NEBRASKA.

IN the spring of 1898 I held meetings in Cheney, a little town about seven miles from home, with indifferent success. Some evil-disposed persons stopped the stove pipe with old rags and perpetrated the stale-egg act, smearing some very nice lap-ropes with them, and altogether it proved to be an unprofitable field. During the summer I held tent meetings at Arlington and York with Elders Thompson and Johnson. We saw some fruit of our labors at the latter place. We labored hard and earnestly, but the results were not as rich as we greatly desired them to be. Why do people reject the blessed saving truth for this time! But so it has ever been. Noah's message of mercy and warning was despised and rejected. The prophets were rejected and slain. Christ came unto His own, and His own received Him not. And so it is in the last days. "They shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." 2 Tim. 4:4. At the State camp meeting, which was held at York that year, it was decided that Brother W. J. Wilson and I should labor together in the southeast corner of Nebraska, including Lincoln and College View. In February, 1899, I went as a delegate from Nebraska to the General Conference, which was held at South Lancaster, Mass. We had a terrible storm on our journey, and laid up about sixteen hours at Springfield, Mass. It was such a storm as was never known by the oldest inhabitant. The railroad employees made us as comfortable as they could under the circumstances, and we took our difficulties, sang hymns, and held praise service, and murmured not. The General Conference was a good one. The good Spirit of God was present in a marked manner from the first. As delegates from all parts of the world reported the progress of the great threefold warning message, our hearts were stirred within us. It was a time of heart searching and refreshing coming down from the Father above, and we re-

turned home with renewed zeal to publish the glad tidings of the soon-coming King, in *all the earth*.

In July, 1898 our oldest daughter, Ella May, was united in marriage to C. P. Nelson, son of N. P. Nelson, president of our conference, and in the following November our second daughter, Nellie Elizabeth, was united in marriage to Prof. C. R. Kite.

In the summer of 1899, we pitched our tent at Cortland, Neb. Our tent company consisted of my son-in-law, C. R. Kite, and wife, W. J. Wilson, Miss May James, and myself. We had quite an experience in getting started. Our center pole proved to be too short, and so we had to splice it. Then it rained, and made a low place under the tent very muddy, and we carried sods, and covered it over nicely, making a beautiful carpet of green. Our first night Brother Kite and I were alone in our family tent, and the winds blew, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, and the rain descended and beat upon our frail cotton dwelling place. Some of the stakes pulled up by reason of the fierceness of the gale, and the tent was going flippity flop in the wind, and nothing else would do but to rush out into the storm with sledge and stakes, and pin the tent more firmly to the bosom of mother earth, and so prevent its taking its departure to parts unknown. But such experiences are common to gospel tent workers on the prairies of the West. I have gone out in the dark and stormy night, and held on to the tent with all my strength to prevent its blowing away from the wife and babies who were taking shelter under it.

Brother Wilson and I occupied a tent at Cortland by ourselves. He slept in a fine steel hammock, of which he was quite proud, while I occupied a cot. One night I awoke with my nether extremities feeling very cold. I reached my hand down there, and found I was lying in a pool of water. I looked around for Brother Wilson, and found him sitting up in his hammock with bedclothes thrown over his head, doing his best to keep dry, and the rain was coming down through the tent to beat all. The only thing to do was to seek out the driest spot and shield myself with the bedclothes the best I could until the storm was over. In some storms the tent poles will snap, crack, and break into pieces; but the faithful toilers for Christ endure it all, and murmur not, remembering our loving

Saviour, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. Heb. 12:2. We also have respect unto the recompense of the reward. Heb. 11:26. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126:6.

As usual, preaching the truth stirred up opposition, and one Elder Richards, a Baptist minister, came from abroad, and did what he could to show that the ten commandments, Sabbath and all, had ceased to be obligatory upon the people in the gospel age. That Sunday evening as I came to the tent I found it full, and Brother Kite and Brother Wilson seemed to be somewhat excited over the report that Elder Richards was to speak against the Sabbath in the Baptist church. We soon decided that Brother Kite should go and take notes of the discourse, and announce a reply the following evening.

The reverend gentleman gave our people and work a great scorching. It was the first time that Brother Kite was ever under fire. I was informed by those present that when he arose to announce a reply, his face was pale as death, but he bravely did his duty, just the same.

After the discourse a Mrs. Woolsey asked the minister if she understood him correctly that the ten commandments were a yoke of bondage, done away, and no longer binding on Christians. He replied in the affirmative. "Well," she said, "that relieves me of a good deal of work. I taught my two older children the ten commandments, and it took time and effort to do so, and now our youngest son, Arthur, is old enough to be taught, and I was just about to begin to teach him; but if what you teach is true, that to keep them is bondage, it will be doing the child a great injury to instill the principles of the ten commandments into his mind, as it would be wrong to lead his soul into bondage." And so it certainly would be. The above is the substance of the conversation as reported to me by the good lady herself. After all, I believe I would prefer to cast my lot with those who love the ten commandments and obey their holy teachings rather than with those who feel that it is Christian liberty to break them and teach others to do the same. "Great peace have they that love thy law: and nothing

shall offend them." Ps. 119:165. "O that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Isa. 48:18. "If ye love me, keep my commandments," said the Lord Jesus (John 14:15), and Paul declared that he delighted in the law of God after the inward man. Rom. 7:22. It is only the carnal mind that finds bondage in the law of the Lord. See Rom. 8:7.

Monday night the tent was crowded to hear the reply, the minister also being present. It was shown in reply that Christ said, "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Mark 7:7.

Now we know that Sunday keeping has been commanded by men, by emperors, popes, and worldly rulers; but where has God commanded it? If God has not commanded it, it is, according to the word of Christ, vain worship. If God has commanded Sunday observance, some Christian in this congregation can point us to that God-given command. Any person in the audience that can read such a command in the Bible will please raise his hand. It was a moment of intense interest. The minister raised his hand. "I will sit down," said the speaker, "while the brother reads the divine precept requiring Sunday observance." He arose, and all eyes were upon him. He rustled the leaves of his Bible awhile, and then began to read. He soon stopped, and said, "If it is a command you want, this is not it," and sat down. Of course not. He could find no such command, neither can anybody else, for the very good reason that God never commanded anybody, Jew or Gentile, saint or sinner, to keep the first day of the week as the Sabbath. It follows that Sunday observance is vain worship, being commanded of men, and not of God. As our brethren admit there is no divine law requiring Sunday sacredness, it also follows that there is no sin in not sacredly observing it. For sin is the transgression of the law (1 John 3:4), and "where no law is, there is no transgression." Rom. 4:15. As we showed that the arguments against God's holy Sabbath and law were unprofitable and vain, there was considerable excitement in the meeting, so much that the good school professor felt called upon to say something for Sunday; but all he was able to make out was to tell us what he believed. As he presented no "Thus

saith the Lord," it only confirmed some in the belief that there is no "Thus saith the Lord" for Sunday keeping. We had hopes that a large company would be obedient to the faith, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Young, for whom we felt a great interest; but for some reason they turned away from the holy commandment delivered unto them. However, some took a noble stand to obey God. A building was bought, and remodeled so that it made a comfortable church. It is free from debt, and it stands in the town as a witness to the truth; and every Sabbath the faithful ones who gather there to worship the Most High God also bear witness to the truth that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. It takes moral courage and faith in God to stand in opposition to the whole world. Moral weaklings and the worldly minded will not do so. May the little band drink often and deep of that water that will be in them a well of water springing up into everlasting life. John 4: 13, 14.

During the winter of 1899-1900, I held meetings at Sprague and other places. I made some very agreeable acquaintances, among whom were the doctor and his family at Sprague, who were very kind to me. Also a Mr. Englebrecht and family. I had great hopes that they would go with us to the Celestial City, but they have not yet started to run the heavenly race. Brother Sebastian Cook, Arnold Egger, and other kind friends made me welcome to their homes. May their rest be rich and their reward glorious. Near Sprague a teacher and wife, Hollingsworth by name, accepted Christ. I hope they will remain true and faithful.

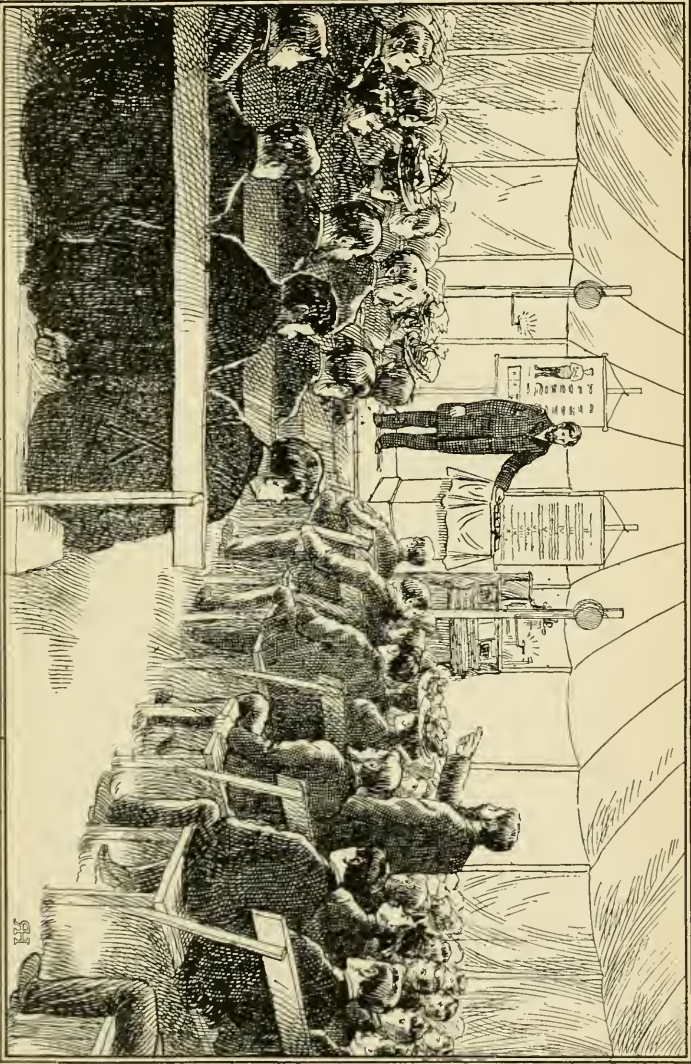
During the winter I was twice quite rudely treated. I went into a house one day, and the matron, a powerful woman, with a sharp tongue, known in the neighborhood by the name of Mrs. Stickelmyer, gave me a great scolding, called me a thief, and other hard epithets were hurled at me in a perfect storm. "I am not aware, madam, that I am a thief. I supposed that I was honest. I know that is my desire and intention, anyway." "Our minister depends on his church members for his living, and you come around, and get them away from him, and in that way you steal his bread from him and his children." The same old cry, "By this craft we have our wealth [or living]." Acts 19: 25. Must the people be left in darkness

that the preachers may have a fat living? She scolded me and my people so severely that I finally asked her if she were a Christian. She replied in the affirmative. Then I said, "You love everybody, don't you?" "Yes, sir, I do." "Then you love the poor Adventist also?" "No, I don't," she exclaimed, with so much energy and vigor that I thought it best not to prolong my visit, so shaking her hand kindly, I sought a more promising field of labor. Her minister invited me to come to his church the next Sunday, and he would give the reasons for his faith, and then I should give my reasons for the faith that is in me. I thought to do so in a kindly way might be productive of good, so I accepted his invitation, and went. There was a large congregation of interested people. The talk was to be in German. I found he was very much excited. His plan was to ask me questions, and I was to answer yes or no without being allowed to read any scripture in proof of my position. That was not my way of presenting my faith. I always presented the scriptural reason for what I believed. As that right was refused me, I sat quietly listening to his harangue, and said nothing. At last he cried out, "Why don't you answer my questions?" I said, "Give me *gelegenheit* — opportunity — and I will answer them." "You have opportunity," he shouted. "Then I will take it," and so saying, I took my English and German Bibles, and went into his holy place, or *kanzel*, as he called it, where he was. It fairly made him wild. He walked up and down and roared like a lion. He informed me I ought to go to Africa, and not preach in a country where there were already so many good preachers; while it occurred to me that I was rather too old to go so far away, and into such a wild land. I much preferred to stay in Nebraska, and let some younger herald of the cross bear the gospel message to the untamed heathen. Some of his members were so amazed at his unfair, ungentlemanly course that they left the house in disgust. The uproar became so great that a Sister Koch, who was standing outside, rushed in to protect me, fearing from the outcry that I was in great danger. A poor, little frail woman she was, like a dove among hawks, or a lamb among lions. It proved that there was more noise than danger. The storm abated, and I replied to a full house that evening. Surely a people who will act as they did, need

the gospel of Jesus, the gospel of love and good will, as much as the wild men in the jungles of the dark continent.

The summer of 1900, Brethren C. R. Kite, wife and baby, G. L. Fowler, and Sister Rose James, and myself composed our gospel tent company. We selected Sterling, a town of about twelve hundred inhabitants, as our field of labor. We rented a house to live in, which was much more comfortable than living in a tent. Brother Fowler and I went ahead, and pitched our tabernacle. The first night there arose a terrific storm of wind and rain. We got up, and ran for the tent; but before we reached it, the wind had struck it with terrific force. Some of the stakes were pulled up, and being still attached to the ropes, were flying in the air like so many flails in the hands of giants. One of the large center poles snapped in twain, and the tent came down with a crash, and the next day was spent in repairing damages. After this a small cyclone struck us, and destroyed things worse than before. Notwithstanding all drawbacks, we had quite an interest in our meetings, which increased greatly when we came to the Sabbath question. Brother Richards, who tried to destroy our interest at Cortland the previous summer, was now pastor of the Baptist church at Sterling. One evening as I was speaking, he kept interrupting continually. We told him that two speakers could not profitably occupy the same time, and if he felt he owed the people a duty on this question, we would give him the use of the tent any evening he might choose. He chose the next evening, and as usual, he gave us a great scolding. We were in hopes that as we were so friendly as to furnish the tent all lighted up, free of charge, that he would treat us with kindness and courtesy; but it seems that the advocates of Sunday sacredness find it very hard to do this. They are, generally speaking, pleasant, genial people; but searching for Bible evidence for Sunday sacredness seems to sour their tempers, and too often they become bitter in their feelings toward seventh-day observers, and as out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, their remarks are very apt to have a flavor of bitterness also. I can only account for this on the supposition that it is irritating to them to discover that there is no divine authority for this Sunday idol which they have set up. Of course we took his scolding very kindly, knowing that he could

do much better at scolding than he could at finding scriptural authority for Sunday sacredness; and, of course, it is permissible for a man to do the best he can. I always pity the poor mortal that undertakes to find the divine precept requiring Sunday observance, knowing that he would be far more successful in hunting for the proverbial needle in a haystack. At any rate, Brother Richards's feelings were wrought up to such a pitch that they had not subsided by the next evening; for he interrupted more than ever. In this interruption he was joined by a very gentlemanly, talented young Disciple, or Christian, minister by the name of Maxwell. They carried the interruption to such a height that a gentleman by the name of Rogers arose, and requested them to refrain, stating that he came to hear Elder Hill, and would like to have the privilege of doing so. This shamed Brother Maxwell into silence, but not Brother Richards. He said it was very hard to keep still. Of course, it is very hard for a man to keep still when he sees his foundation slipping from under his feet. At last, despairing of his ceasing to interrupt me, I said to him, "Brother Richards, if you cannot keep quiet, please keep as quiet as you can." The meeting was large and the interest high, so much so that a Spiritualist arose in the meeting, and, pointing to the law of God, said, "We have nothing to do with that law. We have a new commandment now. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and sat down. What a union! Spiritism, Baptism, and Discipleism, all united in trying to put down God's holy law of ten commandments, and all, of course, led by the same spirit. What a spectacle to men and angels! We said, "I am not aware that this is a new commandment, I supposed that it is as old, at least, as the days of Moses. Brother Maxwell, is not this command found in the Old Testament?" He did not say yes or no, but asked me to read it if it were there. So we read in Lev. 19: 18, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Then I exhorted them to study their Bibles more carefully, and not make such sorry mistakes in the future as to suppose that this is a new commandment, when it is surely found in the Old Testament Scriptures. Brother Maxwell was so stirred up that after meeting he talked to me in a loud and disrespectful manner, calling me Hill, etc. I said to him, "Brother Maxwell, why don't you call me Brother Hill? Don't you



“WE HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT LAW.”

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know I like to be called Brother?" I patted him on the shoulder, and said to him, "You are excited now; go home and have a good night's sleep; preach a good sermon to-morrow, and I will come and hear you."

Why were those brother ministers so forgetful of courtesy and the law of brotherly kindness?— Because they were fighting the Lord's truth. The warfare against the commandments of God is foretold in Rev. 12: 17, "The dragon [the devil] was wroth with the woman [the church], and went to make war with the remnant [last part] of her seed [children] which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." Here it is plainly laid out before us that because of keeping the commandments of God the remnant church will suffer persecution. Why so? It is certain that any person may preach and practice nine of those ten commandments, and not stir up any opposition whatever; but let him preach and practice that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and the warfare begins immediately. All the artillery of the prince of darkness is brought to bear on the commandments of God and those who keep them. This warfare will go on until every soul is tested, and all the world will be ranged up, on the side of the commandments of the Lord or against them.

Dear reader, on which side of this controversy will you stand? A doctor Sherman and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, and others accepted the message. Sabbath school and meetings were established, and thus a light was kindled in that place, which we hope will shine brighter and brighter until the Lord comes. One Dr. Neff began attending our meetings quite regularly, and we hoped he would join himself to the Lord, and serve Him; but we soon discovered that our organist, a charming young lady, had greater attractions for him than the truth of the gospel. We tried our best to preserve our song bird, but the genial doctor and the darts of cupid were more powerful than we. We hope she will succeed in leading him to Christ and heaven, but we fear that the leading may be the other way. "Be not unequally yoked together" is the Lord's way, and we are sure that that is the safest and best way. We as a tent company learned the thirty-fourth psalm by heart, which begins, "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth." Brother Kite had a very nice, new Bible, which he

valued very highly, and one day a little boy came into the room, and thrust a stick between the leaves of it, and vigorously drew it back and forth. Brother Kite began to feel angry, as he saw the ruin that was wrought; but all at once it flashed into his mind: "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth," and it took the ugly feelings all away. "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119: 11. That is the way to keep from sin. Have the heart full of the word of God.

In August we removed our tent into the country near Brother Mason's, about seven miles from Tecumseh, and held some meetings there.

We had quite an interest. A few accepted Christ and His commandments; a Sabbath school and meetings were established, and Brother and Sister Ferris, with others, are zealous in the truth, and are shining lights in that neighborhood. May the Lord bless the little flock there, and all the interested ones that have not yet come into the fullness of gospel light and blessing. At our State camp meeting that year I was transferred from southeastern to northeastern Nebraska. I loved the dear brethren in my old district, and our relations together were of the most cordial and pleasant character. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Ps. 133: 1.

ON HIGHER GROUND.

WHEN cheerless valley fogs of night
Shut out the arch of blue
That all the perfect summer day
Has promised joy to you,
Remember that the mountain-top
With clearer air is crowned ;
Then onward march with folded tent,
And camp on higher ground.

If trouble, like a swarming plague,
Besiege your marsh-land state
Until you feel you have incurred
The enmity of fate,
Think not that in a flood of tears
Your troubles can be drowned,
But rise through all the strength of will,
And camp on higher ground.

When mingled tongues and ways of men
Becloud your judgment's view,
When falsehoods are so nicely veiled
Almost you think them true,
Just take an upward path until
You come within the sound
Of that still voice that reaches those
Who camp on higher ground.

The texture of your earthly garb
Is breaking, thread by thread,
And on some day, in some fair clime,
You'll don new robes instead ;
And as your welcomed spirit thrills
With freedom newly found,
You'll bless the hand that led you there
To camp on higher ground.

The sunshine of eternal love
Will never cease to flow,
The soul outreaching for its rays
Will never cease to glow ;
Since in that glorious, heavenly life
Such wondrous love is found,
We still may go from joy to joy
To camp on higher ground.

— J. H. A.

CHAPTER XI.

LABORS IN NORTHEASTERN NEBRASKA.

My new district included eleven counties, and extended from the Platte River on the south, to the northern boundary of the State. I found noble, self-sacrificing, faithful brethren and sisters, who were willing to help on the good work of the gospel of the kingdom to the extent of their ability. I spent the winter of 1900-1901 in visiting my churches. While traveling, I was exposed to inclement weather, and my old enemy, the quinsy, came upon me again, and for eleven days and nights I suffered severely; but I recovered, although it left me quite weak, and I was troubled with neuralgia in the chest more or less during the remainder of the winter. One night, while sleeping with Brother Anderson, at Hartington, I awoke with a terrible pain in my chest. It was bitter cold, and I thought that if possible I would not trouble any one; but the misery was so great that I woke Brother Anderson, and told him to get a lot of boiling hot water as quickly as possible, and heat the flat irons as hot as he could make them. While the water was heating, I got up, and walked around the room. It seemed as if I could hold out but little longer. My head began to get dizzy, and fearing I would soon be unconscious, I said to Brother Anderson, "If I should not get over this, please tell my loved ones that I fell with my face toward the kingdom of God." He took the bottom out of a chair, placed a pail of boiling hot water under it, placed a thin blanket over the chairs, and I sat down in it, with my feet in a dish of hot water. Then he wrapped me in a quilt from the neck to the feet, put a compress of cold water on my head, put a hot iron in the pail of hot water, and the hot steam soon had the perspiration running down my body in streams. The pain vanished in short order, and I have not had trouble with the neuralgia since.

Dear reader, if you wish to relieve pain, water, intelligently applied, is a mighty agent in doing it.

At Hartington we had most excellent meetings. The Spirit of the Lord came into our midst to reprove and comfort, and the dear brethren and sisters were greatly encouraged in the Lord.

As the claim that Sunday should be sacredly observed as a day of rest and worship is not founded upon a command of God, but upon the example of the apostles, one evening we searched the New Testament scriptures to see how the apostles observed Sunday. We found that Peter and John ran together on the resurrection day, and John outran Peter. John 20:4. Now running is hard work. If it were right for Peter and John to thus work hard on Sunday, it is right for us to do the same.

We found that two disciples and Jesus walked that same day from Jerusalem to Emmaus, and returned, a distance of one hundred and twenty furlongs. Luke 24:13-36. It is certain that Christ and these two disciples did not set us the example of resting or Sabbatizing on Sunday. Now, dear Sunday-keeping brother, if Sunday became the new Christian Sabbath by the resurrection of Christ, why did not Christ set us the example of keeping it? Did Christ and the two disciples commit sin in walking one hundred and twenty furlongs on Sunday—a hard day's work for most of us? Of course you answer, No. It follows that neither do we commit sin when we follow Christ's example, and work hard on the resurrection day.

In Acts 20:7 we have an account of Paul's holding a meeting on the first day of the week at Troas. The thirteenth verse shows that while that meeting was in progress the companions of Paul were sailing around the peninsula of Lectum, from Troas to Assos. Paul's preaching, and his brethren's sailing on Sunday, does not seem to stamp it as a day of sacred rest. This is a notable example of sailing and not of resting on the venerable day of the sun.

Surely, if it was right for these holy men to go sailing on Sunday, it is right for us or any one else to do likewise. What do you say, my Sunday-keeping brother or sister, is it not so?

Paul wrought at tent making, six days in the week. Acts 18:3. He reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath. Acts 18:4. Since Paul preached the gospel every Sabbath, and worked at tent making the rest of the time, what did he do on Sunday? He surely worked at tent making, and there is no other right conclusion to come to. We conclude that if it were right for the apostle to the Gentiles to labor with his hands on Sunday, it is right for us to do the same. We conclude also, that teaching that the apostles instituted Sunday as a day of sacred rest, and observed it as such, is a fable, and nothing more.

Mary Magdalene arose very early on the resurrection morning, but did not rise early enough to find the Sabbath. Why?—Because the Sabbath was past. See Mark 16:1, 2. Please remember, dear reader, that you cannot rise early enough in the morning on the first day of the week to find the Sabbath according to the New Testament. Why?—Because the Sabbath is always past before the first day of the week begins. If any person wishes to know which day of the week to keep as the Sabbath according to the commandment of the Lord in New Testament times, let him compare Luke 23:56 with Luke 24:1; and he will see that the first day of the week comes just one day too late to be the Sabbath according to the commandment of God. It is only a Sabbath according to the commandment of men. This is a serious matter, for Christ said, "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Mark 7:7. May the dear Lord give us a willing mind to walk in the light of His holy Word.

At Blair we had some very interesting and profitable meetings, and a very successful Sabbath-school convention. It made our hearts glad to be there.

The following summer, O. E. Jones, Miss Pearl West, Miss Lizzie Jones, and myself pitched our tent at Tekamah, Burt County. I had held some Bible readings, and distributed reading matter earlier in the spring. I attended the Disciple convention, and met a couple of my old Minnesota friends, Elder James White and wife. Since I had seen them, he had become a minister of that people. I had the pleasure, also, of attending a great union revival, conducted by the noted

revivalist, Mr. McGregor, assisted by the Canadian soloist, Mr. McLaughlin. The singing was grand, the preaching was entertaining; but the fruits were meager.

I held a Bible reading at Mr. Joseph Ashby's one day, on the Lord's plumb line, which Elder Smith, the Disciple minister, his deacon, and some others attended. We had a very interesting study. "Then said the Lord, Behold, I will set a plumb line in the midst of my people Israel: I will not again pass by them any more." Amos 7:7, 8. That the Lord will not pass by any more, shows that setting this plumb line in the midst of His people is the last work He will do for them. Those who are found in accord with the Lord's plumb line will be acceptable subjects of His everlasting kingdom; those who are not in harmony with it will be rejected. As a material plumb line tests material things, and points out their defects, so the Lord's plumb line will test the moral character of His people, and point out their defects. What can it be? What is wrong with mankind, anyway?—"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Rom. 3:23. Do we all agree that sin is the trouble?—Yes. Well and good. Now, what is sin?—"Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law." 1 John 3:4. Do we all agree that sin is the transgression of the law? The Scriptures declare it, and we cannot deny it. Since sin is the transgression of God's law, and as sin is the only fault or defect in mankind, whatsoever makes sin known must be the plumb line.

I see all are agreed upon this point, and now we will inquire, By what is sin made known? "For by the law is the knowledge of sin." Rom. 3:20. Is there any other way by which sin is known?—No; for Paul declares, "I had not known sin but by the law: for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet." Rom. 7:7. What law said, "Thou shalt not covet"?—The law of ten commandments. We must conclude that this law, spoken by the voice of God, and written by His own finger on the imperishable stone, is His eternal rule of righteousness, or plumb line, by which sin is known.

What must a plumb line be?—It must be perfect and right; everybody can see that. Was the law spoken on Sinai

right?—"Thou camest down also upon mount Sinai, and spakest with them from heaven, and gavest them right judgments, and true laws, good statutes and commandments." Neh. 9:13. Since the law spoken on Sinai was right, true, and good, what kind of a man would he be whose life was in harmony with it?—Right, true, and good. Correct; such a man would surely find admittance into the kingdom of God.

We will now listen to the apostle's testimony to this law: "Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good." Rom. 7:12. What kind of a man would he be that would live up to this law?—He would be holy, just, and good. Correct. If he refused to live in accordance with it, what kind of a man would he be?—A bad man, of course. Then this law is the test of character, or the Lord's plumb line. What is the whole duty of man?—"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Eccl. 12:13. What do you conclude from this scripture? Since the commandments of God are the measure of man's whole duty to God, it follows that they are His test of character, or plumb line.

As in our text the Lord says that He will set His plumb line, or law, in the midst of His people, and will not again pass by them any more (Amos 7:8), it follows that just before the coming of Christ, the attention of the people will be called to the commandments of God. See Rev. 14:12: "Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." This message is immediately followed by the coming of Christ: "And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on His head a golden crown, and in His hand a sharp sickle." Verse 14.

It will be interesting to note how the Lord's children will receive this latter-day commandment message. "Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come, forever and ever [the latter day: margin]: that this is a rebellious people, lying children, children that will not hear the law of the Lord." Isa. 30:8, 9. When will these lying children refuse to hear the law of the Lord?—In the latter day. The law says the seventh

day is the Sabbath, and they refuse to hear it, which proves them to be children by profession only. "For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments" (1 John 5: 3), and "he that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments," is a romancer, or something like that. See 1 John 2: 4.

These latter-day children will not hear the law of the Lord; but what will they hear?—"Which say to the seers, See not; and to the prophets, Prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits." Isa. 30: 10. That is the way it is with the latter-day popular professors. The minister must speak to them smooth things, or lose his job. What does Hosea say of the fowls of heaven and the fishes of the sea?—They shall be taken away. Hosea 4: 1-3. Have the fishes of the sea been taken away yet?—No. When will they be taken away?—"And the second angel poured out his vial [plague] upon the sea; and it became as the blood of a dead man: and every living soul died in the sea." Rev. 16: 3. Then what time does the prophet Hosea have in mind?—The time of the pouring out of the seven last plagues upon the earth. That will be in the latter time, will it not?—Yes, evidently so.

Note what Hosea further says in this connection, in regard to the Lord's law, or plumb line: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge: because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest to me: seeing thou hast forgotten the LAW of thy God, I will also forget thy children." Hosea 4: 6. When do we find this prophecy has its application?—In the latter time. Then what will the Lord's people do in the latter time?—Reject the law of their God. Then what does God do with those who reject His law?—"Seeing thou hast forgotten [or rejected] the law of thy God, I will also forget thy children." Sad condition of things in the last days!

Now, dear brethren, let me ask you, What is there in God's holy law that is obnoxious to you? "The seventh-day Sabbath is the only objectionable point in the law to us." Why do you object to that?—"O, so few keep it; it is very unpopular. It is also exceedingly inconvenient; it interferes greatly with our business." How much of the law must we reject

to reject it all? "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." James 2: 10. Then if we reject the Sabbath, do we reject the whole law?—"It seems like it." Honest, brethren, do we not only seem to do it, but do we not actually do it? Silence.

Have we found that the plumb line is the law of God?—"Yes." Did we find that it is right, true, and good? (Neh. 9. 13)—"Yes." That it is holy, just, and good? (Rom. 7: 12)—"Yes." Does the Lord by His prophet declare that it is perfect? (Ps. 19:7)—"Yes." Now, if we disagree with this righteous law, is the wrong in us, or in the law?—We must confess that the wrong is in us. What is the worst thing, brethren, that can possibly happen to us?—To be wrong, to be sure. Then what is the best thing for us?—To be right, of course. Then let us forsake the wrong, and love and obey the right.

The importance of this work is very forcibly set forth in Zech. 7: 13: "Therefore it is come to pass, that as He cried, and they would not hear; so they cried, and I would not hear, saith the Lord of hosts." The time of probation is past when this scripture applies, because the Lord will not hear the cry or prayer of the sinner. What had the Lord cried, that they would not hear? "Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words which the Lord of hosts hath sent in His spirit by the former prophets: therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of hosts." Verse 12.

Well, brethren, have we found that the plumb line that God will set in the midst of His people, and not again pass by them any more, is His righteous law?—"Yes." Does this last scripture declare that this law will be set in the midst of the people, and that they refuse to hear it, and therefore there comes upon them a great wrath from the Lord of hosts?—"Yes." That is the plain teaching; no man can gainsay it. Is the law of God now, at this present time, being set before the people as never before?—"Yes." Are many of God's professed children refusing to hear it?—"Yes." Why?—"Because it says the seventh day is the Sabbath." I ask you, dear brethren and sisters, at this Bible study, will you also refuse to hear the law of God? Is there

not great danger that we will hide under a refuge of lies? "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding places." Isa. 28:17. What three things are prominently brought to view in this scripture?—Plumb line, hail, and refuge of lies. What constitutes the plumb line?—Judgment and righteousness. What is righteousness?—"My tongue shall speak of thy word; for all thy commandments are righteousness." Ps. 119:172. Thus we see that this plumb line, or law of God, is righteousness itself.

What do the people know in whose heart is God's law?—"Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law." Isa. 51:7. Why do they know righteousness?—Because they know the law, and the law is righteousness. Wonderful plumb line.

Now let us examine the hail. What does the Lord say about that?—"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" Job 38:22, 23. What do we learn from this?—That the hail comes in the last time. That is right. What will the hail be mingled with?—"An overflowing rain, and great hailstones, fire, and brimstone." Eze. 38:22. How great will the hailstones be?—"And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found. And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent: and men blasphemed God because of the plague of the hail; for the plague thereof was exceeding great." Rev. 16:20, 21.

What do we learn from this scripture?—That the hail is the last plague, and that it is very grievous. What did we learn in Isa. 28:17?—That just before the hail comes, God will set in the midst of His people His plumb line, and they will hide under a refuge of lies. Is the law of God, or the Lord's plumb line, now, just now, being set before the people in a new and clearer light than ever before? Have you received in this study greater light on God's law than you ever did before?—"Yes, sir, we have. We have seen things that we never knew were in the Bible before." Many

reject the light, I am sorry to say, and trust in fables. They hold that the Sabbath was changed from the seventh day to the first day of the week at the resurrection of Christ. Did the Lord say so?—No. Did the Lord command any one to keep it?—No. Is it once called the Sabbath anywhere in the Bible?—No. Then is not the change of the Sabbath a fable, and nothing more?

Others declare that the law of God was nailed to the cross, and that Christ and the apostles gave us a new law in the New Testament. Did you ever see this new, revised copy of God's law?—No. Do you know how many commandments this new, revised law contains?—No. Does anybody know what those new commandments are, or where they are recorded in the New Testament?—No one knows. Then is not this new, revised edition of God's law simply a fable, and nothing more? The cry is heard now in many places that the Sabbath is bondage; but this is only another fable, for God says, "Call the Sabbath a *delight*." Isa. 58:13.

"We cannot keep the Sabbath on a round world," is confidently asserted by many at the present time. Can you keep the first day?—O, yes. My dear brother, are you not romancing a little? "Time is lost, and we cannot tell when the seventh day comes," is sounded from many a pulpit to-day, throughout the land. Can you tell when the first day comes?—Not the least trouble about that. "We keep the first day in honor of the resurrection of Christ." We perceive, dear brother. The first day has been well known, and sacredly observed right along, but the seventh day has been everlastingly lost. Surely the Lord stated the truth exactly when He taught that they would take shelter under a refuge of lies. What a sad thing to do! The hail will sweep away such a refuge as that. How much better to conform to the plumb line, and keep the commandments of the Lord. "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22:14. The commandment keepers enter into the city. Do the commandment breakers enter in also?—O no; they remain on the outside. O that we might all be willing and obedient, and eat the good of the land. Isa. 1:19.

This looks all very plain and clear, but how are we poor

sinners to keep God's perfect law of righteousness? "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9. And again, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Phil. 4:13. Then is it not true that through Christ we can keep the commandments of the Lord? Listen to His voice in the new covenant: "For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people: and they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Heb. 8:10-12. Bless the Lord for a Saviour who is able, if we are willing, to write the law of God in the hearts of His people, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy. Jude 24.

We, indeed, had an interesting time; and Elder Smith and his deacon, and some others, will remember our Bible reading for a good while to come.

One evening I went into a revival meeting, and the minister requested any of the audience who were willing, to arise, and repeat a passage of Scripture. I thought it was a very beautiful exercise, and I joined in it, and repeated Isa. 51:7, 8: "Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings. For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool: but my righteousness shall be forever, and my salvation from generation to generation." This blessed Word of God had a very unhappy effect on the minister. He so far forgot himself as to shout, "Let us have something from the New Testament. Some people have a hobby to ride, and they ride it to hell." I have noticed that to quote the Word of God, that refers to His holy law, has about the same effect on some ministers as it does on a certain domestic animal to flaunt a red flag in his face. Why is this? The law was in the heart of Christ. Ps. 40:7, 8. And the prophet

cries out, "O, how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day." Ps. 119:97. The commandments of the Lord are declared to be "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb" (Ps. 19:10); and the apostle exclaims, "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man." Rom. 7:22. Why a reference to the law of the Lord should disturb the peace of mind of some ministers, and tantalize them so, is certainly a great mystery. I have concluded that there must be something in the law that is very obnoxious to them, and I have learned from their own lips that the only thing they cannot endure is that precept that testifies: "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work." It has been interesting to me for many years to note how they have fought against this command of the great God. They have made faces at it, kicked at it, called it hard names, such as Jewish, bondage, death, and the like; yet the dear old commandment reads just the same as before, and sits as securely enshrined in the law of Jehovah, and shines as brightly as ever, and I am persuaded that it has an endless life, because it is truth. "All thy commandments are truth." Ps. 119:151. Then the command that says the seventh day is the Sabbath, is the truth, and we all know that truth is immortal, and cannot die; and I wish kindly to suggest that it is very unwise and foolish to fight the truth; and so, dear brother ministers, let us no longer oppose, but rejoice in the truth. 1 Cor. 13:6. Our tent meetings at Tekamah were not as successful as we greatly desired, but the Lord led some honest souls to rejoice in the light, and to walk in it.

Praise the name of the Lord. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. Largely through the efforts of a little Sister Peterson and her brother, Christian Jenson, the believers of Tekamah have a neat church, well equipped, in which to worship God. It seemed at first that the ministers would not deign to publicly notice our work; but we kept hard at work, preaching, visiting, distributing reading matter, holding Bible readings, and putting articles in the papers, giving the prominent points of our faith, until the surrounding country got light on the great truths pertaining to our day and generation. Finally a learned minister, Dr. Wilson, felt constrained to give his views on the Sabbath question.

He taught us that the ten commandments, Sabbath and all, were binding upon all men, were universal in their obligation, and eternal in their duration; yet, by some mysterious dispensation of divine providence, the Sabbath had been changed from the seventh day to the first day of the week, although he failed to find a record of such a momentous change in the sacred narrative, and concluded that it made no difference which day we keep anyway, if we only keep one day in seven. Not a very good showing for a learned gentleman to make; but, gentle reader, if you think you can do any better for the Sunday Sabbath, please try it, and you will be convinced.

The Disciple minister had previously declared from his pulpit that the Sabbath was an old, obsolete, Jewish institution, was abolished and done away; and that all the ten commandments died, expired, and gave up the ghost on the cross. Thus the Sunday advocates demolished each other, and the lovers of truth could look calmly on while the advocates of error, with their glittering swords of controversy, split each other's crowns. Such contradictory testimony convinced people that somebody was in great error and profound darkness on the Sabbath question.

From Tekamah we removed to Craig, but there was not any interest to hear the message of the third angel of Rev. 14: 9-12; so we folded our tents, and pitched again in Herman; where, two years before, a cyclone had torn the town to pieces, killed, wounded, and destroyed in a wonderful manner. Chickens were entirely stripped of their feathers, and were otherwise unhurt. Straws were driven endwise into planks. An engine boiler, weighing nineteen and one-half tons, was carried to the top of a hill, and laid down on to the floor of a building so carefully that neither boiler nor floor were injured in the least. At Herman we had a much better interest, but had to quit before it was fully developed, and go to camp meeting.

Our camp meeting was held at Lincoln Park, in September, 1901; and a very wet and stormy time it was. One night, while hundreds of people were in the gospel pavilion, listening to the preaching of the Word, a terrific storm of wind and rain came down upon us, and the worshippers fled in

great confusion, fearing the pavilion would fall upon them; and it actually did fall soon after the people got away. I told my baby girl, Beulah, nine years old, to sit quietly while I looked after some necessary things, and, amid all confusion, she sat there until I returned, having the most implicit confidence in her father, that he knew best, and would care for her. Her firm faith in her father touched my heart, and taught me a lesson of simple faith and trust in my Father in heaven. That was a wild night for the army of campers. The water arose so high that some had to leave their tents, and take shelter on higher ground. The water was so deep in a tent where two sisters with a babe were camping, that it was half way to the knee. One sister sat in a chair with her heels in another, holding the little child in her lap, while the other was barefoot, wading around in the water, taking care of things the best she could. Day after day it was rain, rain; yet the people were happy, and enjoyed the sunshine of heaven in the soul. They received so much of the blessing of the Lord that it lifted them above trials and troubles of this vale of tears. The camp meeting was no small affair. There was the great pavilion for the English-speaking people, the Scandinavian gospel tent for the Scandinavians, and the large German gospel tent for the Germans, and then the youths' tent and the children's tent in which were held daily the youths' and children's meetings; and around them were the great multitude of family tents, all pitched in perfect order. It was indeed a cotton city, filled with devout worshipers, who had come from far and near to seek God. The bright beams of the Sun of righteousness shone into the hearts of the dear children of God, and many went forth from that meeting with renewed spiritual strength to fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life. Sinners were brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; and between one and two hundred were buried with Christ in baptism, and arose to walk in a new life. Truly, the stately steppings of a King were seen in our midst. "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." Isa. 12:6.

CHAPTER XII.

EXPERIENCES, LABORS, AND CONFLICTS OF A NEW CONFERENCE YEAR.

SOON after camp meeting, I started out again to "blow the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." Joel 2:1. The first point I visited was Cortland, on my old district. We met with the dear brethren in our new house of worship. It was a joy once more to meet with the Cooks, Wises, Hartzells, Woolseys, and others of like precious faith. We spoke to them the Word of the Lord. We renewed our covenant with the Lord, and with one another to be the Lord's; to serve Him and to love the name of the Lord, and to be faithful to the trust committed unto us. We talked over old battles, conflicts, and victories; rejoiced together in the blessed hope, bade each other good-by, and each went his way to lift up Christ, and by his life to say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." After this I visited different churches, lifting up before them the standard of righteousness we must attain unto in order to rejoice before the Lord at His coming. Isa. 25:9.

To be translated into the everlasting kingdom without seeing death (see 1 Cor. 15:51, 52), we must walk with God as Enoch and Elijah did. Gen. 5:24. "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." 1 John 3:3. They will present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. They will be transformed by the renewing of their mind, that they may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. Rom. 12:1, 2. They will cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. 2 Cor. 7:1.

They will have an experience in accordance with the prayer of the apostle, "And the very God of peace sanctify you

wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. 5:23. "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will DO it." 1 Thess. 5:24. Our part is to be willing and obedient (Isa. 1:19), and it is the Lord's part to do the work. Such a people will love the appearing of Christ. 2 Tim. 4:8. Christ will say to them, "Surely I come quickly," and they will respond, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Rev. 22:20. Such a people will be abiding in Christ, and will have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming." 1 John 2:28.

Kind reader, are you such a Christian? Are you willing to be, and seeking to be? Then, by faith appropriate to yourself the following words of God; incorporate them into your spiritual life: "That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be *filled with all the fullness of God*. Now unto Him that is able to do *exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think*, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." Eph. 3:16-21.

Dear brother or sister, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Isa. 60:1. The Lord will not rest until the righteousness of Zion shall go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. Isa. 62:1.

During the week of prayer, December, 1901, my time was divided between Fremont, Omaha, and South Omaha. Brother R. Ryan assisted me in the work. I can truly say that I never received such a blessing, such a spiritual uplifting, in any previous week of prayer. With prayers and many tears the dear people sought the Lord, putting away their sins; and the Lord by His Spirit came in in a remarkable manner, especially in South Omaha. The Lord did cause His face to shine upon His people. A remarkable experience: One Sunday afternoon

I entered a meeting where a preacher was very earnestly speaking against the law of God, the ten commandments. He spoke very loud; with a mighty voice he disclaimed against them. I knew that I was listening to the fulfillment of prophecy. "It is time for thee, Lord, to work; for they have made void thy law." Ps. 119:126. As I listened, I thought, "This dear people are in darkness; they know not what they do. The Lord has given me light on this subject. Ought I to let it shine forth in this darkness, or not?" I prayed in my heart to the Lord that He would guide me aright; and concluded that if liberty were given, I would kindly speak a word in favor of the law of my God. After the sermon, liberty was given, and I spoke a few minutes on the true relation between the law and the gospel, showing that the gospel is a remedy for sin (Matt. 1:21), and that sin is the transgression of the law (1 John 3:4); and if we take away or abolish the law, we abolish sin also; for it reads plainly, "For where no law is, there is no transgression," or sin. See Rom. 4:15. So our brother, in abolishing the law, has abolished sin; and in so doing, has abolished the gospel also, because everybody knows that if sin is abolished, there is no need of the gospel. We do not keep the law, as our brother supposes, in order to be saved; but we keep it because we are saved. The difference between the saved and the unsaved is this: The saved love God, and keep His commandments; and the unsaved do not. We do not keep God's law in order to be justified, but we keep it because we are justified. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5:1. But, my friends, we can have no peace with God while breaking His holy law. The first requisite in order to be justified by faith is to sin no more. John 8:11. "Let him that stole steal no more," is the Lord's plan. Eph. 4:28. Faith brings to us a love for the divine precepts, or it is a sham, a delusion, and a snare.

A gentleman who had once declared his eternal loyalty to the commandments of God, but had since repudiated them, arose to speak. He gesticulated wildly. With loud voice, and gleaming, staring eyes, he fell on his knees, and walked on them across the room to where I was sitting, and grasped my hand, and seemed to be in an awful state of mind. Poor

man! he had turned away from the holy commandment delivered unto him, and that left him a prey to the power of Satan. I believe surely that he was hypnotized by the devil. "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." Ps. 91:4. The only thing that will shield us from the strong delusions of the latter times is the love of the truth. 2 Thess. 2:9-12. Therefore, "buy the truth, and sell it not." Prov. 23:23.

In February and March we had some interesting experiences in Decatur, an old Nebraska town in Burt County, situated on the Missouri River. Brother Blue had relatives and friends there, and was anxious that they might see the light of the third angel's message; so he secured the use of the Dunkard church, and we began meetings. He and his faithful wife helped us a good deal in the meetings, and we had quite an interest, in the midst of which a couple of Latter-day-Saint elders began a series of meetings in their church, in which they took strong ground against the law of God and the Sabbath. We, of course, defended the truth, and the whole town was stirred. The church would not hold the people; so a large hall was secured in which to hold the meetings. Our Latter-day friends discovered, as many others have done, that there is power in the law of Jehovah.

One night the interest arose to a great height. As the elder was teaching that the ten commandments did not apply in Eden, he shouted, "Adam and Eve owned everything there was; how, then, could they steal?" An old gentleman, by the name of Redding, replied, "I thought there was some fruit there that did not belong to them." These few words upset his erroneous doctrine; but he kept right on, piling one error on top of another. He declared that there was nothing written on stones but the ten commandments, that the law of Moses was not written on stones at all. I asked him if I understood him correctly; and he said, Yes; and if I could show different, I should have opportunity to do so after he was done speaking. After his discussion, I went up onto the rostrum, and looked into the eager faces of several hundred people. The excitement was high, to say the least. I opened the Bible, and read what Joshua did: "And he wrote there upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel." Josh. 8:32. "My

brother, you know you declared to this people that the law of Moses was not written on stone; and here it reads distinctly and plainly as anything can, that the law of Moses was written on stones. Will you here and now retract what you have said?"

Kind reader, you must have been there to have appreciated the situation. I will confess I was a little excited myself. Our Latter-day friends very soon objected to my making any more remarks, and as I was only speaking by their permission, I ought to have ceased instantly; but under the pressure of the moment, I did not obey as quickly as I ought to, for which failure I am very sorry. Anybody can see that we are living in a time of great warfare over the commandments of God; one class upholding them, and another class striving to put them down. To which class, dear reader, do you belong? This warfare is foretold by the Lord's prophet. "And the dragon was wroth with the woman [church], and went to make war with the remnant [last part] of her seed [children], which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." Rev. 12:17. You see, it is the dragon, or devil, that makes war on the commandments of God, and those who keep them, and the war is on. Which side of this controversy have you espoused?

A goodly number in that town are convinced that the commandments of the Lord ought to be obeyed; but few have the moral courage to do so. A bright young lady, Miss Glennie Patterson, became very much interested on the Sabbath question. Of course, she would rather keep Sunday, if it were the true Sabbath; and she sent to the Methodist Book Concern for help, and they replied through their literary editor. In his first reply he was in darkness as to which was the seventh day, and asked if it might not be our Wednesday. In his second letter he was sure that Sunday is the true seventh day. When she wrote him, and pointed out his glaring discrepancy, he replied that he had carried on the correspondence as far as he considered it prudent to do so. Such a poor showing for Sunday by the literary editor of the great Methodist Book Concern, convinced her more than before that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord our God. May she ever have grace to live up to her convictions of truth.

I had an experience with a Latter-day preacher in Amor, Minn. He was preaching on spiritual gifts, and he showed by indisputable evidence that among their people wonderful cases of healing had been done by prayer and the laying on of hands, and he was proving by this that they were the true people of God. He was a powerful speaker, and I saw he was making a deep impression on the audience. I felt that I ought to do something to break the spell he was throwing over the people. He gave me liberty to speak, and I sanctioned his discourse as far as I could do so in truth; but cautioned the people not to build their faith upon signs and wonders, but upon the sure word of God; for in the latter times there should arise false christs and false prophets, and they should show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they should deceive the very elect. Matt. 24:24. What were the false prophets to do?— Show great signs and wonders. Then when prophets come to us showing great signs and wonders, we should beware of them. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Isa. 8:20. As the elder spoke, he professed great love and reverence for the Bible. He said, "Where the Bible speaks, we speak; and where the Bible is silent, we are silent." A most excellent motto! I referred to this good rule of action, and commended it highly, and was glad to find an able minister of the New Testament advocating it before the people. Now, for a long time I have been looking for a man that would show me where the Bible speaks, saying that the first day of the week is the Sabbath, or Lord's day; but now it must be that I have found him, for surely he would not by precept and example teach that Sunday is the Sabbath, or Lord's day, when the Bible is silent as the grave in regard to it. I hope the brother will right here and now show us the Word of God enjoining the sacred observance of the first-day Sabbath, and I will sacredly observe it with him the rest of my days, and we will walk down life's pathway, peacefully keeping Sunday together. Well, dear reader, what reply do you think he made? He said not a word, but nervously sat in his chair a while, and then arose and dismissed his meeting. People saw very clearly that his teaching and practice did not agree.

The false prophets and divine healers abound to-day, and are growing more numerous. See Schroeder, Schlatter, Dowie, and many others, all claiming to prove their divine mission by the wonders they perform. The prophecy is being fulfilled before our eyes. Beware!

The Latter-day Saint wonder-workers are an offshoot from Mormonism. They are great opposers of the divine precepts, claiming that the ten commandments were the old covenant, which has passed away, thus getting rid of the Sabbath and all the obnoxious commandments at one stroke. As this fatal error is fast spreading among the various so-called evangelical denominations, perhaps it will be well to notice it here very briefly. There are many covenants in the Bible. We will notice three. A promise is called a covenant. The rainbow was a token of the covenant God made with Noah, which was a promise that God would not again bring a flood of water on the earth. See Gen. 9:13-16. The ten commandments are called a covenant, "And He declared unto you His covenant, which He commanded you to perform, even ten commandments; and He wrote them upon two tables of stone." Deut. 4:13.

An agreement is called a covenant. "And they covenanted with him [Judas] for thirty pieces of silver." Matt. 26:15. It will be interesting now to note whether the old covenant was a promise, the law of God, or an agreement between God and the children of Israel. A few reasons are given why it could not have been the ten commandments:—

1. The law was one thing, and the covenants something else.

"Who are Israelites; to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises?" Rom. 9:4. We see very clearly from this that the giving of the law and the covenants were separate things; but if the law was the covenant, the giving of the law and the making of the covenant would have been one and the same thing. Therefore, the law could not have been the covenant.

2. The old, or first, covenant was only temporary, and passed away; but "all His commandments are sure. They stand fast forever and ever, and are done in truth and upright-

ness." Ps. 111:7, 8. A temporary covenant and an eternal law cannot be the same thing; therefore, the ten commandments cannot be the old covenant.

3. The first covenant was faulty; "For if that first covenant had been faultless, then should no place have been sought for the second." Heb. 8:7.

The law was perfect. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." Ps. 19:7. A faulty covenant and a perfect law cannot be the same thing; therefore, the law cannot be the first, or old, covenant.

4. The first covenant failed because the people failed to keep it. "Because they continued not in my covenant, and I regarded them not, saith the Lord." Heb. 8:9. An agreement depends upon its conditions being kept. The law of God depends not upon the obedience of men, but upon the authority of the Lawgiver. It can never fail because men refuse to keep it; therefore, it is not the old covenant which continued not because men continued not in it.

5. By means of the first covenant God became a husband to the children of Israel. "Which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord." Jer. 31:32. Did the Lord become a husband unto them by promulgating commandments? Gentle reader, are you a husband? Did you become such by command, or did you propose? Doubtless you proposed. Even so in the same way the Lord became a husband to the children of Israel. He proposed. "Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel. . . . Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine: and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation. . . . And Moses came and called for the elders of the people, and laid before their faces all these words which the Lord commanded him. And all the people answered together, and said, All that the Lord hath spoken we will do. And Moses returned the words of the people unto the Lord." See Ex. 19: 3-7. Did the Lord propose to the children of Israel? —Yes. Did they accept the Lord's proposition? —Yes. By so doing did they become a peculiar treasure unto Him? —Yes. Did He thus become a husband to them? —Yes.

Then is this agreement the first covenant?—Yes. Sometimes two covenants come together. The king and the people made a covenant to keep the covenant written in the book. 2 Kings 23:3. So at Sinai the people covenanted to keep God's covenant of ten commandments. This covenant was written by Moses, and read in the ears of the people, and they all again, with one voice, said, "All the words which the Lord hath said will we do," after which the covenant was sealed, or dedicated, with blood. See Ex. 24:3-8. After the covenant was dedicated and consummated, "the Lord said to Moses, Come up to me in the mount, and be there: and I will give thee tables of stone, and a law, and commandments which I have written; that thou mayest teach them." Ex. 24:12.

Was the first covenant written by Moses in a book before the dedication with blood?—Yes. The ten commandments were not received in a written form until after the first covenant was complete. Was the first covenant dedicated with blood?—Yes. Were the ten commandments dedicated with blood?—No. We have seen that Moses did not receive them in a written form until after the first covenant had been dedicated. Then, is the law of ten commandments the first covenant? Every honest, unprejudiced mind must answer, No. But are we sure that this agreement covenant dedicated with blood was really and truly the first covenant?—Yes; for the inspired apostle declares that the first testament, or covenant, was dedicated with blood. "Whereupon neither the first testament [covenant] was dedicated without blood." Heb. 9:18. Is it not too bad that ministers of the gospel, in order to make void the command that says "the seventh day is the Sabbath," will not hesitate to affirm that God's holy and righteous law, spoken and written by the almighty God himself, is the old covenant, which was faulty, and has vanished away, when there is not one word of truth in it?

The new covenant is better than the old, because established upon better promises. See Heb. 8:6. Let us consider those exceeding great and precious promises carefully. "For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel, after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people: and they shall not

teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Heb. 8: 10-12. These promises are as much higher than the promises of the old covenant as the heavens are higher than the earth. May we all be glad, and rejoice in them forever. Now, dear ones, let us stop, and consider for a moment. Does the law of God come into the new covenant?—Yes. Is the seventh-day Sabbath a part of that law?—Yes. Then does it come into the new covenant?—Yes, certainly. Is Sunday found in the law of God?—No. Then is it found in the new covenant?—No. Is the Sunday Sabbath outside of the commandments of God?—Yes. Then, is it outside of the Lord's new covenant?—Yes; it is forever and always on the outside.

The apostle informs us that after a covenant is confirmed, no man disannulleth, or addeth thereto. Gal. 3: 15. When was the new covenant confirmed, or ratified?—When Christ shed his blood on the cross. Could anything be added to it after this?—Not according to the inspired apostle. Was the Sunday Sabbath in existence at that time?—No; no one had ever heard or thought of it yet; it was born at least* three days after this; so, you see, that it was born at least three days too late to be a legitimate child of the new covenant.

Again, Holy Writ teaches us that "for where a testament [will] is, there must also of necessity be the death of the testator. For a testament is of force after men are dead." Heb. 9: 16, 17. Who was the testator of the new testament?—Christ. Where did he die?—On the cross. When did His last will and testament come into force?—When He died. Could anything be added to His will or testament after His death?—No. Was the Sunday Sabbath in His will when He died?—No. The most ardent Sunday advocate will not claim any such institution until the resurrection, three days after the death of the testator. What would you call a man that would insert something into a testament three days after the death of the testator? You would call him a great rascal; and the work he did would be called a deception and a fraud, and so he, the papacy, who inserted the Sunday institution

into the last will and testament of Jesus Christ, not three days only, but long after His death, is a great rascal. He is called the little horn of Dan. 7:25, which should speak great words against the Most High, and should wear out the saints of the Most High, and should think to change the times and laws of the Most High; and they should be given into his hand until a time, times, and the dividing of time, or 1260 long years, and that work which he did is a deception and a fraud. Now, dear reader, do not let us be deceived by this man of sin into believing that the seventh-day Sabbath was for the old covenant, while the Sunday Sabbath is an institution of the new covenant; for it is a deception and a snare, a fable and a fraud, and nothing more.

While at Decatur, I received a message from our Conference president, Elder N. P. Nelson, to come to College View, and teach the Bible class during the canvassers' institute. The canvassers, ladies and gentlemen, young and old, go everywhere, selling books and publications containing precious rays of light, especially adapted to our day and generation. It is marvelous how young men and young women get so full of the love of the truth that they go out, trusting in the God of truth to go with them, and to open doors and hearts before them; willing to bear hardships cheerfully, gladly, that they may bring a knowledge of the last message of salvation and warning to them who sit in darkness.

Every year there is held an institute for the canvassers in each conference, where they are taught the great truths contained in the books they sell, and how to bring out those truths in a clear, attractive light before the people, and how to deport themselves as Christian ladies and gentlemen. They are taught also how to conduct their business on business principles. There is a devoted, consecrated, and trained army of canvassers going to all parts of the world, carrying those precious books published in the various languages to the multitudes, peoples, and nations of earth, searching for the honest ones who are willing to walk in the light of the Word of God. See 1 John 1:7. In those institutes the Bible is the most important study of all, and of all the things I love to do, it is to teach the Word of God to the consecrated canvassers. They are such enthusiastic students; their minds

are bright and clear, and trained to see the truth quickly. Think you that such a class would be dull and uninteresting? I have seen their eyes shine with delight as new rays of light from God's holy word shone into their minds, and I wanted to be with them *so much*, and then I would be at home with wife and children, and for nearly thirty years I have been away from them the most of the time; and now the president has said, "Come." Shall I go, and leave the interested ones? The Lord has commissioned me to turn people from darkness to light, and some are getting their eyes opened, and are upon the point of turning, and if I should leave them at this critical time, they may lose their new-born interest, and be lost. The Lord has given me this little point in His vineyard to cultivate for Him, I must be faithful to my trust; Christ first and self last, and I stayed. The good friends never knew the struggle it cost me, but the dear Lord knows all about it. Although tears start from the old eyes as I think about it now, I do not regret it in the least. I would do the same thing again, finding a blessedness in denying self for Christ; for, like Moses, I have respect unto the recompense of the reward. Heb. 11:26. I wish to say to the honor of Christ, that whenever we cheerfully sacrifice for Him, He comes into the obedient heart with such joy and peace that we can truly say, "Thy yoke is easy, and thy burden is light."

" The way may be rough,
 But it cannot be long;
 We'll smooth it with hope,
 And we'll cheer it with song."

In April, 1902, I attended a district conference of our people at Topeka, Kan. There I met with R. C. Porter, our old Minnesota conference president, whom I esteemed so highly, and had not seen in so many years. He was glad, and so was I. I also met Brother and Sister Merrel, old friends and fellow workers of Minnesota conference. For years they had been laboring in Philadelphia and other cities, to lead a people out of Babylon (confusion) into the unity of the faith, that they might be ready, prepared for the Lord. Also I met Elder M. Gregory, one of my Minnesota converts

to the faith, who has been for many years an able advocate of the present truth. These meetings were a great pleasure to me, but they are only a foretaste of the great meeting in the sweet by and by.

Much important business was transacted by the conference. The preaching was clear and powerful, and the missionary fervor and spirit ran high. Elder Schultz stood up in one meeting, and said, "I and my wife donate one hundred dollars to the central African mission. All who will donate one hundred dollars for this noble work, please stand up. Brethren," he cried, "it will now cost you just one hundred dollars to stand on your feet." It was a great sacrifice to some who stood up to give so large a sum, yet it was cheerfully, gladly given. I understood that at that conference \$3,400 was raised for the Central African mission alone. I was financially in the same condition Peter was when he said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." I had with me a number of books entitled "Experiences of a Pioneer Minister of Minnesota," which were donated to the good cause.

I am glad I have a part with a people who have the spirit of sacrifice. When Christ comes to gather His people, He will say to the angels, "Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." Ps. 50: 5. What is it to sacrifice? Some men could give thousands of dollars, and not miss it, but that is not sacrifice. To sacrifice is to give what you need and feel the loss of. Reader, are you a sacrificing Christian? Is your love for Christ a sacrificing love? You know the rich blessings promised to them who have forsaken houses and lands for Christ's sake. Matt. 19: 27-29. Please read these words of Jesus carefully, and then ask yourself the question: "How many houses and lands have I forsaken for Christ's sake?" Can you point to a single house or to one acre of land that you have forsaken for His dear name's sake? If not, do you not think that it is high time you made a beginning in the forsaking business?

We have industrial schools and colleges, both in America and other countries, conducted on the plan of training the intellect, the heart, and the hand. At College View a farm

of about two hundred acres is cultivated by the students. There is also a broom factory, printing establishment, bakery, and tailor shop for the young men, and a steam laundry and dressmaking department for young ladies. Besides, they are taught how to do healthful cooking. A doctor from the Sanitarium gives daily instruction in how to preserve health, and in the giving of simple treatments to the sick, and, above all, the Bible is the basis of all the education; that is, all branches of education are studied in the light of the Word of God. Young men and women are turned out from these schools as missionaries, able and willing to take hold and lift in any place, where suffering humanity needs a helping hand. In establishing those schools in different places a debt of three hundred thousand dollars was incurred. This burden of debt was greatly crippling the schools, and how it should be lifted was a problem hard to be solved. At last a heaven-born plan was adopted. A talented lady, Mrs. E. G. White, wrote a book on the parables of Christ, entitled "Christ's Object Lessons,"—a book full of spiritual instruction, consolation, and comfort; just the thing to cheer the weary pilgrim on his way to the kingdom of God. She dedicated her interest in the book. The publishing houses donated the work of publishing it, and our people everywhere were to sell it, donating the time spent in canvassing for it, and thus devote all the proceeds to the one great object of freeing our schools from their burden of debt. Conference committees, ministers, and conference laborers had oversight of the work, and it was an inspiring sight to see a whole denomination—men, women, and children—making a united, earnest effort to pay their denominational debts. There were three objects to be gained; First, to pay the school debt; second, to bring the bright beams of the Lord's truth into the homes and hearts of the people; third, in doing this good work the brethren and sisters are greatly blessed of the Lord. Thousands all over the land joyfully took hold of the work, glad that the way was opened for them to do something for the Lord. Many who never had sold a book in their lives had remarkable success, and at this writing thousands of dollars have been paid, and still the good work goes on, and will go on until complete success crowns the effort; for God's hand is in it.

I am sorry to say this work developed the fact that there are some drones in the Lord's hive. Dear reader, which are you, a drone or a worker, a honey gatherer or a honey eater only? You know, and the Lord knows. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," will Christ say to the faithful soul in that great day. Let us so live, toil, and sacrifice for the Lord that He can truthfully speak those blessed words to us in that day. There is a present joy and rejoicing in self-sacrificing service for Christ.

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

To illustrate what is being done in some places to sell "Christ's Object Lessons," I insert the following letter from Brother Joel C. Rogers, to the *Review and Herald*:—

"When our spring campaign began here in Ontario, Brother Charles Stewart, of the London church, was one of our first volunteers. He is about seventy years of age, and might almost be expected to claim exemption from active service. But instead of counting exemption a thing to be desired, he seemed to count service a privilege. So he took eight books. He said that he had never sold any books, and was not at all sure that he could, but that he was willing to pay ten dollars to help the school; and if he could not sell the books, he would give them away. Living in the country, nothing was heard for a few days of his success. Then he reported that he had gone out for an hour or two among his nearest neighbors, and sold four books. A few days later the librarian was surprised when he came for *thirty* more books. While delivering these to his subscribers, he took orders for several more copies. He has put in only about two days' time at the work, and has now sold forty-two books, and I should not be surprised to learn of his selling a hundred before he stops. Thus this blessed campaign is developing efficient workers in God's cause; and I believe that these good books, along with this brother's consistent Christian life, will result in opening many hearts and homes in his neighborhood for the entrance of the truth.

“In this same church, Brother John Smith is doing a similar work. He has a large furniture store in the city, and during this busiest season of the year, he has sold thirty books. His store is on the main business street. Here he sold most of these. Brother Stewart is an elder, and Brother Smith a deacon, in the church. This is a good example they are setting for their members, who are nearly all at work. Another brother and his wife have taken fifty-eight copies. *Onward* is the watchword here.”

WHEN EVERYTHING GOES WRONG.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When life flows by like a song,
 But the man worth while is the one who will smile
 When everything goes wrong.
 For the test of the heart is trouble,
 And it always comes with the years,
 And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
 Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
 When nothing tempts you to stray,
 When without or within no voice of sin
 Is luring your soul away.
 But it's only a negative virtue
 Until it is tried by fire,
 And the life that is worth the honor of earth
 Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
 Who had no strength for the strife,
 The world's highway is cumbered to-day —
 They make up the item of life.
 But the virtue that conquers passion,
 And the sadness that hides in a smile —
 It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
 For we find them but once in a while.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

CHAPTER XIII.

LABORS IN NEW FIELDS.

IN June, 1902, Brother E. R. Gardner and myself held some meetings in a schoolhouse on the Omaha Indian reservation, not far from the town of Bancroft. We had a good interest to hear the Word, some people coming for miles in the busy time of corn cultivating, to the meetings. It was a pleasing experience to me to see whites, mixed bloods, and the dusky Indian in the same congregation. It made me think of that great multitude out of every kindred, nation, tongue, and people, who will join in the glad song of redeeming love, in the sweet by and by. Rev. 7:9. We had the joy of pointing them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and of presenting to them the riches of the kingdom of God, and of proclaiming to them the glad tidings of the soon coming of the dear Saviour, to take His people to Himself. John 14:1-3. A very estimable young married lady, a Mrs. Barber, attended the meetings some, and I had the pleasure of studying the blessed Bible with her at her home, and she impressed me as a very amiable, worthy person. What was my sorrow when, upon returning after a few days' absence, I found she had suddenly died, and had left her husband a sad and lonely widower. I am so glad that I was permitted to bring rays of light and life from Jesus to her. If her husband's eye should ever fall upon these lines, I hope he will remember that there is a balm for every wounded spirit. It is found alone in Christ, and in the hope of eternal life, found alone in the gospel of the Son of God. Dear co-worker with the Lord, let us be very careful when we meet fellow travelers to the bar of God, to hold up before them the Word of life; for we know not that we will ever see them again until we meet them in that great day. O my Lord, help me to be a diligent reaper in life's harvest.

With prayers and tears we sowed among the people the

good seed of the kingdom, and leave the result with the Lord of the harvest. The people were very kind to us, especially Mr. Frank Peters and W. D. Weaver, and for all their kindness we are thankful, and pray that they will in no wise lose their reward.

The following July finds us with our tent pitched in the charming village of Coleridge. Our tent company consists of W. B. Hill, R. Ryan, L. B. Porter, B. Garton, Mrs. Constance Garton, and Miss Hattie Cox, organist. The rain hindered much in our work, and at first the attendance was very light; but those who attended gave a good report of the meetings, and the attendance and interest increased. More than once when we had especially important subjects to present and the weather was stormy, dark clouds and weeping skies cutting off the attendance of the people, we bowed in a special season of prayer for good weather, and the clouds dispersed, the sun shone brightly, and the people came, and listened to the truth. We asked our God, who ruleth in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, that, if consistent with His divine will, He would grant us fair weather, that we might declare to the people, bought with the blood of His Son, the great truths of His holy Word; and the fair weather came, and we praise the name of our God for it. The reader may do otherwise if he chooses. We are greatly rejoiced to see some dear souls embracing the truth in the love of it. One good old sister, Mrs. Boucher, attended the meetings, and the spirit of the Lord deeply impressed her heart with the commandments of God. She had a hard struggle, but, like Jacob of old, she prevailed, and yielded to the claims of the divine law, and now she knows from experience that "great peace have they that love thy law: and nothing shall offend them." Ps. 119:165.

A Mr. Russell, a man full of Bible lore, attends our meetings some. He is a great disputer, and, like most other people, loves to have his own way; yet he has acknowledged that the seventh day is the Bible Sabbath. Whether he has spiritual backbone enough to live out his convictions of truth, time will tell. Dear reader, it takes faith in God, and spiritual stamina to keep the Lord's Sabbath day at the present time. If you do not believe it, please try it. We are having an



PRAYING FOR FAIR WEATHER,

interesting study with a little Holiness sister, a Miss Nichols. She believes in being led by the Spirit, which is the only right thing to do. The spirit is to lead or guide us into all truth. John 16:13. The Lord prayed, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy Word is truth." John 17:17. Then if we are led by the Spirit, we will be led in harmony with the Word of God, which is truth; and the Word of God testifies that the seventh day is the Sabbath. Then, if we are led by the Spirit, we will be led in harmony with the Word of God, which says "the seventh day is the Sabbath," which is truth; will we not? Does the Word of God say that the first day is the Sabbath?—Not as anybody knows of. The spirit that leads us into Sunday keeping guides us from the Word of God, and not into it. Paul says, "That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Rom. 8:4. Then the Spirit will lead us to fulfill the righteousness, or obey the righteous demands of the law. Then let us flee from the spirit that would lead us contrary to the law, whether it be in regard to the Sabbath or any other holy requirement of the divine precepts. We had a Bible reading with the little lady yesterday, in which it was demonstrated by the Word of God, which is truth, that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and that there is not a syllable in the Bible that requires Sunday observance; but whether she will go according to the Bible or her heart, time will tell. "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool," is the Lord's comment on following our hearts instead of walking in the light of His Word. Prov. 28:26. We pray the Lord that this good sister may decide wisely in this important matter. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do His commandments." Ps. 111:10. Friends, let us all have wisdom and a good understanding.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis rejoice in the blessed light that has come to them, and have taken a noble stand to obey the Lord. A brother of Mr. Dennis, and his wife, regularly attend our services, but have not yet yielded their hearts to walk in the way of God's commandments, although they have signified publicly that the law of the Lord ought to be kept. May the time soon come when their faith and practice will agree.

How sad it will be for those who acknowledge the righteousness of God's law, and yet refuse to obey it! Mr. Kirkpatrick lets us have a nice rig to go out into the country with, and otherwise is very kind to us, often speaking approvingly of the preaching; but does not appear to be ready to forsake all, and follow Christ.

Elder Johnson, Methodist minister, and Elder Elliott, Presbyterian minister, have not been with us much; but Brother Johnson has attended our meetings more than Brother Elliott. They are very pleasant, genial gentlemen. They think we are wrong on the Sabbath question, but do not attempt to show us the better way. We have time and again publicly stated that if any person would have the kindness to show us one divine precept requiring Sunday sacredness, we would sacredly observe it; or, if they would point us to one Bible text that calls Sunday the Sabbath, or Lord's day, we will gladly acknowledge it as the Sabbath, or Lord's day, and observe it as such; or, if any person will find in the Oracles of God one example of its sacred observance by Christ or the apostles; or point us to one divine, God-given reason for its sacred observance, we will be very grateful to them, and promise faithfully to observe it the rest of our days. Neither Brother Johnson nor Brother Elliott has brought us this one text. Why is this? Only one truthful answer can be given—there is no such divine authority for Sunday sacredness to be found. I visited with Brother Elliott the other day, and he informed me that he and Brother Johnson had concluded that they had better not attend our meetings any more. If Brother Johnson so concluded, he has not adhered to it altogether; for he has been twice since, and heard on "Who Changed the Sabbath?" in which it was demonstrated that the Catholic Church is the guilty party. We know that what he heard that night will be a savor of life or of death unto him.

The reason Brother Elliott gave for treating us so, was that we bring division. But, Brother Elliott, Christ said, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I am not come to send peace, but a sword." Matt. 10:34. If Brother Elliott is right that we should never preach anything that causes division, all the devil would have to do to stop the preaching of truth in this world, would be to stir up opposi-

tion against it; and we can count on the old Serpent to do that thing every time. See what a disturbance he raised over the preaching of Christ. He raised such a turmoil that Christ lost His life in bearing witness to the truth. I wonder if Brother Elliott, or any of these ease-loving, peace-loving ministers had been there, they would have concluded that the message of Christ was wrong, because it stirred up such mighty opposition; or would they have advised the Lord to stop His preaching because He was causing division and strife among the people?

Paul had the same experience. The opposers of the truth in his day imprisoned him, whipped and stoned him, and finally cut his head off. And so in every age the devil has stirred up opposition to the truth, and so it is to-day.

Brother Elliott said, "By their fruits ye shall know them," intimating that the fruits of our preaching were evil. It was suggested to him that it would be surprising if preaching the commandments of the Lord would be an injury to any community. We have known such preaching to take the profanity, whisky, beer, tobacco, and meanness out of men, and make good, clean Christians of them. "Brother Hill," he said, "tell me now, do you know of any good this changing of the Sabbath ever did to anybody?" "Well, the Lord says, 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord: and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' Isa. 58: 13, 14. Here blessings as high as heaven, and as lasting as eternity, are promised the Sabbath keeper, by the mouth of the Lord." "O, yes; for keeping the Sabbath; but what benefit is it to any one to change from one Sabbath to another?" "My dear brother, the Lord says, 'The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.' The Lord blesses us for keeping His Sabbath, not for keeping the venerable day of the sun, which is no Sabbath at all." Is it not strange, dear reader, that ministers will inform the Lord so often in

their prayers that the first day is the Sabbath, when the Lord over and over again in His Word tells us, "the seventh day is the Sabbath"? The angels must look with wonder on such a scene as that. Mortal men educating the Almighty!

Brother Elliott made one more effort to justify himself in profaning the Sabbath of the Lord. He said, "Brother Hill, if the command said, The seventh day shall always and forever be the Sabbath, without any change, then, of course, we would be bound to keep it; but you know the command does not say so."

"Well, Brother Elliott, I had the pleasure of being in your Bible class last Sunday, and I learned there in the Presbyterian Sunday School Quarterly that the ten commandments are God's eternal rule of righteousness, and that they are as binding on all men to-day as they ever were."

Reader, do you not think that a Presbyterian minister and a Presbyterian Sunday School Quarterly ought to agree on the Sabbath question? He seemed to think so too, and we bade each other good-by for that time. I will say to his credit, that he was gentlemanly, and did not get angry, as many do when their Sunday foundation slips away from them. He did as well for Sunday as anybody can do. If you doubt it, try it, and you will be convinced.

Last summer I met a very eloquent Methodist minister in Tekamah, by the name of Poucher, a very pleasant man. He told me, one day, his reasons for keeping Sunday holy: "1. I was convicted of sin on Sunday. 2. I was converted on Sunday. 3. The Lord has greatly blessed me on Sunday. From this I conclude that the Lord wants me to keep Sunday." "But, brother, would you not much rather depend on a thus saith the Lord as a foundation for your faith and practice, than just your experience? Do you not think it would be much better and safer?" He thought it would, but he thought if we kept the law in the spirit it would be all right even if we did not keep it in the letter.

"Brother Poucher, do you not think that it would be dangerous to preach to the people that it would be acceptable service to God to keep the commandments, "Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not commit adultery," in the spirit, while breaking them in the letter?" He quickly replied that he

thought it would. A nice, talented man, but sadly in the dark concerning the law of the Lord.

Another instance of ministerial blindness: I was on my way from Lincoln to Dunbar, Neb., when I fell in with an Elder Self. He made light of our keeping the Sabbath on a round world—it was impossible to do it, anyway, as the day begins twelve hours in China before it does here, so we would only be able to keep half of the same day our brethren would keep in China. We reasoned with him like this: “Do you know what the poet said about that? He said, ‘He must be a dunce who thinks the day begins all round the world at once.’ We will suppose that the president of the United States should issue a proclamation that next Thursday be observed as a day of thanksgiving. What would he think if the people of San Francisco should reason that because the day begins in New York City four hours sooner than it does on the Pacific Coast, it was not the same day when it got to them; therefore, they could not obey the president’s proclamation at all. He would rightly conclude that they were a little off their mental balance. He would say, ‘Of course the day comes to New York sooner than it does to you, but it is the same identical day, all the same.’ The Lord made the Sabbath to fit a round world, and I do not believe He made any mistake about it.” “I believe in preaching gospel institutions,” he said, “that are universal in their application, such as baptism and the Lord’s supper, etc. The Sabbath is not a universal institution. How can you keep it at the North Pole, where the days and nights are six months long?”

“Why, my dear brother I presume I can keep the Lord’s Sabbath there as well as you can keep the pope’s Sunday. There is one thing I enjoy, and that is, to see you folks run.” “Why, what do you mean?” “I mean that you started in to prove Sunday sacredness by the Scriptures, and you soon got chased out of them, and took a run, and never stopped until you got to the North Pole. Yes, my brother, I like to see you run.” “But you preach baptism by immersion, don’t you?” “Yes.” “You would cut a pretty figure at the North Pole, standing on a cake of ice one hundred feet thick, calling on the inhabitants to come and be dipped!” “My brother,

if we should be so unfortunate as to get too far north to obey the Lord, don't you think it would be a good plan to come far enough south to observe the institutions of the gospel?"

All this running to the North Pole is only a dodge to get around the Word of God, which says, The seventh day is the Sabbath; for it is well known that the revolution of the earth on its axis is as clearly defined at the North Pole as anywhere on the globe. I would not notice such quibbles were it not that grave and learned ministers use them to deceive the unwary. Dear reader, whoever you may be, do not be deceived into hiding under such a refuge of lies. See Isa. 28: 17.

But the ministers are not always to be baffled in this way. Rev. Mr. Trefren, of Napa City, Cal., speaking of Seventh-day Adventist ministers, said, "As well might a few ants undertake to capture a great city, as for these men to change the Sabbath. I predict for them a short race. What we want is law in this matter, and we will have it, too; and then we will show these men what their end will be." The Supreme Court has already decided that this is a Christian nation. Congress has already voted that the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, is the Sabbath according to the fourth commandment. See legislation in regard to the World's Fair, or Columbian Exhibition, at Chicago. The first law for the church made by the Roman government was in favor of the Sunday institution (See the famous Sunday edict of Constantine, 321 A. D.), and the first law for the churches made by the government of the United States was made in favor of the Sunday institution. Any one can see that we, as a nation, are walking in the footsteps of Rome. Of course, it was un-American for Congress to make a law in favor of any religious institution, for the Constitution declares that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, and every congressman who voted for the Sunday law violated his oath to maintain the Constitution. Not only that, but the law is unchristian as well, for it violates the golden rule: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise" (Luke 6: 31); for in enacting their Sunday insti-

tution into law, they have demanded rights and privileges they are not willing to grant to others, and a man that thinks he has, or ought to have, more legal rights than his neighbor, is neither a good American nor a good Christian.

The two-horned beast of Rev. 13: 11, which represents the United States, was to make an image to the beast (papacy) which had the wound by a sword and did live (Rev. 13: 14); which wound was received in 1798, when Berthier, a French general, entered Rome, took the pope prisoner, and he died in a French prison. Now the beast (papacy) was a church that ruled the state, and if the churches should rule the state in this country, we would have an exact image to the beast. You may say that will never be done. But you will admit that Congress bowed to the will of the churches in regard to closing the World's Fair on Sunday; and if Congress bowed once, why not again? One thing is very evident: The churches greatly desire to dictate to Congress, and are making great efforts to do so.

Rev. Sam Small was secretary of the National Prohibition convention, held at Indianapolis, in 1888; and, as reported in a revival sermon preached in Kansas City, Jan. 1888, he says what he wants to see is this: "I want to see the day come when the church shall be the arbiter of all legislation, State, national, and municipal; when the great churches of the country can come together harmoniously, and issue their edict, and the legislative powers will respect it, and enact it into law."

The *Christian Statesman* said: "Give all men to understand that this is a Christian nation, and that, believing that without Christianity we perish, we must maintain by all means our Christian character; inscribe this character on our Constitution; enforce upon all who come among us, the laws of Christian morality."

"Constitutional laws punish for false money weights and measures. So Congress must establish a standard of religion, or admit anything called religion." — *Prof. C. A. Blanchard, in Pittsburg, Penn., convention.*

"Our remedy for all these malefic influences is to have the government simply set up the moral law, and recognize God's authority behind it, and lay its hand on any religion

that does not conform to it."—*Rev. M. A. Gault, in Christian Statesman.*

These quotations might be indefinitely extended, but the above is enough to show what our ministerial brethren are longing for, and when they get it we will have an exact image to the papacy; for all the papacy ever did was to set up a standard of religion, and lay its hand on any religion that did not conform to it. That Sunday is the Sabbath, is so much religion that Congress has already set up; and from present indications our government will speak still louder on religious questions in the near future. Does it not strike you as exceedingly inconsistent that members of Congress, many of whom are unbelievers, tobacco-defiled, whisky-polluted, licentious, corrupt men, should, at the request of the ministers, be engaged in setting up a standard of religion that the whole nation must conform to? There are two amazing things about it: That Congress would do it, and that the ministers would ask it.

PROGRESS IN THE WORK.

For many years there has been formed a very influential association for the purpose of placing Christian laws, institutions, and usages on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental laws of the land. These gentlemen have been courting an alliance with the Catholic Church, until they have gained a favorable response. Cardinal Gibbons has signed a petition to Congress for a national Sunday law, and Archbishop Ireland is bearing his hearty testimony in favor of Sunday legislation. At a congress of leading Catholics, it was resolved that there are many Christian issues in which the Catholics could come together with the non-Catholics, and shape civil legislation for the public good. Such legislation would be church-controlled legislation, and that would be the papacy over again. The last of their resolution reads, "We should seek an alliance with non-Catholics for proper Sunday observance. Catholics claim that the Catholic Church, of its own infallible authority, created Sunday a holy day to take the place of the Sabbath of the old law."—*Kansas City Catholic, Feb. 9, 1893.*

"The Christian Sabbath, the genuine offspring of the

union of the Holy Spirit and the Catholic Church, his Spouse.”—*Cardinal Gibbons's organ, The Catholic Mirror, Sept. 23, 1893.*

“The observance of Sunday by the Protestants is an homage—worship—they pay in spite of themselves, to the authority of the Catholic Church.”—*Plain Talk to Protestants, page 213.*

The Catholic Church puts forth this change of the Sabbath as the symbol, sign, or mark of her power: “How prove you that the church has power to command feast days and holy days?”

“*Answer.*—By the very act of changing the Sabbath into Sunday.”—*Abridgment of Christian Doctrine.*

Of course Catholics are only too glad to assist Protestants in influencing the civil government to adopt this child of the papacy, this symbol, sign, or mark of her power, as the symbol, sign, or mark of the Christianity of this Christian nation.

In a large National Reform Assembly, at Saratoga, N. Y., Rev. Herrick Johnson, D. D., of Chicago, presided. Rev. Joseph Smith, moderator last year of the Presbyterian General Assembly, presented, among others, the following resolution:—

“*Resolved,* That the Sabbath—Sunday—is a sign between God and man, and its reverent observance a *mark of the nation,* whose God is Jehovah.”

“There were present large numbers of very prominent leaders from different parts of the United States. These representative men from so wide a range of territory were *unanimous* in their agreement on the principles and measures set forth in the resolutions.”—*Michigan Christian Advocate, Sept. 3, 1892.*

The *Congressional Record*, of July 10 and 12, pages 6614 and 6695, gives an account of how Sunday, this offspring of the Catholic Church, the sign, symbol, or mark of her power, was adopted by Congress as the Sabbath of the United States, and thus became the sign, or mark, of American Christianity. Thus the mark of the beast has been received by the government of this great nation, and how long before it will be enforced, as foretold in Rev. 13: 16, 17? “Whenever they—the Catholics—are willing to co-operate in resisting the

progress of political atheism, we will gladly join hands with them.”—*Christian Statesman, organ of National Reformers.*

We have seen that the Catholics have gladly united in securing legislation in favor of Sunday. Protestantism was a separation from Romanism. What will this reuniting with Rome be but the undoing of the Reformation? and Protestantism is rapidly drifting Romeward, whether men perceive it or not. From a recent editorial of the *Independent*, the most influential Protestant paper in America, I take a few extracts. Protestants have no right to deny that the church of Rome is a true church. Were Protestants bearing false testimony against her when they did so? If so, they ought to apologize for doing so wickedly.

“It is a delight to us,” says the *Independent*, “to see their crowded churches, which are doing God’s work, if not quite in our way.” If the Catholic Church is a true church, and doing God’s work, whose work was Luther and all the Reformers doing in opposing the true church? The only consistent conclusion to come to is, that in opposing a true church that was doing God’s work, they were doing the work of the devil.

“The supremacy of the Pope,” says the *Independent*, “seems to us a dangerous doctrine, but one can certainly be a good Christian and be a Pope, or a believer in popes.” If the Pope is a good Christian, he tells the truth; for a good Christian will not lie. It follows, then, that when he says that he is the Vicar of Christ, and infallible, and when he speaks Ex-Cathedra, that it is the voice of God, he tells the truth. It also follows that the *Independent*, and all others who do not obey that voice of God, as spoken through the Pope, are rebels against God.

These extracts are taken from the *Independent* of April 3, 1902. The *Independent* is a molder of Protestant opinion, and when they believe what the *Independent* teaches, they will return to the bosom of the mother church, which, according to the *Independent*, is a true church, and doing the work of God.

Here is another straw to show which way the wind is blowing:—

“While such men as Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland,

and others have infused the American spirit into their church, they are often seen on the same platform with Protestant ministers. And here it is pertinent to note that the Presbyterian Church, as it will formally declare, a little later, no longer assumes to identify the Roman Catholic Church with the scarlet woman of the Apocalypse." — *Christian at Work*, a leading Presbyterian paper of the United States.

If she is not the scarlet woman and mother of harlots, of Revelation 17, then the Presbyterian Church, and all other Protestants, have basely slandered her, when they proclaimed to the world that she was that same fallen, apostate church, drunken with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Either these molders of Protestant thought in our day are mistaken, as to the character of popery, or else the noble men were mistaken, who at the peril of their lives, stood up for truth and liberty of conscience against the pope and his minions in their day. Those priceless principles of truth and liberty, which were won for us by our fathers with tears and blood, are being basely surrendered by those who should be their most able and stanch defenders. It is extremely interesting to the student of prophecy to note how often Catholic dignitaries are in consultation with the president, and thus through him shaping the policy of the nation.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A picture of President McKinley, Cardinal Gibbons, and Admiral Dewey, is said to have appeared in most of the Catholic papers of America, headed, "The Highest Trio in the Nation." Underneath this picture is the following:—

"The accompanying illustration marks a unique event in American history. The three figures pictured represent the highest dignitary in the Catholic Church, the highest official in the United States government, and the supreme officer in the American navy."

The original photograph of this scene was taken on the occasion of the presentation to Admiral Dewey of the sword voted to him by Congress. The picture was caught at the moment when Cardinal Gibbons was invoking the divine blessing. To the right of his eminence of Baltimore, stands President McKinley, with reverently bowed head, while to the

left is the hero of Manila Bay. This is worthy of note. We see how the Catholics are rejoicing in the political prestige and influence they already have, and they can be depended upon to do all in their power to assist the national reformers to get their principles acknowledged, that the Lord should rule the nation through the church, knowing full well that politicians will conclude that God speaks loudest through the church that controls the most votes; and lately all the Catholic societies in the land have been united in one grand confederation for the express purpose of influencing legislation in favor of the Roman Church, and the gentle politician is expected to lend a listening ear to their suggestions. Protestants who are clamoring for religious legislation, know not what they do.

The national reformers have not only formed a union with the Catholic element, but they have wooed and won the ladies of the W. C. T. U. The Lord ruling the nation, through the church, is a rapturous vision to the intelligent, refined Christian ladies of that magnificent organization; and the national reformers can depend upon them to assist to the utmost of their power to turn this government into a religio-political kingdom of Christ, and they have declared in national convention assembled, that "the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, local, State, national, and world-wide, has one vital, organic thought, one all-absorbing purpose, one undying enthusiasm, and that is, that Christ shall be *this world's king*. Yea, verily, this world's king in its realm of cause and effect—king of its courts, its camps, its commerce; king of its colleges and cloisters; king of its customs and constitutions. The kingdom of Christ must enter the realm of law, through the gateway of politics."

Anciently, when they would make Christ a political king, he departed from them. John 6:15. This experience should be a warning to the W. C. T. U. ladies, but for some reason they have not heeded it. Christ himself said, "My kingdom is not of this world" (John 18:36); but the dear ladies of the W. C. T. U. are bound to make him this world's king anyhow. It must be those Christian ladies have been bewitched by the national reformers, or they never would run so contrary to the plain word of their Master.

That the kingdom of heaven should enter anything through the gateway of politics is another grievous error into which these noble ladies have been beguiled. "The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 14:17), and it comes in through the gateway of the heart, and not through the corrupt gateway of politics. They have been beguiled, snared, and taken, and are looking forward with glad anticipation when Christ and his gospel, as universal king and code, shall be sovereign in our government and political affairs, and the holy ministers, as the successors of the prophets, shall, as the mouthpiece of God, make known to the nation the will of the Lord. Then we will have such an exact likeness or image of the papacy, that it will take an expert to tell the two apart.

Not only are the National Reform Association, and the Roman Church, and the W. C. T. U. working unitedly to bring this to pass, but the gigantic movement called Christian Citizenship is imbued with the same spirit, and inflamed with the same ambition, as a few quotations will show:—

"Not until the kingdom of Jesus is established over our land and the world, and his teachings made the rule in public affairs, will the Christian Citizenship League have achieved its purpose to prepare the way of the Lord; and then it shall be found that not only the way for his coming has been prepared, but that He has indeed and in truth come."—*Christian Citizen, organ of the National Christian Citizenship League, December, 1896.*

This is what the mother of harlots said in the fifth century, when she had gotten control of public affairs, and seated herself on the throne of the Cæsars; but she was mistaken.

"We mean to lay hands on politics, we mean to wash politics clean, and clothe her in white raiment, and make her an obedient handmaid to the great King."—*Official Report, Boston Christian Endeavor Convention, p. 214.*

This is what the mother thought to do, but by meddling with politics she made her own white robes scarlet with sin.

"What is my work as a member of a Good Citizenship committee?—It is to enthrone Christ in every town and city in the State, to have every mayor and councilman a Christian; then Christ will rule."—*Idem., p. 215.*

Let the fiat go forth that Christians only shall hold office, and behold, all the office seekers and political wire-pullers will put on a cloak of religion, be baptized, and join the church, and the millennium will dawn, and the political preachers will sing, "Glory, Hallelujah!"

An official description of the Christian Citizenship meeting of the Christian Endeavor convention, held on Capitol Hill, Washington, D. C., July 11, 1896, reads thus:—

"Never before has our government permitted the area around the capitol, the very heart of the nation, to be used for other than governmental purposes; and indeed, a governmental purpose was that, since the 50,000 represent nearly 3,000,000 young people, whose force of character will make them the country's governors before many a moon has passed. That grand exhibition of young manhood and womanhood is the clearest omen yet seen, of the coming time when Christ, whose right it is to reign, shall be supreme on Capitol Hill."—*Official Report*, p. 289.

Reader, do you begin to see something of this gigantic combination, fired with pious zeal, to bring about this religio-political rule in our government? But this is not all. The Barbers' Unions, Retail Clerks' Unions, and many other labor unions are clamoring for Sunday laws. We want Sunday surcease from toil. We cannot have it without more law than we already have; for if we close up our business on Sunday, and our neighbor does not, he will make a few dimes more than we do, and that will never do; so we must have a law compelling all to close up.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, speaking recently before the Presbyterian Ministers' Association, over which the Rev. Edward Warren presided, held at the Church of the Covenant, Washington, said that it is due to the organization of labor more than any other one feature, that there is less Sunday work than otherwise. "Is it due more to their influence than to the influence of the church?" one of the ministers inquired, and he replied, "Yes, sir." And he has lately been pleading before a congressional committee in favor of Sunday laws. When the mighty labor organizations get fully in line with the priests, preachers, and churches, how long will it be before the Sunday institution,

the child of the papacy, the symbol, sign, or mark of her power, will be enforced upon all men? Then will they not be kind, liberal, and considerate toward those who may conscientiously differ with them as to which day should be observed as the Sabbath? The *Chicago Tribune* speaks with no uncertain sound on this point. It said:—

“In 1900 bills were prepared in Massachusetts and New York for the purpose of allowing Jews who practiced Saturday closing to indulge in Sunday opening. These bills, however, were *not passed*. Perhaps it is well they were not, although it would seem to be only just to recognize the scruples and wishes of a class of American citizens who now number more than a million. *It is well that there should be one day of rest for the whole population. Unanimity in this matter will have great value.*”

We see that the Sunday-law advocates are ready to depart from what to them seems right and just, that this symbol, sign, or mark of Rome's power may be enforced upon all without exception. This is the secular side of the Sunday crusade as expressed by the *Chicago Tribune*, a secular paper. Will not the kind-hearted, Christian ministers be more just and liberal than that? Listen to their voice, as heard through their representative, Dr. McAllister:—

“Let a man be what he may,—Jew, seventh-day observer of some other denomination, or those who do not believe in the Christian Sabbath,—let the law apply to every one, that there shall be no public desecration of the first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath, the day of rest for the nation. They may hold any other day of the week as sacred, and observe it; but the day which is the one day in seven for the nation at large, let that not be desecrated by any one, by officer in the government, or by private citizen, high or low, rich or poor.”—*Dr. McAllister, Lakeside, Ohio, July, 1887.*

Now let us read what God said should be:—

“And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand or in their forehead, and that no man might buy or sell save he that had the mark [or name] of the beast [papacy] or the number of his name.” Rev. 13:16, 17. Any one can see

that the one is the fulfilling of the other. The preachers and religionists receive the mark in the forehead—mind—as a divine institution. The irreligious will receive it in the hand. They will withhold the hand from labor on that day; not because they reverence it as a divine institution, but because they want a day of rest and recreation, and will give the hand to the religious people to enforce it upon everybody. Let no one buy or sell unless he receives the mark. How natural that will be, to put a boycott on those who will not yield to the demands of both the church and the world.

At a recent meeting of the Minister's Union, of Hoboken, N. J., the following was adopted:—

“Whereas, Many of the trades people of our city openly and flagrantly violate the Sunday laws, by continuing their worldly and secular business on Sunday; and—

“Whereas, Many trades people who now respect the law, and close their place of business on Sunday, are unfairly treated by, and lose much of their trade to, the law-breaking trades people; and—

“Whereas, Many Sunday trades people who are robbed of their Sundays [they of their own free will work on Sunday for the sake of the money there is in it] want one day's rest in seven, and are willing to stop business on this day, provided they don't lose any money by so doing—if other trades people do; and—

“Whereas, The said violations of law are detrimental to the moral, religious, and financial (secular) welfare of our city; and—

“Whereas, The church people are charged with being largely responsible for the present desecrated Sunday, by their apparent indifference, and by patronizing law breakers (Sunday breakers, do so no more)—

“Therefore, We, the undersigned, disapproving of all such lawlessness, do solemnly promise to refrain from purchasing goods on Sunday, except in cases of necessity and mercy; and that, as far as possible, we will patronize the trades people who respect the law and close their places of business on Sunday.”

So you see, it is held out to the Sunday keeper that he will be rewarded both in this world and in the world to come.

What about the seventh-day man? He will have a universal boycott of his business, and the government bearing down on him with fines and imprisonment, and when milder measures fail, death will be the final resort. See Rev. 13: 15.

Why not keep two days?—"To whomsoever ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are." Rom. 6: 16. If we obey the papacy, and keep Sunday, we are the servants of the papacy. If we obey God and keep the Sabbath, we are God's servants. "Ye cannot serve two masters." Matt. 6: 24. The three Hebrew children were not forbidden to worship their own God, but they were commanded to worship the golden image. See Dan. 3: 1-27. In worshipping the gods of Babylon, they would have repudiated the true God. So in keeping Sunday, the sign of papal power, we repudiate the Sabbath, the sign of God's power (Eze. 20: 12, 20), and so repudiate God himself. God's people will have to obey the Lord and suffer the consequences, whatever they may be. Many, not knowing the nature of religious bigotry, are inclined to make light of these things. To help these, I will give one example, out of many like ones:—

"Another case of religious persecution is reported to us from North Carolina. The victim is a Seventh-day Adventist, a cripple, who was trying to support himself and family by running a candy kitchen, in the town of Hickory. He sold peanuts and candy, Sunday, June 24, and was arrested the next day; and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$25.00, or go to jail one month. Mr. Vaughn is a poor man, unable to pay his fine, and is probably in jail at the present time."

I will give one more example:—

"One of the sisters of the Huntington church was called into court a few days ago, to answer for her faith. Several witnesses were called upon by the judge to testify, and they declared that they had seen this woman sweep her house, and do ordinary work in her house on Sunday. Her own children, aged thirteen and nine years, respectively, were called to the stand, and questioned by the judge as to their mother's working on Sunday. The children said, 'Mother keeps the Sabbath.' After reprimanding the lady, the judge said he hoped she would never be brought before him again for Sunday desecration."—*R. A. Underwood, in Keystone Gleaner.*

How much farther could religious intolerance go, as to be so disturbed, to have their holy, heavenly serenity of mind so rattled by a Christian lady sweeping her room in her own house on their holy, sacred Sunday, that they must hale her before the judge, and force her own children, of tender age, to testify against her? It is to be hoped their heavenly peace of mind returned after thus wreaking their vengeance on the presumptuous disturber of their spiritual repose on the venerable Sunday. These are not isolated cases; scores of seventh-day observers have, in this land of boasted freedom, been fined, imprisoned, and worked in the chain gang, for no other crime than working six days and resting on the seventh, according to the command of their God. "If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Luke 23:31. If they do these things now, what will they do when they get the authority they are seeking for? "The dragon [the devil] was wroth with the woman [church], and went to make war with the remnant [last part] of her seed [children], which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." Rev. 12:17. My friend, brother, can you not see that the remnant people of God will be called upon to maintain the commandments of God against the devil and all his host? He is now drawing up his forces in line of battle, getting his big guns in position, in preparation for the final conflict, and occasionally we see a cloud of smoke, and hear the thunder of his cannon, as he fires a shot at the commandments of God and those who keep them. Faithful, loyal soul, will you falter, waver now? Christ is calling for men and women now who love truth more than life. "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they love not their lives unto the death." Rev. 12:11. God's people will surely gain the victory in this last conflict. "And I saw as it were a sea of glass, mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God." Rev. 15:2. Dear brother or sister, God's side is the winning side. Are you walking according to the commandments of God, or are you opposing them? We are told that persecuting people for conscience'

sake is contrary to the Declaration of Independence, and so it is. The constitution provides that there shall be no slavery or involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime, in the United States, or in any place over which the United States has jurisdiction; but that is now overridden, and slavery and polygamy both find a secure retreat beneath the folds of the starry banner.

Our fathers had great respect for the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, but a new generation of statesmen has grown up under the influence and teachings of the National Reformers.

“‘We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal;’ that is the electric cord in that Declaration that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty-loving men together; that will link those patriotic hearts as long as the love of liberty exists in the minds of men throughout the world. [Applause.]”—*Abraham Lincoln, Chicago, July 10, 1858.*

A FEW UTTERANCES OF PRESENT-DAY STATESMEN.

“The Declaration has no application to the present situation. It was written by self-governing men, for self-governing men.”—*Senator Beveridge, in U. S. Senate, December, 1899.*

“Resist the crazy extension of the doctrine that ‘government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.’”—*Whitelaw Reed, Chicago, February, 1899.*

“This nation has become a giant, who is no longer content with the nursery rhymes which were sung around his cradle.”—*President Northrup, of the University of Minnesota, at the Chicago Peace Jubilee, October, 1898.*

“The statement found in the Declaration of Independence, ‘that all men are created equal,’ is not true. The statement, ‘that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,’ is not true, and never has been.”—*Wm. D. Foulke, of Indiana.*

“Governments derive their just powers from the consent of some of the governed.”—*Senator O. H. Platt, of Connecticut, in the United States Senate, Dec. 19, 1898.*

“The axiom, ‘that governments derive their just powers

from the consent of the governed,' is a baseless assumption."—*Lyman Abbott*.

"'All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' So wrote Thomas Jefferson. Do you remember what the Lord said to Joshua?—My servant is dead. So is Thomas Jefferson."—*Rev. P. S. Henson, Chicago*.

And so is the love of those grand truths written by Jefferson in the immortal Declaration of Independence. It is dead in the hearts of many of our lawmakers, never more to have a resurrection. We are now listening to the dragon voice of the beast with lamblike horns, of Rev. 13: 11. We can no longer appeal to the Declaration or Constitution when our rights are invaded; for we are informed these were only nursery rhymes, sung around our cradle. Our only appeal is to God, and he will not forsake his faithful people.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH, NOV. 10, 1863.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that *all men are created equal*. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that 'government of the

people, by the people, and for the people' shall not perish from the earth."

The proposition 'that all men are created equal' has nearly perished from the earth, and this nation has repudiated the proposition which Abraham Lincoln said it was brought forth to dedicate, and louder and louder will be heard its dragon voice as time rolls on.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EVANGELIST'S FAREWELL.

AUG. 25, 1902. We are still at Coleridge, and have had a good hearing. Many are impressed with the truth heard at the tent, and some dear souls have already begun to obey God, and keep his commandments, for which we praise the Lord. We must close up next Sunday night, and go to the Lincoln camp meeting.

Perhaps a few incidents, and teachings of the tent workers, will be of interest to the readers:—

One devoted sister would keep the Sabbath whenever the Lord would make it plain to her. "My sister, the Lord has already made it as plain as he could. He said the seventh day is the Sabbath; in it thou shalt not do any work. Please tell us, sister, how the Lord himself could make it any plainer than that." Then she explained that her heart did not condemn her, and so she had confidence toward God. "Is the Word of God always right?—Yes. Is your heart always right?" It seemed the dear sister wanted some token from the Lord, outside of his written word. We told her of the gentleman in Wisconsin, who was troubled on the Sabbath question, and determined to settle the matter once for all: 'I will kneel down and pray by this black stump, and if it is white when I am through praying, I will keep the seventh day as God commanded; but if not, I will take it as a token that God wants me to keep Sunday.' When his prayer was ended, the stump was as black as ever, and he was happy in keeping Sunday. But will it suffice in the judgment, when the Lord will ask, 'Why did you not keep my commandments?' for him to say, 'You did not turn that stump white, so I concluded you did not care whether I kept your commandments or not?' Such a dodge will be a poor refuge then. Will we fare any better if we dodge the commandments, by asking for some other token?"

I met a very estimable lady to-day, and she was going by her inner consciousness. If we have an inner consciousness, or any other consciousness that is an infallible guide, the Bible is not at all needed; its study would be a waste of time. All we would have to do would be to consult our inner consciousness. God's word says that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and we ask our inner consciousness if that is so; and if we go according to our inner consciousness, we are simply exalting our own notions above the Word of the living God, and that is all. I find so many trying the token-and-heart dodge that I feel that I would not be doing my readers justice if I did not cite them to a scripture or two on the heart question: "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream: and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." Jer. 23:28. Does God's word say that the seventh day is the Sabbath?—Yes. Is it then wheat?—Yes. Brethren, let us choose the wheat in preference to the chaff,—our own notions, tokens, and dreams.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" Jer. 17:9. My sister or brother, maybe your heart has been deceiving you. Better trust the unerring Word of God than a deceitful heart. Once more: "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool; but whoso walketh wisely, he shall be delivered." Prov. 28:26. He that walketh wisely will not trust in his own heart; that is certain. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do His commandments." Ps. 111:10. Now we all see that walking wisely is not walking according to our hearts or inner consciousness or tokens or dreams, but in walking according to the commandments of the Lord; and I can assure you that the Lord will not condemn any one in the judgment or any other place, for walking sincerely and truly in the pathway of His commandments. Let us all cheerfully and lovingly do so.

SHORT TALK ON THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

We believe He will come again because He has said. If I go away, I will come again. John 14:1-3. To them who look for Him, He will appear the second time without

sin unto salvation. Heb. 9:28. He will come visibly. Matt. 24:30. Every eye shall see him. Rev. 1:7. He will come personally, "The Lord *himself* shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first." 1 Thess. 4:16. "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." Acts, 1:11.

We believe Christ will come again, because he said so, and that the same personal Jesus will come again as he went into heaven; for the angels said so. Of course, we all believe exactly alike so far. "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him." Matt. 25:31. We believe all the holy angels will come with Christ, and so do you.

What do all the angels come for? "And He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect." Matt. 24:31. Glad day when the angels gather God's children home! That is the time when they will be caught up to meet the Lord, and be forever with Him. 1 Thess. 4:16-18. That is the time we are to be rewarded. "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Rev. 22:12. It is then that we put on immortality, "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." 1 Cor. 15:53. The coming of Christ is the glad coronation day; and when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. 1 Peter 5:4. "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at *that day*: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." 2 Tim. 4:8. Do you love His appearing? Then a bright crown of righteousness awaits you at *that day*. The righteous will be glad to see the Lord come. "And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation." Isa. 25:9.

The wicked will be sorry to see Him come. "And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men,

and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains: and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" Rev. 6: 15-17.

To which class do you belong? The Lord is now calling for you to be on His side. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22: 17. Brother, sister, heed the invitation, and heed it *now*. "And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power." 2 Thess. 1: 7-9. Is it any wonder the wicked dread the coming of Christ? Do you dread the coming of the Lord? Then it is because you are not reconciled to Him. "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." 2 Cor. 5: 20. We as believers in God's word must agree that the coming of the Lord is the greatest event, both to the righteous and the wicked, this world ever has seen or ever will see. Day of joy and salvation to the righteous; day of wrath and destruction to the wicked! Did the Lord give warning concerning the coming flood?—Yes. Did He warn the Ninevehites of their danger?—Yes. Did He warn Jerusalem of coming doom?—Yes. Shall the great day of wrath come upon all the world without one note of warning?—No. "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." Joel 2: 1. Is this message now due the world?—Yes. Are you sounding it forth to the world? If not, you are not doing your duty.

The prophet cries out, "The great day of the Lord is near, it is near and hasteth greatly." Zeph. 1: 14. Somebody must say that. Are you saying it? If not, why not? The angel cries out,

“Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come.” Rev. 14:7. And another angel followed him, and a third followed them with the voice of warning. Rev. 14:8-12. And then comes the Son of man on the white cloud. Rev. 14:14. Thus the coming of the Lord is preceded by a threefold message of warning to all the world. It is now going, and it has come to you. Are you ready to meet the Judge of all the earth? We protest unto you this night. Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel; for His coming is nigh at hand, even at the doors. Do we know that?—Yes. We know it by the signs the Lord has given. “When ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors.” Matt. 24:33.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

What questions did the disciples ask?—“Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?” Matt. 24:3. Did the Lord give them any sign concerning the destruction of Jerusalem? “And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know [be in no doubt about it] that the desolation thereof is nigh.” Luke 21:20. The Roman armies are called the abomination of desolation in Matt. 24:15. Is this a plain, literal sign that all could see and understand?—Yes. Do you think the signs concerning His coming and the end of the world will also be simple and easy to be understood?—I think so, don’t you? Let us see: “And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.” Matt. 24:14. The end of what?—The end of the *world*. Not that the world should be converted by the preaching; it was simply to be a witness to all nations, that they might be without excuse. *Then*, not a thousand years after; but *then* shall the end come. If all the professed Christians in the world would give as much for the spread of the gospel as they do for liquor and tobacco, this work could be done in less than one year; and Christ would come, and take His people home. What other signs did Christ give concerning the end of the world? The sun should be darkened, the moon should not give her light, and the stars should fall

from heaven. And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven. Matt. 24:29, 30.

Has the sun been darkened?—Yes; May 19, 1780, was a terrific dark day. Cows came home at noon; chickens went to roost. The time could not be told by watches, in the open air, and everything wore the appearance of gloom and night. The Connecticut Legislature was in session, and it was necessary to have lights, as in the night, in order to do business. Noah Webster, in his Unabridged Dictionary, says, "The true cause of that darkness is unknown."—Article "*Dark Day*," edition 1869.

Did the stars fall?—Yes; on Nov. 13, 1833, and was a most wonderful fulfillment of this prophecy. Professor Olmstead, of Yale, says it was the most magnificent display of celestial fireworks ever seen by man, that we have any record of.

The Rockingham *Virginia Register* called it a rain of fire; and Reverend Talmage said there were balls of fire, lines of fire, streams of fire, coursing through the heavens. Thousands were on their knees, praying to God, believing that the last day had indeed come.

Did the Lord say that the sun should be darkened?—Yes. Was it so?—Yes. Did the Lord say that the moon should not give her light?—Yes. Was it so?—Yes; for the night after the dark day was so intensely dark that a piece of white paper held a few inches from the eyes could not be distinguished from the darkest velvet. Did the Lord say that stars should fall from heaven?—Yes. Have they fallen at the right time and in the right manner to fulfill the prophecy?—Yes. How were the stars to fall? "And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken with a mighty wind." Rev. 6:13. Is that the way they fell?—Exactly so; and what comes next? "And the heaven departed as a scroll, when it is rolled together." Rev. 6:14. Then where do we stand to-night?—Right between the falling of the stars and the departing of the heavens.

Do you believe it, sinner? Do you believe it, formal professor, who has a name to live and is dead, whose name is legion, because you are many?—No, you don't believe it;

for if you did, you would break off your sins by acts of righteousness, and get ready for the coming of the Lord. Did the antedeluvians believe the flood was coming?—No. Did their unbelief prevent their impending doom?—No. Will our unbelief of the truth in our day prevent the coming of the Lord?—Hardly. Let us heed the exhortation: “Seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near.” Isa. 55:6. That means that the time is nigh at hand when the Lord will not be near and cannot be found. How shall we seek Him? “Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, . . . for He will *abundantly pardon*.” Isa. 55:7.

But I must cite you to some more signs. What should take place in the time of the end? “But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book.” How long?—“Even to the time of the end.” Then what shall happen?—“Many shall run to and fro, and *knowledge* shall be increased.” Dan. 12:4. Are we living in an age when knowledge has marvelously increased?—Yes. Time would fail to tell of the telephones, electric lights, electric cars, air ships, and the wonder of wireless telegraphy by means of which men can communicate with each other across the mighty ocean without even a wire between, and a thousand other things. Suffice it to say that the achievements of our day in every branch of human research are almost divine, and we enjoy such a flood of knowledge and light as would dazzle the eyes of any former generation. Did the Lord say that knowledge should be increased in the time of the end? Do we, in our day, see this word of the Lord fulfilled in a marvelous manner? Then where are we to-day?—In the time of the end, or in a time near the end. This is so plain that a man, to doubt it, must doubt his own eyesight; yet we can shut our eyes tight, and remain in darkness if we want to.

What was to be the condition of the nations? “And the nations were angry, and thy wrath is come, and the time of the dead, that they should be judged; and that thou shouldst give reward unto thy servants the prophets, and to the saints, and to them that fear thy name, small and great; and shouldest destroy them which destroy the earth.” Rev. 11:18.

Are the nations watching each other with jealous eyes, just now?—Yes. What should these angry nations prepare for? “Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: *Prepare war*, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up: beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong.” Joel 3:9, 10. When is this work to be done?—When the day of the Lord is near. Verse 14. Are we building warships to-day, before one of which all the fleets of the past would go down in sudden and complete ruin and death?—Yes. Are we inventing engines of destruction so deadly and destructive to human life that it makes all former warfare mere child's play?—Yes. Are we training more men for battle and blood than was ever known in any former age of the world?—Yes. Are we arming them, and teaching them how to scientifically handle those awful engines of destruction, slaughter, and death? You say that's so. The facts compel every man to say, Yes. Then is the prophecy to prepare war being fulfilled before our eyes?—Yes. Did the Lord say this should be when the day of the Lord is near?—Yes. See Joel 3:9-14. Then is the day of the Lord near? I say, Yes, with all my heart. What do you say? What will this war preparation result in? “And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the *battle* of that great day of God Almighty.” Rev. 16:13, 14.

“Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of hosts with thunder, and with earthquake, and great noise, with storm and tempest, and the flame of devouring fire.” Isa. 29:6. Are we at the present time visited with cyclone, flood, fire and flame, earthquake, and volcanoes, until the world stands aghast at the fearful work of the destroying elements?—Yes. Then is this scripture, in a startling manner, being fulfilled right now before our eyes? It looks like it, doesn't it?

What message does God send the rich men? “Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.” James 5:1. Why weep and howl?—Because they have heaped treasure together for [in] the last

days. Revised Version. Have individuals heaped up treasures and fortunes in our day, so vast as to eclipse the riches of all past generations?—Yes. Have these rich men heaped these vast treasures together into gigantic combinations called trusts, making such mighty heaps of wealth as to bewilder the imagination?—Yes. Did the Lord say the rich men should heap treasures together in the last days?—Yes. Then are we in the last days?—I am convinced that we are. Are you not? If not, why not?

How is every dollar of wealth produced?—By labor. Can any man in a lifetime produce so great wealth as these rich men possess?—No, nor begin to. Other men's labor produced it, and they got it. How?—"Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by *fraud, crieth*: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." James 5:4. Does the Lord say that they get this wealth by fraud?—Yes. Is that the way they got it and are getting it to-day?—Yes. Did the Lord say that the cry of the laborer would be heard because his just hire is kept back by the rich men by fraud?—Yes. Is the voice of the cry of the laborer heard in the land?—Yes. Hundreds of thousands of laborers are crying mightily, with a loud voice, for relief, just this minute. Hear the cry, for instance, of the anthracite coal miners and many others. Then, are we living in the last days when these things were to be?—Yes. To what does the Lord point us for comfort and hope?—"Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord." James 5:7. "Be ye also patient: stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Verse 8. "Behold, the Judge standeth before the door." Verse 9. Yes, brethren, the coming King is at the door. Glorious day, soon to dawn, when the King will deliver His people from this present evil world! He will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and take them to His right hand where there is fullness of joy forever more. "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isa. 35:10. Amen. Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus.

In the light of the emphatic fulfillment of these latter-day signs, what does the scoffer say?—"Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise [sign] of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." 2 Peter 3:3, 4. What draws out these words from the last-day scoffers?—Somebody is showing by the fulfilling signs, that the coming of the Lord is nigh at hand, and then the scoffers cry out, "We don't see any sign." But see, my friend, all these things coming on the earth exactly as foretold by the prophets of God. "O, these things have been happening ever since the creation," reply the scoffers. Is the message of the soon coming of the Lord being heard everywhere, just now, in all the land?—Yes. Are the scoffers, from the pulpit to the saloon, saying just what God said they would say in the latter days?—Yes. Dear friends, are you among the scoffers, saying, "Where is the sign of His coming," or are you among the number that see the day approaching? Heb. 10:25.

Every Sunday at 5 p. m. we have temperance meetings. The people have taken a great interest in them. Brother Ryan discoursed on healthful living, especially the importance of proper diet; Brother Garton on ventilation and the importance of pure air; while I spoke on a number of topics, such as tea, coffee, tobacco, and whisky; while the ladies—Sisters Garton and Cox—recited temperance pieces for us.

Appetite, money, and politics are the three great rocks upon which King Alcohol has erected his throne of empire, by which he rules the children of men. Of these three, appetite is the chief corner stone. Take away the influence of money or politics, or both, from the old tyrant, and his power over men would be greatly weakened; but as long as men were enslaved by appetite they would serve and worship him still; but deliver men from the power of appetite, and his power over them would be gone. It follows that self-control delivers from the control of the rum demon. Then to overthrow King Alcohol's seat and throne, we must teach men self-control. When and where should this training begin?—In earliest childhood and in the home. The home against

the saloon, and the saloon against the home, and the home properly organized, will win the battle every time.

J. H. Kellogg, an eminent physician, said that the relation of food to intemperance is well worthy of most careful and earnest consideration. It is perhaps not going too far to say that cooks make more drunkards than saloonkeepers. It is a well-demonstrated fact that a great variety of foods eaten at one meal often cause fermentation in the stomach, and then our stomach becomes a real still, and generates real alcohol, and then we become dizzy and light headed, and we don't know what is the matter. We are a little drunk on homemade whisky, that is all. Is it any wonder that our youth reared in this way develop an appetite for stimulants? Many parents, if the baby cries, will dose it with some kind of soothing syrup, which contains more or less alcohol, and thus by the loving hand of mother, a love of drink is being created in the little innocent, which develops into a monster, that ruins the child, and brings down mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Mothers, as you love your little ones, discard the paregorics and soothing syrups.

We have on our tables sharp, biting relishes, such as horse-radish and the like. We indulge in pickles, spices, peppers, and fiery sauces, and wash our food down with hot tea and coffee, and, as a result, our stomachs are inflamed, our blood feverish and nerves irritable, just in a condition to crave stronger stimulants and more. We have so perverted our appetites that food cooked in a healthful, natural way, without these fiery condiments, tastes flat and insipid. We have created a taste that delights in pungent tobacco and fiery alcohol, and is it any wonder that so many of our sons are weak in self-control, and fall an easy prey to the destroyer, or, that five hundred of our lovely daughters are seduced from virtue's paths every week, and enter upon the path of shame, that leads so quickly down to the chambers of death?

The ruin begins in the home. Let the mothers discard the fiery condiments. Let them become intelligent and enlightened in regard to the relation diet has to the mental, moral, and physical well being of their children, and become skillful in preparing wholesome food in a natural, palatable way, and their sons and daughters will grow up with vigorous

bodies, placid nerves, and sound minds, capable of self-control; and pungent tobacco and fiery alcohol will be disgusting to them, and the whisky vender will be out of a job. We let Brother Ryan dwell particularly on the evil effects of tea and coffee on the human system; but I wish to emphasize one thing: Tea and coffee cost the professors of Christianity, in this country, many millions of dollars every year. It is not well for Christians to squander the Lord's money on a harmful indulgence. This immense sum of money would bring light and joy to many darkened homes, and cause thousands of widows to sing for gladness of heart. If the professors of religion would deny themselves of these costly indulgences, and spend the money in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, it would do more for God and humanity than all the preaching that has been done in the last hundred years. Dear brothers and sisters, let us try it. We do not see how any Christian can indulge in tobacco. It pollutes his breath and defiles his body, which is the temple of the Holy Spirit. My tobacco-using brother, do you think your breath would be tolerated in heaven? I knew an old tobacco user in Minnesota, who, when he was sick, was put into a hot-sheet pack, and the wife declared that the sheet stank so of tobacco that had oozed out of the old gentleman's system that it made her sick when she hung it on the line to dry. When her husband discovered that he was pickling himself in tobacco like that, he discarded the vile weed. Young man, keep yourself pure and clean, and do not defile yourself with the vile stuff. How would you like it if your best girl would smoke and chew tobacco? Don't you think she has as good a right to a decent, clean husband, as you have to a pure wife? My brother, if you are a Christian, you are a representative of Christ. Do you properly represent Him by puffing tobacco smoke in the faces of decent people, or in chewing a quid? This tobacco habit is a gigantic evil. President Grant, Frederick the Second of Germany, Senator Hill, of Georgia, and many others, died of cancer in the mouth, caused by using tobacco. If you use it, it may serve you in the same way.

My brother, let us, as Christians, set such a clean, pure example that it will be a protest against the degrading, dis-

ease-producing, death-dealing tobacco habit. The good friends are often surprised, and greatly exercised that we don't eat chicken and other dead carcasses. Well, we don't think it is the best thing to make a cemetery or graveyard of our internal anatomy; and then the animals are becoming so diseased that it is positively dangerous to eat them. We find in our travels among the good farmers, that if the hog cholera gets into the neighborhood they frequently hustle their hogs to market, fearing that the hogs will die before the butcher gets a chance at them. My pork-loving friend, what do you think of the possibility even of eating dead swine, full of cholera germs? We prefer to feast on a diet of fruits, grains, and vegetables,—the bill of fare provided for Adam and Eve by our Father in heaven when He set them up in housekeeping in the garden of Eden. See Gen. 1:29. We believe that the Lord gave us the ideal bill of fare in the beginning, and the closer we cling to it, the better for us. Daniel and his fellows tried it, and found it to be conducive, in an eminent degree, to physical and mental well being. Please read the account in the first chapter of Daniel. When the Lord would lead the children of Israel into the typical promised land, He excluded flesh meat from their diet, until they lusted after it in the wilderness. He did it doubtless for their good, and now as we are about to cross over into the real promised land, it may be for our good that we discard the flesh of dead animals, especially as we are warned not to lust after evil things as they also lusted. 1 Cor. 10:6. And we know that one of the evil things they lusted after was the flesh pots of Egypt. Num. 11:4. Elijah was translated without seeing death, and is therefore a type of those who shall be translated at the coming of Christ. 1 Cor. 15:51-53. We notice that when the ravens fed him they brought him bread and flesh, morning and evening (1 Kings 17:6); but when he got nearer translation, and the angel fed him, flesh was omitted from his bill of fare. 1 Kings 19:5-8. Is not that an intimation from our Heavenly Father that when we get near our translation, we had better omit the flesh of dead animals from our bill of fare? My brother, sister, what do you think about it?

August 27 finds us still at Coleridge, doing what we can

to persuade men to prepare to meet the soon-coming King. Although many are deeply impressed that we are preaching the truth, few as yet have decided to go with us to the Celestial City. It is such a cutting off from every worldly thing to keep the Lord's Sabbath! The piece of land, the five yoke of oxen, and the wife are in the way. They seem to lack faith in God to let go of everything, and fall on the stone and be broken. Often we pray the Lord to deliver the captive, and set the prisoner free. It is our duty to preach the word of God, and it is the hearer's privilege to accept or reject it. The promise assures us that, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126:6. "Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God; wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye." Eze. 18: 31, 32.

FOR MANY YEARS

I have been marching under the banner of the great Prince. I have seen something of storm and battle. I have seen something of the goodness of the Lord. In early life I was thrown into the company of the wild and reckless. My lot was cast among those who drank of the flowing cup, and enjoyed themselves at the card table, and rejoiced in the ways of sin. I did not choose such associations, though I was surrounded with them; but I found that the grace of God was sufficient to keep my feet from falling into the snare laid for them by the enemy of all righteousness. I have found Jesus a comfort in sorrow, a refuge from the storm, a very present help in time of trouble. I have found Him to be a light in the darkness, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I have found that all His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace, and the blessed hope He sheds abroad in the soul of eternal life when Jesus comes. O who, for a single moment, would be without it? That blessed hope so soon to be realized. That land of rest—how it looms up before the eye of faith. How it rejoices the heart of the weary, thirsty pilgrim, as he travels over the hot plains of earth, toward the shining city! How he longs

for the shady fountains and cooling streams of that fair land! How his heart bounds for joy at the thought of the welcome home that awaits him at the end of the way! How he turns with delight from the dark scenes of earth to the bright scenes of heaven! By faith he beholds the verdant fields of the holy and glorious land. He thinks of the white robe, the palms of victory, and crowns of glory, and his heart rejoices. He thinks of the Father and the Son, of the holy angels, and the white-robed throng before the throne, and he longs to join in the everlasting song of glory to the Lamb.

How the humble child of God rejoices to *know* that the long, dark night of sin and sorrow is almost over; that the bright beams of the golden morning are bursting through the darkness; that the warfare is almost ended; that the battle is almost o'er, and that rest, sweet rest in heaven, is so near, when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isa. 35: 10.

"And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Rev. 5: 13.

What a glad day when every creature that has life will be full of glory and of God! Dear reader, are you not glad that that day is near? What are bolts and locks, and prison bars, scourgings and stripes, and death itself, to the man who is filled with such a hope as this?

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." 2 Cor. 13: 11.

N. B.—Although the conversation and sermons in this book have been somewhat revised for publication, the reader may rest assured there is not an incident recorded which did not actually occur.

N. B.—Because of the high esteem in which Dr. A. C. Meilicke and Anna Meilicke, his wife, are held by the writer, this little book is dedicated to them. (



